



# THE PRIDE OF THE MESS



THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH."

# NOVELS AT TWO SHILLINGS.

By LORD LYTTON.

Pelham.  
Paul Clifford.

Ernest Maltravers. My Novel. Vol. 2.  
Alice; or, The Mys- Lucretia.

Eug  
Last  
Rien  
Leila  
th  
Last

th

The  
The  
The

Vale

The  
Elle  
Melt

Whi  
Whi

The  
Marg  
Vico  
an

Rom  
The  
Scot  
Both  
Jane  
Q  
Phili  
Leg  
W

Mary  
Olive  
Fr

Phantom Regiment. | Second to None | The Queen's Cadet.



ey

s.

e.

st

d.

s

h.

b

on

Published by George Routledge and Sons.

## NOVELS AT TWO SHILLINGS.—*Continued.*

By **FIELDING** and **SMOLLETT**.

**FIELDING.**  
Tom Jones.  
Joseph Andrews.  
Amelia.

**SMOLLETT.**  
Roderick Random.  
Humphrey Clinker.  
Peregrine Pickle.

By **AMELIA B. EDWARDS**.

The Ladder of Life. | My Brother's Wife. | Half a Million of Money.

By **Mrs. CROWE**.  
Night Side of Nature.  
Susan Hopley.  
Linny Lockwood.

By **Miss FERRIER**.  
Marriage.  
Inheritance.  
Destiny.

By **CAPTAIN CHAMIER**.

Life of a Sailor. | Ben Brace. | Tom Bowling. | Jack Adams.

By **CHARLES LEVER**.  
Arthur O'Leary.  
Con Cregan.

By **S. LOVER**.  
Rory O'More.  
Handy Andy.

By **CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG**.

Two Midshipmen. | Medora. | War Hawk | Young Commander

By **Mrs. GORE**.  
Mothers and Daughters.  
Soldier of Lyons.

By **Lady C. LONG**.  
First Lieutenant's Story.  
Sir Roland Ashton.

By **Rev. G. R. GLEIG**.

Country Curate. | Waltham. | The Hussar.

By **GERSTAECKER**.

A Wife to Order.  
Two Convicts.

Feathered Arrow.  
Each for Himself.

By **W. H. MAXWELL**.

Stories of Waterloo.  
Brian O'Linn; or,  
Luck is Everything.  
Captain Blake.  
The Bivouac.

Hector O'Halloran.  
Stories of the Penin-  
sular War.  
Captain O'Sullivan.  
Flood and Field.

Wild Sports in the  
Highlands.  
Wild Sports in the  
West.

By **LANG**.

Will He Marry Her.  
The Ex-Wife.

By **EDMUND YATES**.

Running the Gauntlet.  
Kissing the Rod.

By **THEODORE HOOK**.

Peregrine Bunce.  
Cousin Geoffry.  
Gilbert Gurney.  
Parson's Daughter.  
All in the Wrong.

The Widow and the  
Marquess.  
Gurney Married.  
Jack Brag.  
Maxwell.  
Man of Many Friends.

Passion and Principle.  
Merton.  
Gervase Skinner.  
Cousin William.  
Fathers and Sons.

Published by **George Routledge and Sons**.

# NOVELS AT TWO SHILLINGS.—Continued.

By G. P. R. JAMES.

The Brigand.  
Morley Earnstein.  
Darnley.  
Richelieu.  
The Gipsy.  
Arabella Stuart.  
The Woodman.  
Agincourt.  
Russell.

The King's Highway.  
Castle of Ehrenstein.  
The Stepmother.  
Forest Days.  
The Huguenot  
The Man-at-Arms.  
A Whim and its Con-  
sequences.  
The Convict.

Gowrie.  
The Robber.  
The Smuggler.  
Heidelberg.  
The Forgery.  
The Gentleman of the  
Old School.  
Philip Augustus.  
The Black Eagle.

By RICHARDSON. (2s. 6d. each.)

Clarissa Harlowe.

Pamela.

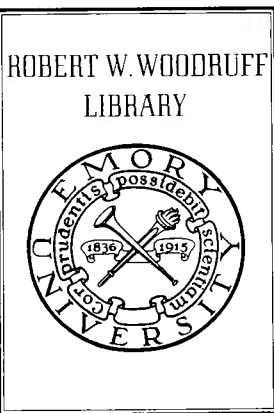
Sir Charles Grandison.

By Mrs. TROLLOPE.

Petticoat Gown  
Widow Barnal  
Love and Jeal-

urried.  
n America.

Caleb Williams.  
Scottish Chiefs.  
Torlogh O'Brien.  
Hour and the Ma  
by Miss Martinea  
Tydney Hall.  
Ladder of Gold, 1  
R. Bell.  
Millionaire (The)  
Mincing Lane.  
Colin Clink.  
Salathiel, by Dr. Cro  
Clockmaker. (2s. 6d.)  
Manœuvring Mothe  
Phineas Quiddy.  
The Pirate of the  
Mediterranean.  
The Pride of Life.  
Who is to Have it?  
The Bashful Irishman.  
Deeds, not Words.  
The Secret of a Life.  
The Iron Cousin; or,  
Mutual Influence.  
The Young Curate.  
The Greatest Plague  
of Life, with Cruik-  
shank's plates.  
The Green Hand.



Police Spy.  
Singleton Fontenoy.  
Lamplighter.  
Gideon Giles, the  
Roper.  
Guy Livingstone.  
Sir Victor's Choice.  
Outward Bound.  
The Flying Dutchman  
Dr. Goethe's Court-  
ship.  
Clives of Burcot.  
The Wandering Jew.  
Mysteries of Paris.  
Land and Sea Tales.

se upon Wheels.  
e Colours, by  
anie Thomas.  
of the Woods; or,  
e Fighting Quaker  
ton, by Henry  
ngsley.  
el Vaughan.  
n's Peep-o'-Day.  
— Smuggler.  
t of Dunleath, by  
on. Mrs. Norton.  
ntures of a Strol-  
g Player.  
Solitary Hunter.  
Kaloolah, by W. S.  
Mayo.  
Patience Strong.  
Cavendish, by author  
of "Will Watch."  
Will Watch, by ditto.  
Reminiscences of a  
Physician.  
Won in a Canter, by  
Old Calabar.  
Mornings at Bow  
Street, with plates  
by Geo. Cruikshank

Published by George Routledge and Sons.

THE  
PRIDE OF THE MESS.

WYMAN AND SONS, PRINTERS,  
GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,  
LONDON, W.C.

THE  
PRIDE OF THE MESS

*A NAVAL NOVEL OF THE  
CRIMEAN WAR*

BY  
THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH"

LONDON  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS  
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE  
NEW YORK: 416 BROOME STREET



# THE PRIDE OF THE MESS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

"Now that this duty is discharged, I think, brother, it behoves us to determine what course in life we both propose to take."

"Not here, my dear Richard. Do not let us discuss worldly projects over the very grave of our father."

"Why you appear to me to be doing nothing but looking at the sea: and, as business must be discussed, and, as all men are dying men, with only a few hours to act in, I do not see the utility of wasting life in moaning and moping over what is unavoidable."

"Short as our lives may be, Richard," said Mr. Annesley, "there is a time for everything, and now that we have just laid our father in his final resting-place, surely this is the time for quiet and staid reflections, and not for worldly discussions and interests. Come, keen man of business, forget, for a few moments, Bishopsgate-street and the desk; lose sight, for a few seconds, of your banker's account, and, for one moment of your life, read with me the lesson that Nature around us is offering."

"Lesson,—what lesson, except that of endless industry?"

"Well, industry is right in its place; but mark the profound calm of that exquisite ocean, spread out like an even azure carpet as far as eye can reach; those noble and swelling downs, crowned with every plenty of the harvest, and washed by the gentle plashing of the waves. Look at the glorious deep blue of the firmament above us; the brilliant leaf of the various tinted verdure around us, and let us ask ourselves whether we duly appreciate the quiet enjoyment of these exquisite scenes which the great Creator has spread around us."

"O! I do appreciate them. I go and shoot every autumn; and, I should think, for nearly a fortnight together, I never know what it is to be inside of the Exchange. But what I want you to consider is, now that my father is dead, and you are the heir to his property, which is only a few thousands, whether it would not be much wiser to embark with me in my business, for I must take a partner with some little capital; and, both of us pulling together, we might once more restore the good old family name of Annesley to a respectable position in the world. You know you have a young wife, and though

you have only one child, yet, still, you may have a large family, and if you and I worked hard together for the next twenty years, we might put by a hundred thousand pounds a-piece."

"Ah! my dear Richard, those are visions quite at variance with my notions of religion and duty."

"Why, where in the name of fortune is the violation of religion and duty in a man's being industrious?"

"None whatever."

"Well, then, is there any violation of duty in a man being a London merchant?"

"None whatever."

"Well, then, why will you not join me?"

"Because you and I are differently situated. You are a younger brother, left with a sum that is hardly sufficient for a family without your own exertions; but I come into the world as the elder son: although I am not left with much, still it is a competence for my position in life, and I think it is my duty therewith to be content."

"Well, but, man, you will have to leave a family behind you."

"That is very true; but at the same time I am to have that amount of faith in God that they will prosper just as much on a moderate fortune as if I spent my whole energies and thoughts in toiling for the accumulation of wealth; for, after all, look round you in the world,—do you see that grass-covered grave in the corner there, without a tombstone?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, the man that lies there was all his life amassing money, and he left a noble fortune to his nephew. The nephew has followed the uncle's example, and he has spent all his life in increasing that fortune. He has now come to be an old man, and is very nearly in the tomb himself; yet he has never been able to spare a five-pound note to put up a tombstone to the memory of the uncle who left him all his fortune."

"Well, but his is a singular instance."

"Not so singular as you would think. Do you see that tombstone over there, which records the death of a gentleman, a member of Parliament for an Irish county?"

"Yes, I do; what of that?"

"That man's father prided himself on his great family name, and the large wealth he should leave to his heir. The man who lies beneath that stone succeeded to the family estates when only thirteen years of age. After a long minority, he came into possession enormously rich—he had a magnificent castle, besides various other dwellings—was returned, election after election, member for the county in which he lived; he was the boon companion of the Prince Regent, and all, who called themselves in those days, the *élite* of the land. Yet what did it all lead to? He squandered every particle of his patrimony, and left his wife in beggary. He came down here and took that large house yonder, with his second wife, who had no legal claim to that title; he ran a second race of improvidence and thriftlessness, and after much suffering, he died in this village, the bailiffs in his house;

without food for himself or his second family, and scarcely a blanket to cover him."

"Well, what does all this show?"

"It shows to my mind a great deal—that in this little quiet secluded churchyard of a village, so small and so obscure, that its name is scarcely to be found in any Directory in the kingdom—here, are two leading instances which I could point out, besides many which exist without my knowledge, in which the possession of great wealth has not fulfilled any one of the expectations formed from it, and has conducted not to the happiness, the honour, or respect of the possessor."

"Well, what do you infer from that?"

"That it is wiser to be content with the moderate gifts of God, and trust to him that they will minister to your reasonable happiness, than to erect for yourself a blind finger-post of cupidity, and start through life on a thorny road that may never conduct you to a single end you desire."

"But, zounds, is it possible that I can understand you to say that you will rest content with the small property you now possess, and trust to obtaining, what you Methodist gentry call, God's blessing, on it?"

"Precisely—that is just what I do intend to trust to. It is what our poor father trusted to before us. We now stand beside his grave, which he fills full of years and full of honour, and he leaves us, his two sons, behind him, amply provided for—aye, more than amply provided for—when you look around you at the general condition of mankind."

"Pray stop that cant, my dear fellow. You know I have no belief in any of that parson's nonsense. It is the great point on which I and my father differed. You have had the benefit of it in his will, and, I have no doubt, you see much reason to be pleased with it so far; but just wait till life closes, and then see where it will leave you—with a large family, struggling in the midst of difficulties, shut out from the world in this little miserable hole, with no prospect of advancing any of your children in the honourable and industrious pursuits of life. However, I have given you a warning; when that day comes, do not look to me. You have passed by the opportunity when your capital might be of use in my firm. I see you have no scope of mind to embark in anything worthy the name of industry. From this day forward you and I are two."

"Stay, my dear Richard, stay," said the elder brother, stretching out his hand, and laying it gently on his brother's shoulder, "though we may differ in these matters, still, remember we are brothers. Come back and stay to-night with us. The funeral carriages are waiting on the other side of the churchyard."

"There they may wait for me," said Richard Annesley, shaking himself from his brother's grasp; "I only came down here in hopes that I might bring this matter of your joining my firm to a successful issue, and now I find the canting humbugging fellow you have become; I have had quite enough of you. I shall post back to Totnes this

afternoon. These are my solicitors," taking out a card. "Send your executor's accounts to them," throwing a card down on the grass of the churchyard, and before his brother could recover from the surprise and sorrow of such a parting, the prospering and worldly sceptic had turned into a by-lane that led from the churchyard, and his footsteps were heard in the hollow below, seeking out the village inn, to which he had taken his post-chaise when he came down in the morning, to attend the funeral at the church of Stoke Fleming, a village exquisitely situate on some high land two miles west of Dartmouth.

---

## CHAPTER II.

WHATEVER may be checked in its course in this world, whether affection, happiness, or prosperity, one tide at least rolls unceasingly forward—that of Time.

Years passed by after the melancholy parting stated in our last chapter, but, though the elder wrote many kind letters in that interval to the younger brother, they never received any response from Richard Annesley.

Hurrying back to London, that energetic gentleman speedily secured a partner in his business, who provided the necessary capital to extend its operations, and with this spur to, and means of, renewed industry, the utilitarian worked on weekday and Sunday, in the sunshine and beneath the cloud, until the firm of Annesley, Hepburn, and Co. stood out among the most distinguished and wealthy of the city of London. The usual honours that accompany this development of England's commercial classes followed in the case of Mr. Annesley. He bought a large tract of land in the county of Essex from some family gradually falling into decay. He pulled down their family mansion and built a palace. He removed the boundary of their little park and trebled the demesne. He put under requisition an army of landscape gardeners and shrubbery planters, and from the cedar to the holly, endless were the additions that he made to the vegetable kingdom on his land. Of course he stopped up endless footpaths—of course he turned the highway—of course he made a lake that might almost have been filled with wine for the price it cost him. Of course he went through the usual process of spending money in every possible direction. His hothouses would have measured no despicable portion of a mile—his gardeners were counted by the dozen. His lodges were to be seen on every highway near his residence, and, the village church that stood in the park was planted so thick with little stone escutcheons of his arms, that no less than six-and-twenty representations of this symbol were counted on its internal walls and arches; while, at the same time, the village near

his hall was the worst off for schools in the neighbourhood—still this was no bar to his receiving a most influential deputation, requesting him to stand for the county in which his wonderful merits were so well appreciated—of course he was returned without a contest.

As to the letters from his brother, little did the warm-hearted country gentleman imagine that they were tossed into the fire without their seal having been broken; though, as often as they arrived their existence was named to Mrs. Richard Annesley, and their coming was made the groundwork for no slight exultation between the congenial pair as to the wisdom of Mr. Richard Annesley's choice of a path in life and the folly of his brother's.

At the time that Mr. Richard Annesley's fortune culminated in his election as member for the county in which he had long been a magistrate, though he never opened in his life one volume of those laws he was thus sworn to administer:—at this time the family of the two brothers consisted of three children, Richard Annesley having a son and daughter—the son named Hobbes Annesley, after the atheistical writer, and the daughter named Geraldine,—the elder brother having an only son named Herbert.

So far, at any rate, the prognostics of Mr. Richard Annesley, that his elder brother would be crushed by the poverty induced by a large family, was wrong; and, though none of the elder brother's letters had been opened, yet none of them did contain that request for aid which the self-sufficient Richard had anticipated.

This only son of the elder brother, Herbert Annesley, is the hero of our tale. Living in a most romantic cottage on the sea-side, and overlooking a charming expanse from the windows, it was natural with most children that they should form exaggerated notions of the delight of exploring it, and that youth should feel for the difficulties and sorrows invariably attendant on the lives of those who dedicate themselves to the sea.

For a long time Mr. Annesley struggled against the inclination of his son; but, at last, hoping that a slight experience might do more to wean Herbert from his maritime partiality than any other course of conduct, he consented that a neighbour, just appointed first lieutenant to a fine frigate, should take his boy to sea.

With all the details that occur in a professional life of some years, it will, of course, be impossible to encumber the pages of a tale, whose length must be limited. It is, therefore, proposed only now and then to extract such passages from the life of Herbert Annesley as may elucidate the story we are writing, and prove which of the two brothers, with whose dialogue our tale opened, was really the correct judge of worldly wisdom.

## CHAPTER III.

"A MAN overboard!" was the startling cry that resounded from the decks of her Majesty's ship, *Alabama*. The hour was drawing towards seven o'clock, and the ship, a fine frigate, was standing majestically down Channel, making all sail, under the influence of a very gentle breeze upon her quarter. Every stitch of sail was crowded on her, and she presented a noble spectacle, her pyramid of canvas gleaming in the morning sun, the first and gentle breath of morn scarcely moving her vast sails as they hung idly on her yards. The sea, almost without a ripple, reflected back the golden orb of day.

Slight as was the influence propelling the noble ship, she glided, as if by magic, through the dark, clear, azure waters, at a rate of nearly five miles an hour.

"Who is it overboard?" cried the captain, springing from the quarter-deck, where he was walking with the first lieutenant, and jumping on a carronade to look over the ship's side.

"Raffles, sir, one of the ship's boys, who was out skylarking on the lee fore-yard-arm."

This answer was given by a youthful midshipman, himself scarcely fourteen years of age; slight in figure, with a small, oval, expressive countenance, around which clustered a profusion of curly hair.

As he gave this answer to his captain he pulled the handle which detached the life-buoy from the stern, and then hurriedly throwing off his jacket, plunged overboard to assist the drowning lad, whom he saw passing under the lee counter evidently unable to swim.

"Bravo, youngster!" cried the captain; "help him to the life-buoy, and we will soon pick you both up. Lower away the larboard-quarter boat, Mr. Dingwell,"—turning round to the first lieutenant, while a number of men jumped into the boat in question, and in a few minutes she was lowered from the side.

"Unhook the tackles, there," cried the midshipman, who had got into her, and who, being rather a precocious youth, was known in the midshipman's berth by the familiar appellation of "Charley Spicer."

"That is right, my lads:—out oars,—give way;" and in a few minutes the boat's head was put back upon the track over which the frigate had glided so imperceptibly.

Short as was the time occupied in these details, Charley Spicer could scarcely believe, what he now found out to be the fact, that neither the life-buoy, nor his brother midshipman, nor the culprit Raffles, could be seen from the boat. Anxiously looking round and unable to detect the object of his search, he hailed back to his captain—

"Where are they, sir, we can't see them?"

"No, you are pulling in the wrong direction. There they are, away upon your starboard bow. Put your helm a-port—more yet. So! now then, pull right ahead." Then turning to the first lieutenant, "Mr. Dingwell, heave the ship aback. The sun is in their eyes, and they cannot see the life-buoy."

"Aye! aye! sir," responded the first lieutenant, and, giving the necessary orders, foretop and studding-sails were taken in, and the yards hove aback, while the frigate speedily slackened in her course, and then remained almost stationary.

"Have they found them, sir?" asked Mr. Dingwell, coming aft, where the captain was watching the operations with his eyeglass.

"Yes, there they are, all right—they have got him—they have found him."

"Here Herbert, my boy," cried Charley Spicer, as he came up with the life-buoy, on one side of which was Raffles clinging with both hands, alternately gulping large draughts of salt water, and giving utterance to convulsive attempts at a scream, his face betraying the extreme apprehension so natural to a boy unable to swim, and placed in immediate danger of drowning.

"You young cur you, what did you go larking on the fore-yard for?" said Spicer. "Here, Herbert, my boy, give us your hand, and let us help you in."

"No, no," said Herbert, "take in this poor urchin first. He has had a narrow chance of drowning. I had to dive for him."

"Ah! that is the reason then," said Spicer, "that I lost sight of you;" and the crew extending their brawny arms to the little suffering wretch, Raffles, soon dragged him on board, and, the object of his compassion once saved, Herbert climbed over the stern of the ship's boat; the life-buoy was next taken in, and the party rowed back to the frigate.

"Coxswain," said Herbert Annesley, when they had arrived at the side of the frigate, "just take this youngster up in your arms and carry him up the ship's side, and I will follow."

In a few seconds they all stood once more on the quarter-deck of the *Albania*, except the bowman of the boat, who dropped her astern, and hooked her on to the tackles, when she was speedily hoisted up to her place at the ship's davits.

"That was a gallant action, Mr. Annesley, very ably performed. Run down to your berth below, get on some dry clothes, and come and breakfast with me in my cabin," said Captain Redesdale, who stood at the gangway ready to clasp the hand of the dripping youngster.

"Thank you, sir," immediately replied Herbert Annesley, whose eyes and cheeks were beaming with delight at the compliment thus justly paid him in the presence of the ship's crew and officers, most of whom had hurried upon deck at the sound of that too frequently fatal cry, "A man overboard."

In an instant Annesley vanished below.

"How was it, Mr. Spicer, that you could not see your messmate when you first rowed away from the ship?" inquired the captain.

"Why, sir, the boy Raffles had sunk; Herbert Annesley had dived after him, and we were all rather flurried at not seeing them, for Annesley, sir, is the 'Pride of the Mess!'"

"'Pride of the Mess,' is he?" repeated the captain, smiling. "Well, I am very glad you have got your pet safe back again; but always remember, in future, whenever you jump into a boat to save a man, never let your eyes once part from him for a single instant. A man's head in the sea soon becomes such a small and indistinct object, if you once lose sight of it, a very difficult matter it is to catch your object again, particularly when the sun is shining bright, and the dark shadows of the waves mislead you."

"Thank you, sir," said Charley Spicer; "I should never have forgiven myself if we had not found him."

"Shall we make sail, sir?" said the first lieutenant, coming up and touching his cap to Captain Redesdale.

"If you please, Mr. Dingwell;" and then walking by the side of the first lieutenant, the captain waited for a few seconds while the necessary orders were given, and, as soon as the ship once more resumed her course, he beckoned the first lieutenant over to windward. Sitting himself upon the hammock netting, he bent his head down towards Mr. Dingwell's ear—"Tell me, Mr. Dingwell, is there any little history attaching to this gallant boy that they call the 'Pride of the Mess?'"

## CHAPTER IV

BEFORE we record the answer of the first lieutenant to the query of Captain Redesdale, we also have a word to say.

There certainly was some little history, as the reader will no doubt imagine, attached to the career of Herbert Annesley, and it was not unnatural that Captain Redesdale, who had so recently witnessed his quickness and self-devotion, should inquire into it.

The *Albania* had been something more than a year in commission. Her time had been passed chiefly on the Irish station. Her crew, being now well accustomed to one another, she had been ordered for service in the East Indies, and for this purpose directed to refit at Portsmouth. On her way thither she was to call at Plymouth, and, while lying here, her captain, who had long been subject to similar attacks, died suddenly from stone in the gall-bladder.

At a moment's notice Captain Redesdale had been summoned to the Admiralty, and, being informed of the vacancy, was asked, "How long it would take him to get ready for sea."

"Half-an-hour," was the prompt reply.

"You may have twenty-four," said the First Lord, and on the morning after the expiration of that time, Captain Redesdale appeared on board the *Albania*, in Plymouth Sound, and the following day stood out to sea.

Among other consequences of this sudden change in the commanders of the *Albania* was the fact that her captain knew little or nothing of any of the officers so suddenly placed under his orders, and when he heard the term "Pride of the Mess," he was not only amused, but surprised. Carrying his remembrance back to midshipmen's messes, such as he had known them, in early life, he certainly could not recollect any case of one of the youngsters becoming the "Pride of the Mess," though he had known many instances of lads becoming its butt. He was amused, also, at the good-natured friendship of Charley Spicer, who, in his off-hand way, which savoured in no slight degree of familiarity, had ventured to bring under the notice of the new captain the fact that the *Albania* had, in her midshipman's berth, the "Pride of the Mess." Well, then, might he seek information from the first lieutenant.

"The chief history, Captain Redesdale, that attaches to the Pet of the Mess," said Mr. Dingwell, replying to his superior's question—"may be summed up in a few words—that this lad, Annesley, is a child of remarkable disposition, which seems to embrace two qualities, great gentleness and unselfishness in private, combined with a very daring and determined courage in the discharge of his public duty. He came on board the ship when we first fitted out at Plymouth, and there, he saved the life of a marine who had walked overboard in his sleep, by throwing an oar overboard, and then jumping after it, and keeping the man afloat until they were both picked up. There were also several little matters in his mess—the fighting two or three battles with a drunken bully of a midshipman named Turvey, since turned out of the service, and whom we were unlucky enough to get hold of when we were first commissioned; but, what I believe chiefly established his favour among his messmates, was the enduring a punishment that I inflicted on him, and which ought rightly to have fallen upon other shoulders, only he would not save himself by disclosing the real culprit."

"What punishment was that, Mr. Dingwell?"

"Why, sir, the ship was lying in Leith harbour, and the midshipman's mess made up a party to go to Edinburgh. Spicer and Annesley, and half-a-dozen of the youngsters, including Turvey, went on shore under the care of the caterer, Mr. Corringdon. It seems they were put to sleep in a large attic containing a number of beds which just accommodated the party, and in the morning, this fellow, Turvey, opened the window and beheld, a few doors off, a magnificent aviary and greenhouse combined."

"I suppose you mean in one of the neighbour's gardens below them."

"Precisely so, and, Corringdon having slept in a different room, Turvey incited the youngsters to take off the tops of their bed-posts, the extinguishers, snuffers, and every missile they could scrape to-

gether, and pelt through the glass roof of this aviary. The unfortunate man who owned the property, seeing the window from which the projectiles were hurled, rushed to the hotel, and, with the waiters, ran up stairs. The only one of the youngsters who had not taken a part in the proceeding was this very Herbert Annesley, who, it seems, protested against it, and did everything in his power to persuade his companions from such folly. No sooner, however, did they hear the waiters coming up stairs, than Turvey got out of the attic window, and followed by all the other delinquents, crawled along the roof—they got into another window of another room which was vacant, and quietly went down to the breakfast room as if nothing had happened. Annesley, unconscious of any harm, was surprised in the room alone, and, from a point of romantic honour, refused to inculcate his absent companions by saying a single word in answer to the charge laid to his door of creating all the mischief. The gentleman came on board the ship at the Leith Roads, and lodged a complaint against him. I called him on the quarter-deck—he never denied it, and I masted him the best part of three days, and stopped his leave for two months. The other lads were ungenerous enough, chiefly by Turvey's instigation, never to set me right, and it was only when Turvey was dismissed the service for getting drunk on duty that I found out from the other youngsters how completely innocent Annesley had been. This, and various other sacrifices of himself, for the benefit of those around him, ended in attaching the youngsters of his mess very much to him, and, they finally resolved to dub him the "Pet of the Mess." His influence has been very strong with his messmates ever since that day, and, for his age, he is one of the most promising lads I ever met in the service."

"By Jove, he is a noble fellow. Who or what is he?"

"Well, I have known him, sir, all his life, almost. My wife and family reside close to his father."

"Who is his father?"

"His father is Mr. Charles Herbert Annesley, who resides on a small property that he purchased on the south-coast of Devon, not far from Dartmouth. He has only this child, and, with very great reluctance, he allowed him to come to sea. The boy had taken a great passion for nautical matters from being brought up on the sea-shore; and, when I got appointed first lieutenant on board of the *Alabama*, as his father had shown me a great deal of kindness, I offered to take his son to sea under my charge. The lad, as I said, seemed to have a great fancy for the service, the father thought that he could not go under any one more inclined to befriend him, so we joined the ship together at Plymouth. I believe the good qualities of this boy are chiefly owing to the very great care his father has taken of him. He has been brought up almost entirely as his father's companion, and his education was his parent's chief amusement. He was never allowed to go to school."

"Has he any other relations?"

"Oh, yes, he has a very rich uncle, a merchant in London, a member of Parliament, and a magistrate for his county, but, from

all I have heard, the uncle is a most unamiable cub. He was the younger brother, but he has amassed an immense fortune by commerce, and thinks of nothing but money from morning till night, and from night till morning. I once had a notion of seeking the command of a merchant vessel, and our Annesley's father gave me a letter of introduction to his brother, being a large shipowner; but I could not endure him, he is one of those fat, sleek, well-to-do men of the world, who hold out a finger to you to shake you by the hand, and look at a thread-bare coat as if it was the greatest offence of which a man could be guilty, short of forging a check."

"Has this lad any expectations from him?"

"Oh, I should say none whatever. The member has a son and daughter of his own. I never saw them, but in the short interview which I had with him, he spoke very slightly of his elder brother, and evinced not the least particle of affection for any one but himself."

"What a contrast to this intelligent and unselfish boy. I could not have believed that such a contrast could have existed between such near relations. Will this lad succeed to any property, or is he entirely dependent upon his profession?"

"Well, I fancy there may be a little independence coming to him at his father's death, and he is in very poor health. The father has always been a great invalid, and that perhaps may be a severe pull upon his purse; but he lives in a very quiet prudent way, and nothing would delight him more than to see this boy back in safety, for he knows very well that, wherever there is any danger, this lad is sure to be in the thick of it."

"Well if his good luck is equal to his courage, he will make himself a name in the service. We must see what we can do for him."

At this moment the captain's steward came on the quarter-deck, and, touching his hat, announced to his master—

"Breakfast is ready in the cabin, sir."

---

## CHAPTER V.

A FEW weeks after the incidents recorded in our last chapter, a family party had assembled at the breakfast table of an English hall; not one of our old and picturesque-looking mansions of former days, it is true, but an English hall such as modern wealth and improvement make it, in which the beauty of form that delighted our ancestors is once more revived, and, conjoined with it are added, all the comforts, elegancies, and conveniences that wealth and refinement can suggest.

The party sitting round the table consisted of the owner of the house, Richard Annesley, M.P., of Annesley Park, as the magnificent domain was called, in which he had built the house they were then inhabiting, Miss Annesley, his daughter, and Mr. Hobbes Annesley, his son, together with a very stiff and methodical person, Mrs. Annesley, the wife of the elder Mr. Annesley. The guest at the table was a brother member of parliament, Mr. Moray.

"Why, sir," said the latter, suddenly laying down the *Times*, and addressing his host, "the hero of this tale must be a relation of yours."

"What tale? What relation?—I have no relation that I know of—at least none that I care to own."

"Well, but if the hero of this tale is a relation of yours, any one may be proud to own him."

"What is the tale?" said Miss Annesley, timidly looking up; "do let us hear it, if it has anything to do with a relation."

"Well, it is simply an extract from a letter written by a midshipman of the queen's frigate *Albania*, giving the history of a lad who had fallen overboard, and had been picked up in a very gallant way by a midshipman, of the name of Annesley, who is here termed the 'Pride of the Mess.' He must evidently be a great, and a deservedly great favourite of his brother officers, or he would not be mentioned in this way."

"Will you let me read it, Mr. Moray?"

"That is it, Miss Geraldine," said Mr. Moray, handing the paper over to the fair inquirer, keeping his finger upon the lines.

"O papa! I declare it is our cousin; here is his name, Herbert Annesley, at full length."

Papa, however, did not seem greatly stirred by this intelligence, for he merely looked over his shoulder sulkily for a minute at the fair being who said this, and then went on with his breakfast.

"The hero of that tale must be very young, Miss Annesley," said Moray, "to jump overboard and save a fellow-creature. How old is he?"

"O! I know his age exactly, though I have never seen him; he is just two years older than I am, and I shall be fourteen next birth-day; shall not I, mamma?"

"You are quite young enough, my dear, to be a little more in the back-ground, I think," said Mrs. Annesley, drawing herself up with what was intended to be a most reproving look.

"Well, surely, my dear mamma, it is not very reprehensible, is it, when one's own first cousin is mentioned in this way in the *Times*, that I should take a little interest in him? Is it not hard, Mr. Moray, upon a girl's curiosity? I have always heard of this cousin of mine, but I have never been able to meet him. I knew some persons once who knew him, and they said he was such a nice boy, and so handsome!"

"Hold your tongue, Geraldine; put down the paper, and get your breakfast," said Mr. Annesley; "you are always nourishing some foolish fancy. When will you learn some common sense, instead

of running your head perpetually upon friendship, and beauty, and charity, and all that trash."

"Charity," said Mr. Moray, looking up with some surprise. "Beauty, perhaps, may be a dangerous commodity to think about, and friendship, according to Goldsmith, is a shade not much to be relied on—but, surely, you do not put charity in the category of undesirable things, do you, Mr. Annesley?"

"O! pooh! Moray; I am surprised at your asking such a question. I thought you had been devoted to us men of the Manchester school, as Dizzy calls us, long enough not to want enlightenment on that point. There is no such thing as charity—it is a perfect delusion. Every thing is expedient, or it is not. If it is expedient, it is right; and if it is not expedient, it is wrong. These are the only two distinctions in the world that I know of. As to charity, the expression is mere twaddle—there is no such thing. Everybody who attempts to follow it up finds it is a perfect mistake."

"By Jove! Annesley, you almost take away my breath!" said Moray, laying down his knife and fork upon his plate—"no such a thing as Charity?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Moray," said Hobbes Annesley, coming to the support of his father; "who ever heard of anything so unphilosophical as the pretence which Charity opens to endless imposition?"

"If we were to listen to the cant of Charity we might have nothing else to do," demurely chimed in Mrs. Annesley, pouring out the cream as she made her husband's tea. "Even as it is, we are like a besieged fortress here, with the constant stream of impostors who are always ready, on some pretext or other, to swindle and defraud their neighbours, because they happen to occupy some position in the world, and have been sufficiently industrious to amass a little property."

"If the humbug of charity could only be philosophically dissected by mankind, I calculate that at least one-tenth more of the national wealth would be added to the resources of the kingdom by the increased industry of our people," resumed Mr. Hobbes Annesley. "At present, thanks to the delusions of charity, many of those who should labour for themselves, only waste their time in dancing attendance upon the humbugging professors of charity, or else they adopt beggary as a species of profession, and so draw off from the purses of the affluent a large annual supply of capital which might be usefully and practically multiplied in the operations of trade, and the augmentation of stocks."

As these various utilitarian views were being propounded by his host, his hostess, and their promising son, poor Mr. Moray kept turning his head from one speaker to another, and with every motion of his neck, his surprise appeared to grow more and more unlimited. At last, when an opportunity of replying was permitted to him, he repeated, "No such thing as charity!" addressing his observations in a sort of apologetic tone to the fair Geraldine, the only one of the present party who had hitherto said nothing upon the subject—"Surely, you must be joking."

"I never joke," said Mr. Hobbes Annesley, "joking is beneath the dignity of a philosophic mind."

"Well, if there be no such a thing as charity, a large portion of my life has been passed under a great mistake."

"And many other people," interposed Geraldine, "are in the same predicament, myself included, and there was a gentleman who was called St. Paul, who says——"

"Get your breakfast, girl, and do not mind what St. Paul says, he is nothing to you, nor you to him. I wish you would think a little more of your music master and less of St. Paul."

"Poor St. Paul," said Mr. Moray, "why, what has he done? He may not be 'Pride of the Mess,' it is true, and I think that is quite clear in the present case; but, surely you must admit, Mr. Annesley, that if you had been the man who had fallen overboard, and somebody had jumped overboard to save you, that it would have been an act of the highest charity, and that if you had been once more brought safely on board and saved from drowning, in your case, as in many others, charity would have proved of the highest utility also."

"Quite a mistake! quite a mistake! If I fell overboard, saving me would have been most expedient—a mere matter of common sense; and it would be highly convenient for society, that an industrious man whose commercial industry adds largely to the national wealth should not be allowed to perish. Taking this view, it would be the duty of you or anybody else to save me from drowning. It is purely a mercantile principle, sir; whereas, if I were a drunken spendthrift, and likely to dissipate the national wealth, it would be highly expedient——"

"That you should be left to be drowned, I suppose."

"Precisely so," interposed Mr. Hobbes, "that is real philosophy."

"All that I can say is, then, that I am no philosopher," said Mr. Moray, "but I agree with Miss Geraldine, and think with St. Paul, that of all the virtues charity is the most useful, because it mostly inculcates our love of each other, and it comes recommended to us from the highest source of all possible authority."

At this moment a man servant in a handsome livery stepped in, bearing a small silver salver, and on it a small card.

"Oh!" said Mr. Annesley, taking up the card and reading it. "Mr. Graham, is it? Tell him to walk into the library, I will be with him in a moment."

## CHAPTER VI.

ONE by one the parties assembled at the breakfast table finished their repast, and several of them left the room ; Geraldine taking off with her to her boudoir the paper containing the account of her cousin's gallantry, Mrs. Annesley retiring to give audience to the housekeeper ; Hobbes, that eminent philosopher, to hold a conversation with a gamekeeper, respecting the prosecution of some poachers ; and Mr. Annesley and Mr. Moray being left, standing by the fire-place.

"Is that Graham, whose card was brought in to you, a partner of the firm of Graham and Skrewe ?"

"Yes, it is the leading partner of the firm."

"You do not trust those men as your solicitors : I always understood they bore a very questionable character ?"

"Every dog is fitted for his own work. They are only my solicitors to a certain extent. I do not consult them as to my own private affairs, but the fact is, you see I am too fat to hunt, shooting is too troublesome an amusement, I have no passion for harriers, and as a man must have some sort of excitement, I like a little litigation, and wherever a good opportunity occurs, I file a bill occasionally at one fellow, or bring an action against another, and then I follow the fellows up until I get them safely lodged in the Bench, or drive them through the Insolvent Court, and I find it just as exciting as riding after a fox, and much less dangerous."

"What, litigation ! You do not mean to say you pursue litigation for a pleasure ?"

"To be sure I do, and fine exciting amusement it is any time. If I know a fellow who has got any fight in him, I would give £50 for his dishonoured acceptance, merely for the pleasure of suing him upon it. Graham is one of the attorneys I keep of my pack. I have another firm that I employ at York, and another firm at Bristol, and I have got three fellows in quod now in the Queen's Bench. You have no idea what fun it is to watch them in all their doublings and manœuvrings. You just stay in the room here, and I will have in Graham. The very look of the fellow is actually like a bloodhound as he follows up his prey."

"I thank you," said Mr. Moray, "I am much obliged to you. The very description of the fellow has made me sick ;" and Moray, buttoning up his coat, hurried out of the room to take a stroll in the park, wondering in his own mind how it was possible that a human being could ever case-harden his conscience to such an extent as to pursue cruelty for an amusement, and to ignore the most exquisite and the most necessary of human virtues.

The fact was, that Moray was one of those amiable men constantly found in the world with little or no penetration of character himself,

but quite ready to believe that every one around him was of the same harmless disposition and tendencies as those which he most desired to cultivate. He had often gone into the same lobby with Annesley, and finding him a shrewd man of business, hearing him called in every quarter "a most respectable man," and seeing him met on every side with that large amount of obsequiousness which wealth generally obtains in most counties, and always commands in England, Moray, had accepted an invitation to spend a few days at the latter's country house, little knowing what was the real character of his present host and former acquaintance. Now, however, that some of the guiding principles of his new friend broke upon him, he felt about as comfortable as a fly may do in the web of a spider.

On the morrow they were to return to town, and Moray longed for the hour which should once more take them back to St. Stephen's, resolving, in his own mind, not again in a hurry to trust to the hospitalities of Annesley Park.

While these thoughts were still revolving in his mind, as he sauntered slowly through the beautiful flower-garden attached to the house, Mr. Annesley himself, appeared suddenly through an archway in the shrubbery, and took his arm.

"Now come and take a walk with me, Moray, and I will give you some sort of notion of the improvements I have made since I bought this place."

"Thank you, thank you," said Moray; "it seems to be a very charming spot. I particularly admire that piece of water."

"Well, I am glad you like it; that is entirely my own doing. When I bought the property the park was only thirty acres. I planted all those cedars that you see about it; a few of them have died, but there are still close upon a hundred left. I made the park three times its size, and, having given to it our own name, I wished that when my son took possession of it, and handed it down to his children, it might be something worthy of the family name. Where the lake is, there used formerly to be nothing but a little brook, running beside a public highway, with a few hovels. I dammed the brook up at that end of the valley; I got the road diverted at quarter sessions; I pulled down the cottages, and made, as you perceive, an artificial waterfall; then by keeping the water up in the valley it soon collected, and I built that bridge over it. Those paths that you see laid down through the park are all paved with flags of Bath stone; it cost me £2,000 to make these paths alone, for I do not like walking in the wet; so you see that when I grow to be an old fellow of seventy, I shall still be able to come out here and walk about, even on wet days, without getting damp feet. I have got in the park here, I forget how many miles of this Bath stone."

"But do you not think those footpaths are a little too narrow?"

"No, they are fourteen inches wide—you can easily walk on that if you like without getting wet in the feet, and, as there are many highways through the park which I could not stop up, it marks them out, and deprives the villagers of any excuse for trespassing."

"You must have spent a great deal of money here?"

"Oh, don't talk of it; it makes me sick to think of it; it is bad enough to build a house, but when you form a park as well as build a house, the demand on your purse is unceasing. As for that house, I am afraid to say how many times it has been put up and pulled down. When I bought the property there was an old house, it is true, upon the estate, but the rooms were small and cramped, and I pulled it all down except what is now the western front. I built eight sitting-rooms and three-and-twenty bed-rooms, and though the expense is heavy, still it is large enough now for my son to marry without my turning out of it; and perhaps, when I am an old fellow of seventy, I may sit easy here in my arm chair, while his little Annesleys go running about."

"I am surprised to see how much your mind turns upon the question of descendants. To so strict a utilitarian, what does it signify, when you are dead and gone, who lives in your hall or owns your land? What use will it be to you?"

"Well, strictly speaking, it will be of no use; still, I think it expedient that a man whose industrious habits have been the means of getting a large amount of money together, should lay out a portion of that money in such a form as would be some inducement to those that come after him not to dissipate without consideration that amount of national wealth which he has been the means of augmenting. Now, come and see the stables. I built new stables for five-and-twenty horses, and a capital homestead for the home farm."

After they had got to the stables Moray duly admired them, as in duty bound.

As he was turning away he said, "What a pretty view the church makes in the park!"

"Pretty view!—what is the use of a pretty view? That is the only nuisance on the property, to have that fellow of a parson stuck right under my nose. It is true, I bought the advowson and living, and if Richard has a large family, it may turn out a good investment of capital to bring up one of his children as rector. It is a very good rectory,—£1,200 a-year, and nothing to do; but, come along now, and I will show you the gardens. I have carried out Lord Bacon's idea of a garden. You know Lord Bacon says a garden should never be less than ten acres. It cost me a pretty trifle, I can tell you, to line it with peach-trees; but they are coming on very well—you shall taste some to-day after dinner; and in the garden I have got what Lord Bacon certainly had not, namely, a hot bath, large enough to swim in—fifteen yards long by four yards wide, and a yard and a half deep,—a famous bath in cold weather, and a very good swim you may have in it. The same flue that heats the hot-houses warms the bath, and it is supplied from a reservoir on the hill, into which the brook runs,—endless supply."

"Well, upon my word, Mr. Annesley, you seem to have gathered together an article or two of luxury here."

"Oh, to be sure! It is of no use having money if you do not enjoy it. When a man buys a place with a view of living and dying there, you must remember that all the years of his life are to be passed at it."

"You talk of life as if men were to live for ever."

"Well, and to some extent that is true. My grandfather lived until about ninety; my father lived till eighty-five, and I intend to do the same."

"Yes, Mr. Annesley, but the French have an old saying:—

'L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.'"

Annesley stood still, and, turning full on his companion, looked at him in silence for a minute, then exclaiming,—“Do you believe that trash?” walked on again.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

WHILE Mr. Annesley, in the full spirit of self-gratulation, was displaying all his possessions to his acquaintance, his wife, in the course of her morning duties, walked into the boudoir of her daughter. The mother's presence was unexpected; and as she entered the room, the fair deity of the spot hastily closed an elegantly bound album, and put it on the back shelf; but as she did so, there was something in her air that conveyed a feeling of suspicion to the mind of the sharp mother.

“What is that, my dear, you are putting away there?”

The colour mounted into Geraldine's face as she averted it from her mother's gaze, and, going to a window, replied, “Only a book, mamma. Do you think it will rain to-day?”

Whether mamma thought it would rain did not appear, but marching over to the shelf where the album had been placed, she took it down, and turning over its leaves, there, on the lastly-occupied page she found, neatly gummed in, an extract from the *Times* newspaper, which had been read that morning at breakfast, headed,—“Feat of gallantry,” and detailing the rescue of the drowning boy by the “Pride of the Mess.”

“Geraldine, my dear,” said the imprudent mamma, “is it possible that you have pasted a ridiculous newspaper extract into your book?”

Geraldine said nothing, nor was it necessary.

“I am quite surprised at you, child. How can you allow your connection with these poor beggars, the Annesleys of Rosedale, to remain in your memory? Indeed, I may almost say you cherish it. Cut out that piece of newspaper directly, and let me see you burn it before I leave the room.”

“Oh, mamma! do allow me the little pleasure of keeping that story. There can be no harm in my liking to see the name of Annesley honourably mentioned, whoever he may be that bears it.”

"Cut it out and burn it directly, miss. It is quite enough to have such beggars connected with one, without being reminded of them."

"It is not his fault that he is poor, mamma; I dare say he would be rich if he could."

"Cut it out and burn it directly;—there are scissors. Come, do as you are told."

Reluctantly taking up the weapon of sacrifice, poor Geraldine cut out from her book the little extract she had cherished; and, while the tears dropped on her taper fingers, held out the precious scrap to her relentless mamma, who drew a vesta match over the sanded paper, and fired the record of her nephew's heroism.

Strange!—how strange it is, that the lapse of some thirty or forty years should make us so oblivious to all we were in youth,—should induce us to dream, that because the fountain is dried in our own bosom, it can be repressed and annihilated in the well-spring of youth.

Satisfied with having consumed the extract, the tender mamma put her arm round her daughter's waist and kissed her for it. "My dear," said she, "we are going to drive out in the carriage presently; put on that white bonnet, I think it is so becoming to you."

"But, mamma! it is going to rain."

"Oh, never mind the rain, my dear; we are going to take Mr. Moray to the station."

"Oh, very well, then; I suppose you wish me to wear white in honour of his grey hairs."

"For shame, my dear! How can you talk in that irreverent manner? Do you know that Mr. Moray is a man of fifteen thousand a year?"

"Indeed, mamma, I think you must mistake, for pa' told me yesterday that his income was twenty thousand a year, and I have been quite sorry for him ever since."

"Why have you been sorry for him, child?"

"Because I cannot get out of my head the sermon we heard last Sunday, of Dives and Lazarus."

"I have no patience with you, child. Get yourself ready, and do not keep the horses waiting."

The worthy, disinterested mamma left her daughter's room.

Poor Geraldine gathered together the burnt ashes of her hero's story, and put them into a delicate little agate casket, set in silver, which the rich Mr. Moray had brought down as a present only the previous day. If he had known the purpose for which it was destined, would he have been so ready? or was he, poor man, no party to the plot thus hatching, as to his fifteen thousand a year?

## CHAPTER VIII.

"YOUNGSTER," said Captain Redesdale, soon after our hero had taken his seat at the breakfast-table in the cabin, "does not your father live somewhere to leeward of us, in Devonshire, here?"

"Yes, sir, he has a place called Rosedale, a few miles inside the Start Point."

"Is not that a very lovely neighbourhood?"

"Oh, beautiful, sir; it is an iron-bound, rocky coast, interspersed with bays of sand and gravel, and foliage in many cases coming quite down to the shore."

"Well, I have often had a wish to see it, but I have always been so busy, I never have done so. I suspect we are going to have a day's calm, and if that turns out so, and we are any way within rowing distance of your father's, you shall go on shore and have a holiday, and you shall take me with you and introduce me to the old gentleman."

"I am sure, sir, he will be most delighted to see you, and I think the neighbourhood would answer your expectations."

As breakfast proceeded, the captain questioned our hero as to various parts of his past life, all of which confirmed the account he had received from the first lieutenant, and strengthened the impression in the captain's mind in Herbert's favour.

After breakfast Herbert took leave, and the surgeon came to make his report.

"Doctor," said the captain, "what do you say to stretching your legs on the sand to leeward there? The wind is falling calm, and I think of pulling ashore to have a look at the coast, and taking that young lad, Herbert Annesley, with me. What do you say to it? Take a chair."

"Well, Captain Redesdale," said the surgeon, drawing a chair to the table, and sitting himself carefully upon it, as he might well do, seeing that he weighed some two-and-twenty stone,—not that he was very tall, but possessing that amplitude of person which seemed to defy control,—"your proposal appears to me to be the very thing this hot weather—a sort of charming tonic. The captain evidently is the first man whose health should be attended to on board a ship. Next to the captain I should certainly place the surgeon;" and as the doctor said this, he stretched out first his left hand, and then his right, and, passing his extended fingers of the former through his thick hair till it started like

"Quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

he produced an ample snuff-box with his right hand, took two or three enormous pinches of the Indian weed, and proffered the same indulgence to his superior.

"No thank you, Dr. Drystick."

"And next to the surgeon," proceeded the latter, "you may as well, for the present, place that promising young fellow, Herbert Annesley."

"What, doctor, is he a favourite of yours too?"

"Deservedly so, Captain Redesdale; he has been very poorly once or twice, but I never could get him to come upon the sick list. A remarkably amiable, energetic boy, and modest too withal, for, as the bard of Avon has it—

‘It is the witness still of excellence  
To put a strange face upon his own perfection.’”

"Ah! by the way, doctor, they tell me you are bringing out a new edition of Shakspeare."

"A most unauthorised assertion, Captain Redesdale. All that I profess to be doing is, out of my pure love and affection to the first of profane writers, to publish some small commentary upon some portion of his writings. A most unworthy follower of so great a chief, for, as he apostrophises greatness—

‘Upon thy doings! thousand ’scapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dream,  
And rock thee in their fancies.’”

"Well, at any rate, doctor, you must show me the manuscript some day when we get the ship fairly out into blue water, and let me judge for myself. Now, you go below and get ready for the shore, while I go on deck."

---

## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN the captain arrived on the quarter-deck he found the ship standing certainly with her head up channel, but that was all that could be said as to her progress. The wind had entirely died away—the sails hung in large loose folds upon the yards—the water shone all round like a mirror of burnished steel, dotted perpetually at short intervals with sparkling white sails of innumerable small fishing craft. Away on the ship's quarter, almost directly astern, came out, in beautiful contrast to the clear state of the sea and sky, the strong rough outline of that tongue of land, called Start Point, crowned at its very apex with the tall and graceful spire of the Start Lighthouse. From this building, on the ship's quarter, swept in a large and magnificent curve the noble outline of Start Bay, making a circuit of some thirty miles, and dotted with clusters of lovely villages, patches of corn-fields and green pasture, here and there disclosing the dark furrowed red of the arable land; while perpetually through the trees rose up, heaven-directed, the square grey tower which, some eight centuries ago, our Norman ancestors erected in these sequestered spots for the worship of our Heavenly Father.

Along the whole of this beautiful bay the greatest proportion of the sea-side was bounded by rugged rocks, coming sheer down to the water in a sharp line, while, at various places, this beautiful coast was interrupted by a long stretch of a few miles of exquisite beach, now showing so clearly in the cool morning light that you might almost discern its pebbles, washed as they were by the regular sounding fall of the long and windless wave.

"Pipe the captain's gig away," said the first lieutenant, after some few words with his superior.

The boatswain's shrill pipe echoed through the ship, and, in a few minutes, the side of the frigate was graced by a long, low, elegant boat, pulled by six rowers dressed in white, with the name of *Albania* painted in gold letters on a bright blue band round their straw hats. The captain, the surgeon, and our hero, descended into the stern sheets, with all the forms and ceremonies of side boys that attend the coming and going of that stern potentate—a naval captain.

The word was given—down fell the six oars which the men had been poising in a perpendicular position, and the boat started for the land.

"You have a large shoal here—have you not, youngster?" said Captain Redesdale.

"Yes, sir, there is a shoal lying just on the quarter of the frigate, but it interferes very little with the navigation of the bay."

"So I suppose. You take the yoke lines and steer us ashore. Where shall we land?"

"Well, sir, I think we had better land at our own bathing cove, because there we have a very good landing when the wind is not from the southward, and steps cut in the rock directly up to our house."

"Be it so."

"Ah! is that your father's cottage which I see just in the angle where the two hills meet?"

"Yes, sir, that is it."

"Dear me! what a beautifully picturesque situation. What a charming little nest it appears. Why it must be 300 feet above the sea. What an exquisite view he must have from the window!"

"Yes, sir, right over the channel. We see every ship that passes down within five-and-twenty miles of the coast."

"And a very healthy spot, I should say, too," said the doctor—"are you much cut up by the winds there?"

"No, wonderfully little: this hill on our left shelters us from the south-westerly gales—those are the only destructive winds in this part of the world; and here, in the angle of the two hills, where we lie open, the bearing is direct South, and a direct Southerly wind is scarcely ever a violent one, and rarely occurs at all."

"Ah! I see; and I suppose you are equally protected from the South-east?"

"Quite so."

"Well, what a magnificent spot for a consumptive patient!"

"Well, doctor," said the captain, "I hope we shall not be tried

with that terrific scourge. Ah! what church is that whose square dark tower rises like a beacon? But—yes, I remember it is marked on the map as Stoke Fleming Church.”

“Yes, sir, that is so: it is our parish church; and though it has been built, many people say, eight hundred years, and is the very pattern of several other parish churches in the neighbourhood, yet so beautifully wears the stone with which it is constructed, that to this hour it retains all the marks of the chisel upon it, sharp and fresh almost as when it first went up from the hands of the builder eight centuries ago.”

“Dear me! that is very remarkable. Where was the stone brought from? It is surely not Norman stone?”

“No, certainly not, sir; the stone was dug from the hole made for the foundations of the tower. It is a kind of stone that abounds here by the square mile. The Norman stone has not the slightest pretension to compare with it, either in grandeur of appearance or stability. There is a tower very much like this in the neighbouring village of Stokenham, in which the corners and the window-arches, and here and there an odd stone or two, were put in evidently in the celebrated Norman stone; which stone, in every direction, has fretted out by the action of the weather until it stands there as full of holes as a honeycomb, while the surrounding Devonshire stone is, as I say, still redolent of the marks of the chisel put upon it in the year eleven hundred, supposing that to have been the correct age at which the tower was built.”

“What stone is this, then, that wears so beautifully?”

“Well, it is a curious compound kind of stone; it has in it a great many of the properties of the Norman, and is something of a kind of shale. The weather appears to have no effect upon it whatever. They lay it on the flat side and expose its cut edge to the sight. It is so tough in its texture, that when you get it thin you may bend it considerably without its breaking.”

“From a distance, Captain Redesdale,” said the doctor, “the stone appears of a dark sombre grey. What is it like when you get up to it?”

“Why, when you get up close it presents an infinite number of colours of a most harmonious tint, in which green, and pink, and grey, are blended; and while our architects in London are at such an enormous expense in importing stone from the quarries of Normandy, I have often mused over the inexhaustible wealth which Devonshire possesses, of a stone ten times more beautiful, and a thousand times more enduring, and wondered whether these enormous resources would ever be developed for building purposes.”

“Dear me! that is a curious question,” the doctor said; “such a stone as that, now, would have looked magnificent in a large imposing structure like the new Houses of Parliament.”

“It would have had a splendid effect. It would not have borne all the very fine tracery that Barry has introduced, but it would have borne a large amount of massive ornamentation, and in its duration would have been all but eternal.”

"Whereas, now sir, I opine," said the doctor, addressing the captain, "the only thing that will be eternal in the new Houses of Parliament will be the expense of repairing them, for already some of the gimerackery and foliage is beginning to decay, and an architect and a gang of builders is contemplated as a permanent addition to the staff of the New Palace at Westminster, as it is called. The cost of the stone must have been at least double that which would have paid for the transportation of Devonshire quarries; and in point of appearance—the only point on which the Caen stone would ever enter into competition—a very short time of the atmosphere of London covers it with patches of soot, and for ever defaces the building of which it forms a part."

"But, youngster, tell me, is this stone as easily worked as Caen stone?"

"I should say quite, sir. It requires a bolder style of ornament, but it is surprising how readily the chisel acts on it, and how much manipulation it will bear."

"Well, youngster, when you and I make prize-money enough to build a place, we will bear in mind the riches of the Devonshire quarries, and the enduring quality of its stone. Is this your bathing cove?"

As the captain asked this question, the boat's bow entered between two little capes, and brought full in view a small strip of land about a quarter of a mile long.

"Ah! here," said the doctor, "we have a beautiful realization of those charming words of Byron:—

'The bright waves dancing on the yellow beach.'"

"Avast rowing!" said the captain.

The men raised their oars out of the water, while the long narrow gig shot silently over the gentle tide, broken only by the dripping of the salt water, as it fell from their oar-blades upon the otherwise calm mirror.

"This is really beautiful, doctor, is it not? Look at those detached little islets of rock, where the sea-fowl are sitting in such undisturbed security."

'They are so unaccustomed to man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.'"

answered the doctor.

"Their beauty is lovely to me, however," replied our hero; "they are some of the oldest friends of my youth, for here, in this bay, I have been accustomed to bathe ever since a child of two years old. I saw them then, and see them now; and as long as I can see anything, they will always recal to me a thousand recollections of a happy boyhood."

"That is right, my lad—always carry those remembrances with you; they are a source of continual pleasure, and if they are unable to keep the mind clear, at least they have a tendency that way. And is this your father's freehold?"

"Yes, sir. Our land comes down to this rocky point on our star-board bow, with the exclusive right to this cove, so that the ladies of the family are enabled to come down here daily and bathe without a machine. You see there is deep water on the right hand and also on the left, so that they cannot be intruded upon, and the entrance to the cove is from our private lands above."

"And where do you enter?"

"Through that cleft of the rock, sir, which you see before you."

"What—where that bright and gushing rill, or little water-fall, comes down?"

"Yes, sir; beside that, there are a series of ladders placed, and steps cut in the rock, and the path winds round it, crossing the stream twice before you get to the meadows above."

"Ah! doctor," said the captain, with a sigh, "this is the sort of place we nautical men often dream of in the dark and troubled nights of the stormy middle watch. What fools men are to come to sea, and undergo all the toil and bustle of the world, when they may live quiet in such a paradise as this! Here is the very place, you know, where a man may have his boat, and his fishing, and his shooting, and enjoy his gun and his rod, with a nice, snug cottage. What the deuce can induce us poor fellows to come to sea—eh, doctor?"

"Sir," answered Drystick,

"To seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth."

"Good, you have hit it. No man likes to be fool enough to own it—but it is so; and lucky it is so for those fellows who have houses, and land, and money, to protect."

"Besides, sir, paradise, unfortunately, does not seem suited to men and women; for, however beautiful may be the spots with which they surround themselves, you always find, after a time, they quarrel with them. The man gets tired, and *ennuyé*, and sighs for action—poor fool! he does not know why, or wherefore—and the lady wants some larger sphere to shew her bonnet; and so, after a time, these lovely spots pall upon us;—another proof, if any were wanting, of the insufficiency of this world's happiness to satisfy the longings of the soul."

"Well, I suppose it is so," said Captain Redesdale, looking over the boat's side. "See, doctor, how exquisitely clear this water is; you can count every stone as we pass over them."

"Every one, sir," said Herbert. "I used to come here and dive for the pebbles constantly."

"Ah, then, youngster," said the doctor, "to this bay, perhaps, it is owing that you have saved two lives, at a time of life when most men have hardly left their mother's apron-string."

Herbert blushed as this encomium was passed upon him, and remained silently looking up at the surrounding rocks, clothed with a hundred different wild flowers scattered over them by the profuse hand of inexhaustible Nature.

For a few seconds the party remained gazing at the various

beauties of the cove they were entering, till at length the boat gradually grated with a gentle noise upon the shore.

"Now, men," said Captain Redesdale, "remain here till I come back; keep the boat afloat when the tide goes down. No man is to leave the bay. Now, youngster, you go ahead, and show us the way."

Following Herbert's steps, the party rapidly mounted the ladders chained to the rock, and winding up the side of the stream, crossed it at a second rustic bridge, clambered over a stone wall, in which steps were built, and found themselves in a sort of hollow meadow, the grassy sides of which rounded off into steep banks on either side of them. Following the course of the meadow, down the centre of which the brook was guided in irrigating channels, they came to a garden gate embowered in trees; and, after winding through serpentine walks, arrived at a seat in the grounds, beneath which was spread out the lovely panorama of the sloping parterres, the rocky shore, the distant sea, the thickly studding sails of becalmed ships, the noble frigate towering among them in the distance; while behind the spectators, and above their heads, was approached the cottage they came to visit, with its ample verandahs built with rustic sections of the fir-tree, and protected from the heat of the sun by its low and ample thatch.

"A most unusual site—most romantically used," exclaimed the doctor, as he looked at the cottage; "why, this is the very realization of the poet's dream. Captain Redesdale, look at this marvellous concatenation. I suppose the man who wrote the song never saw the spot; but, if he had passed all his days here, he never could have put together words that so completely illustrate it—

'Blest were my lot in some humble cot,  
By the margin of the sea.'

"Ah, doctor! here you are, you see, quite at home."

"Captain Redesdale, if I had not a strong appreciation of my duty, I am afraid you never would get me back to my ship again. Why, look at that verandah, sir; look how marvellously it is covered with climbing roses of every shape, and size, and hue. Why, sir, what have we in that verandah? There is a verbena, as tall as an ordinary-sized lilac; there is an hydrangea, covered with clusters of flowers, each as large as my head. What a monstrous hydrangea, to be sure! Why, that shrub must be ten feet high, at least."

"Yes, doctor, but that is nothing to the one that grows down at the bottom, yonder. I measured that hydrangea once, and found it thirty feet long, by twelve feet broad, and ten feet high; it is fed by the brook."

"Fed by the brook, eh? How well he sustains his name of water-drinker, then. But it is this verandah that strikes me," said the doctor. "What a charming place for the bard of Avon! Here, Captain Redesdale, surrounded by myrtle and honeysuckle, and clematis, and heliotropes, and roses without end, and the distant blue

line of the sea perpetually coming in, I think, sir, I could finish my commentary upon Shakspeare with wonderful rapidity."

"Not a bit of it, doctor. You would do nothing but smoke cigars and drink sherry and water."

"Ah! Captain Redesdale, you know the weakness of humanity, I see; but even cigars and sherry and water would be a virtue in such a place as this."

"Question, doctor. What are those white flowers and yellow? Are those oranges and lemons growing there, Herbert?"

"Yes, sir, on this beautiful coast they thrive luxuriantly, with very small protection during the winter; and there was a specimen of the guava tree here, till a severe frost tried its gentle nature a little too savagely. But here comes my father."

As our hero said this, a tall, thin, gentle-visaged old man, emerged from one of the French casements at the further end of the verandah, and, embracing his son, was presented to Captain Redesdale.

"I have done myself the pleasure, Mr. Annesley, of taking advantage of a calm, which has made my ship an idler on your coast, to come on shore and congratulate you on the gallantry of your son, who yesterday morning jumped overboard and succeeded in saving the life of one of the ship's boys; and this is not the first life he has saved, I am told; and I assure you I shall take care that his conduct is mentioned in quarters where it will not only be properly esteemed, but have its due weight in getting the reward."

"It is a great happiness to me, sir, to welcome you to my humble cottage, under circumstances which I may, without shame, confess that I am proud of. Herbert has sought your profession rather with the consent, than with the approbation, of myself and wife, for he is our only child, and if we lose him we lose all."

"At any rate, Mr. Annesley, you have given a lion-hearted boy to the service of his country."

"As for that, Captain Redesdale, I feel no claim upon me, for this simple reason—I believe all Englishmen are lion-hearted, and Frenchmen too, and Americans also, and Spaniards too; and I see nothing in the quality of valour that is not shared to a great extent by many of the beasts around us. I hope Herbert will distinguish himself by nobler qualities than these."

"Ah! sir," said the doctor, "then I suppose you think with Byron, that—

‘War is a mere windpipe-slitting art.’"

"I think with Byron, sir, very little; but I think it requires more valour and courage to do to others as you would they should do unto you, than to slit all the throats that have been destroyed by Cœur-de-Lion, Cæsar, or Napoleon."

"There is something in that, Mr. Annesley," said Captain Redesdale; "and in this beautiful retreat of yours these peaceful thoughts seem to find a congenial echo. But how, if we had no navy, and Napoleon should come and throw a bomb-shell into your cottage from the water below there, which he might easily do, and then land

a few of his lion-hearted Frenchmen to pursue the usual amusement of invaders?"

"Ah! Captain Redesdale, you propose to me the melancholy problem which has saddened the heart of every religious man that ever pored upon the truths of Christianity. I can only answer it in the words of my Lord and Master—

'It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.'"

"Well, but, Mr. Annesley, what says St. John? I think it is he, you know, who gives sundry words of commendation to the soldier. I forget the exact quotation."

"If it had been Shakspeare, doctor, you would have had it at your fingers' ends," said the captain, giving Drystick a sly poke with his fore-finger under the ribs of the chirurgical leviathan.

"Ah! Captain Redesdale," said the doctor, colouring, "I blush to acknowledge that your reproach is too truly merited."

"At any rate, sir, it is one of very little study with me," said Mr. Annesley; "meanwhile, allow me to give you the exact quotation—it is simply to this effect—

'Be content with your wages, and do violence to no man.'

Now, if the soldiers and sailors of the earth would only follow that injunction of St. John—"

"Ah, precisely," interrupted the doctor, "as Byron says:—

'The hoarse dull drum would sleep,  
And man be happy yet.'

"Our two authorities sound like a strange alliance," quietly said Mr. Annesley, his eyes opening with some astonishment upon the vast rotundity of the doctor's person, and the profusion with which he applied some snuff to his nose, and scattered ten times the amount upon the ground. Then, as if anxious to change the subject—"Captain Redesdale, I am sorry to say I am not so early a man as I ought to be; my wife and self are just sitting down to breakfast; do come in, and share our quiet meal. Herbert has already, I see, gone to give his mother the pleasure of seeing him, but they will soon join us."

As Mr. Annesley said this, he turned aside from the verandah into the dining-room, where, notwithstanding the energy with which Drystick and his commander had discussed their previous meal, they now plunged with great gusto into huge bowls of raspberries and cream.

"Will you forgive me for asking, Captain Redesdale," said the host, "what you have done with the boat's crew? Are they gone back to the ship?"

"No, they have not gone back yet. I told them to wait upon the beach for me."

"Well, but now, let us arrange what we shall do with the day. This calm is going to last till half-past five o'clock this evening, when you will see, as the sun begins to set, a breeze will spring up from over the Start Light-house yonder, and, you will have a fair wind up

channel. Now, till that time, as you are a stranger in this neighbourhood, I propose to put you all in my pony carriage, and show you some points about the coast. Meanwhile, with your permission, I will send a hamper of fruit down to your men, and Herbert shall bear to them your orders to come back from the ship at any time you choose to appoint; then we will fix our dinner-hour to suit your convenience, and in the cool of the evening you can either go on board, or do me the honour to take beds here."

"You are very kind," said the captain, hesitatingly; "I should like to take advantage of your offer, but I am afraid my friend, the doctor, here, who has a very severe notion of discipline——"

"Then I relax it, Captain Redesdale, upon the instant: Mr. Annesley's proposal I pronounce to be inimitable. There is a slight want of tone in your fibre, captain, which may be met exactly, I know, by a gentle drive along the sea-coast."

"O, very well, Mr. Annesley, if my surgeon prescribes it as requisite, of course, I am quite in his hands."

"Then at what hour shall your boat return for you?"

"Oh, whatever hour suit your convenience."

"Well, we will say eight o'clock this afternoon."

"No, we must not trespass on the Queen's time so much as that. We will say six; or, Herbert, just bring me a slip of paper. I will write a note to the first lieutenant, and tell him to send the boat ashore at six o'clock; and, if the wind springs up before that, to let the ship stand off and on."

"Very well, sir, I will bring it to you, and I will tell the gardener to pick a nice basket of fruit for the wardroom mess."

"Ah, do! that is a good boy," said the doctor; "always entertain a respect for the wardroom mess: remember, too, as amongst its ornaments, that light of science, that mirror of intelligence, and nice appreciator of good viands—the ship's surgeon; and don't take a leaf from the book of those lords of the Admiralty, who, trampling on the votes and wishes of the House of Commons, have the hardihood to expect that gentlemen of science—men who have been accustomed to be looked up to by their seniors—will cast to the winds all the self-respect of intellect, and enter the navy, to go back, as it were, to school, to be placed in the midshipman's mess, and be surrounded with roystering, jovial boys, and youths from thirteen to twenty years of age, who, however estimable in themselves, can neither enter into nor endure the studious necessities of a scientific man."

"Now you have got upon your old grievance, doctor," said the captain, "we shall have you foaming for the rest of the day like a bottle of porter half-drawn, and perhaps in mercy upon your auditor, Mr. Annesley, you will forbear; as for me, I am accustomed to hear this dreadful iniquity discussed about once a week, but poor Mr. Annesley, you know, cannot enter into all your fervor on the matter."

"Pardon me, Captain Redesdale," said Mr. Annesley, "it is a subject which I have often seen discussed in the public prints, and one in which I take great interest, because I conceive that until naval assistant-surgeons receive that justice which the most common duties of

life require, by being treated as men and not as boys, the higher classes of medical intellect will prefer some other sphere of action. You will not get in the navy the best men of the day. They will naturally turn where they are better treated."

"Precisely, Mr. Annesley; I know, of my own knowledge, that is the way the system is working."

"O, it is a mere commercial result—the best goods go to the best market; when you consider that this great country owes everything to her navy, and that without her navy she would be nothing, it is monstrous to see her navy put off with medical aid of an inferior quality, because a few jobbing old women at the Admiralty are too stupid to see the truth, and too obstinate to follow it when pointed out to them. Throughout the whole country, medical men are unjustly treated. The titled and richer classes of England would, if they dared, treat medical men as a sort of upper servants, to come in at the back entrance, and take wine in the housekeeper's room; whereas, I do not know where, amongst mankind, to find a class or a profession so enlightened, so benevolent in their general tendencies, or so useful and so irreproachable in their professional arena. The departments of government, therefore, instead of trying, as they invariably do, to lower the dignity and circumscribe the emoluments of the medical officer, ought rather to set a good example to the rest of society, by affording them the utmost consideration and support."

"Sir, I am obliged to you for those words of truth and kindness," said Drystick, bowing; "they will find an echo in every enlightened heart; but the simple cure for the medical grievance in the navy is to abolish the rank of assistant-surgeon, and let two or more surgeons be appointed to every ship—the senior one to take command of all junior surgeons who may happen to be on board. As to the difficulty of the cabins, it requires the ignorance of a lord of the Admiralty to start such a trumpery objection. If cabins can be found for pursers, marine officers, carpenters, and boatswains, what difficulty can occur in providing the same accommodation for junior surgeons? But here comes the luncheon, which is enough to silence any man."

---

## CHAPTER X.

IN pursuance of the plans detailed in the last chapter, Mr. Annesley, the doctor, captain, and Herbert, drove out in a little jaunting-car—a sort of cross breed between an Irish and an English conveyance, which had been built expressly for these roads—and made a tour of inspection to the church tower of Stokenham.

Here they saw, precisely as Herbert had described, the problem solved of the durability of Norman and English stone in contrast,—the Devonshire rock remaining untouched by the storm of centuries,

while the Norman sandstone was fretted to nothing, and continually wanted repair.

On their way back they passed by the margin of Slapton Leigh.

"Now, this is a very strange specimen of nature's productions," said the doctor. "Here we have a good-sized inland lake, of some two miles long, fed by several streams of fresh water, and in some places nearly a mile in width. Between this lake and the salt sea nothing intervenes but a narrow strip of beach, in some places, not above three or four hundred yards wide. The lake appears to me to be almost below the level of the sea at high tide, and yet we have no infiltration of salt water, and what is equally singular, when the sea retires at low tide, we have no exudation of the fresh water.—What is the solution of this problem?"

"Well, I suppose," said Mr. Annesley, "that underneath this narrow strip of beach, if we were to dig down, we should find a corresponding basis of either rock or clay, which holds the water in a basin, as it were, and prevents the sea reaching it on the one hand, or the water leaking out on the other. But certainly it is a very curious production of nature; and, as you see, it is covered with wild fowl, especially in winter, and with very good pike fishing at all times; you have an endless amount of views from this bay, which is several miles in extent, and presents the most magnificent bathing-ground, but with only two or three machines in a small village to take advantage of it."

They beheld the distant frigate still lying with her sails becalmed, and, with sharp appetites, they pushed on towards Rosedale for their dinner.

Here they met with the warmest welcome from their hostess, Herbert's mother—just the gentle, lady-like being that one could have imagined as the preceptress of a boy like Herbert; and, at the end of dinner, as if to stamp Mr. Annesley with the honours of prophecy, a little shade was seen creeping round the Start-point, gradually approaching in faint lines the spot where the frigate lay. It was fully eight o'clock, however, before the ship's sails began to fill, and the captain and his companions still remained sitting over their wine in the dining-room, the windows open to the lawn, and the exquisite breath of summer coming in, laden with the incense of unnumbered flowers, whose blushing tints, clustering over the fanciful rustic balustrade of the verandah, displayed at intervals the dark blue tints of the glorious sea.

It was an hour and a scene that sinks deep into the heart of any man, and forms one of those images which, once beheld, rarely fade from the mind through life.

"What singular light is that I see upon the sea?" exclaimed the doctor, after a few minutes' pause, during which the party had been enjoying in silence the scene before them.

"What light, doctor? Where?" said the captain.

"Do not you see, sir, the faintest possible streak, something like a shield of gold, upon the sea yonder, extending just over the brow of that hill, right out in a straight line towards the horizon?"

"Ah! I see it now: it is very singular, and very beautiful; I suppose it must be the setting sun reflected in some cloud not visible, and then, that again by reflection thrown once more down upon the blue ocean.

"Ah!" said Mr. Annesley, smiling; "I was puzzled when I first saw that light, but, on running out to see what it could be, I found it was the moon which rose just above the cottage, and that is her light upon the water, struggling with the dying day. I never in any other spot observed that singular effect."

"There is thunder," said the doctor, when a sudden sound was heard.

"Yes," said Herbert; "but it was only thunder of man's making."

"Surely that was thunder."

"No," said Herbert, "that is the sound of one of the trawl vessels, tacking just under our cliffs. It reverberates on the rocks on either side of the cove, and then comes up the hollow of the valley. It is almost incredible the distance to which the sound is carried. There, do not you see the red sail just heaving in sight?"

"So it is, I declare."

"Well, we must heave in sight," said the captain, rising. "I see the sails of the frigate are beginning to fill, Mr. Annesley, and I must be off on board."

"Coffee is waiting, Captain Redesdale."

"Thank you. There was one thing that struck me with regard to your son. We are going to Portsmouth to refit for foreign service. Now as he is on shore here, and in your house, it will save him some expense to leave him here for a fortnight's leave, which I have great pleasure in giving him, as a slight mark of my appreciation of his gallantry; and if, on this day fortnight, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he will come to town, and stand under the portico of the Admiralty, he will find me standing there, please God. The naval lord is an old friend of mine, and I will take your son by the hand, and introduce him, and get him the silver medal from the Royal Marine Society, and, notwithstanding your denunciation of the 'wind-pipe-slitting art,' I have no doubt he will yet become a highly distinguished member of it."

Before Mr. Annesley could utter the thanks which rose to his lips, Captain Redesdale had proceeded into the drawing-room, and, having taken coffee with his hostess, Mr. Annesley and his son set out to escort the captain and doctor to the shore.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE cottage at Rosedale is built upon a ledge of rock which, cut away to make room for the building, rises several hundred feet above the house, and sinks several hundred feet below it to the sea. Midway, on rather a steep incline, is cut the carriage road and the various walks, while the gardens are formed on terraces.

As our party of four stood upon the little platform, which is used as a carriage sweep for the front door, the captain, and the doctor, by a sudden impulse halted for a moment, as if to take a farewell glance at the charming picture of peace and loveliness surrounding them: the moon was now sinking once more in the sky, and, as she topped the distant hill, and lingered for a few seconds sparkling amid the dark foliage on the crest of the eminence, she threw a strong dark shadow down into the valley. The last bird of day had sung itself to rest, but the absence of the tuneful choir was fully compensated for by the long liquid gurgling note of the soul-subduing nightingale, now beginning to make herself heard.

"Ah!" said the doctor. "Do you hear that song. It is, as Milton says:—

‘The wakeful nightingale,’ that  
‘All night long her amorous descant sung.’

But what is that delicious sound of falling water that fills up the pauses of the tuneful concert?"

"O! that," said Herbert, "comes from the fountains that are falling down there to the right in the valley—if you like we will go down to the ship by that path, and you shall pass them."

"Lead the way youngster," said Captain Redesdale, and, turning to the right, Herbert directed the steps of the party to the suggested path, amid laurels and roses, until the party stood by the side of a large round pool, in which the water-lilies showed their white buds, closed for the night, and the golden fish, as they darted along, disturbed by the intruders, displayed their glittering sides in the depth of the pool, while from its centre rose a large and lofty jet, the head, or parent fountain of which was supplied from a height of seventy or eighty feet above.

"Come along, Captain Redesdale, let us leave this spot," said the doctor, "you will certainly lose your surgeon if I linger here much longer. Will no Christian give me a cigar, that under its balmy influence I may tear myself away?"

"Doctor, you must have some Scotch blood in you, I am sure, or you never could ask for a man's tobacco in that resistless manner—here is a cigar. You see, Mr. Annesley, the temptation you offer to poor mariners! Depend upon it, when the French come near your

coast with bombs and rockets you will get a detachment of them at Rosedale, and, when once they see this pretty place you never will get rid of those charming young officers with large moustaches."

Thus with many a joke they descended to the shore. The captain and the doctor took their leave of Mr. Annesley, and pulled off to the ship, leaving Herbert and his father watching their progress in the moonlight.

As they pulled away from the shore the father said to Herbert, —

"A very gentlemanly nice fellow your new captain appears to be."

"Oh!" said Herbert, with all the enthusiasm of a boy, "he is a regular trump; he got his promotion in the Chinese war, and whenever an opportunity presented itself for distinction, he seized it: but did not you observe that his left hand was dreadfully wounded?"

"Yes, I saw that, but of course I did not like to make any allusion to it."

"Well, those are some of the mementoes that he has of past engagements, and I am told he is covered with scars. Nothing could be more kind than his coming to see you, and giving me a fortnight's leave, for I never should have ventured to ask for such a thing, and now will not we be so happy?"

"Ah! my dear boy—do not say that? Man must never propose happiness to himself in this world, he has not deserved it, and he has no right whatever to arrogate to himself the possession of it, and I rarely hear any one making that speech, that does not speedily repent."

"Well then, father, I do at once repent it."

"That is right, my boy."

"But if I may not talk happiness, how near may I approach it?"

"As near as industry, contentment, and gratitude will permit you. So now let us come up to your mother, and since you have a fortnight's leave, we must see what you will want in the way of outfit for your new station."

## CHAPTER XII.

FAITHFUL to the day and hour appointed, Herbert stood beneath the portico of the Admiralty. That was not all. Herbert remembered that the great light and morning star of naval heroes, Nelson, had attributed all his success in life to being a quarter of an hour before his time, and as the Horse Guards' clock chimed a quarter to two he walked up the steps of the Admiralty porch. While he was in the very act of doing so, a carriage rattled past him to the door of the first naval lord, and he heard his name called from a window.

Looking round, he beheld his captain get out, followed by an elderly gentleman, a certain cut of whose compact figure, and decided character of face, told Herbert that he must be an English admiral.

Herbert ran to the carriage door on hearing his name called, and assisted his captain to get out.

"Here is the very lad I was mentioning to you, admiral."

"Bring him in," said the elderly gentleman, at the same time laying his hand upon Herbert's wrist, "why, you are here before your time, youngster."

"Nelson's time, sir," said Herbert, "a quarter of an hour in advance."

"Stick to that, my boy, and then you may follow me through this portal yet," said Sir George, for it was the first naval lord himself. "So I hear you are a good diver, sir, and that you have saved two men's lives already. Well, you know, you must take that as a sort of license. A man who saves two of his shipmates' lives is to be licensed to shoot how many hundred of the enemy?"

By this time the three had arrived in that room of the first lord, which has one window looking down into Whitehall, and the other into the quadrangle of the Admiralty.

"Now, what can we do for this boy, Redesdale? because I will make a memorandum of it and we will let him go at once, for you and I must have the quarter of an hour's conversation you mentioned to me."

"Well, Sir George, I think I have done a great deal for him when I get him the honour of an *entrée* to the first naval lord's room, but you know some of the committee of the Humane Society. I want to send in papers, and if they think he is deserving of a medal I should like him to have one."

"If he is not deserving of a medal, who the dickens is?" said the admiral, in that decided tone, which showed that he had already made up his own mind on the subject; then, taking up a memorandum-book from a drawer of his writing-table, said—"There, I will see to it. Now, my boy, good-bye, and as you said just now, do not forget the Nelson time, and I will not forget you."

As Herbert was taking his departure, Captain Redesdale added, "Come and dine with me to-morrow, youngster, at Morley's Hotel, Charing Cross, six o'clock—punctually."

In five minutes more Herbert found himself in the great tideway of Whitehall, jostled by the usual string of peers and members of Parliament going down to the House,—staid, elderly gentlemen, who every three years disburse from one to three thousand pounds in every shape of drunkenness, bribery, and vice, for themselves, their sons, and connections, yet have the wonderful wit of combining this conduct with a character for consistency, attendance at church on Sunday, and perpetual homilies to the struggling artisan and the striving poor, in religion, morality, and the great virtue of respecting those whom God has placed in a situation above them. Is there, or is there not, such a passage in the New Testament as this:—

"Woe unto you also, \* \* \* for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers?"

## CHAPTER XIII.

OUR hero, now finding himself at liberty, considered what he had to do with the rest of the day. Pausing for a few minutes, just in front of the Admiralty, he presently saw coming towards him an extraordinary figure dressed chiefly in black, and wearing round the neck a mottled-green cotton handkerchief. The coat had all the appearance of being somewhat small for the body, for the sleeves were half way up the arms, and it had that indefinable look which clothes assume when they have been jammed for a month or two in the bottom of a carpet-bag without folding; the waistcoat, which was also black, was covered with snuff; the trowsers were short, and displayed a considerable quantity of white cotton stocking; while the feet were encased in shoes tied with black ribbon, which the wearer had evidently chosen for the laudable purpose of keeping his feet dry and comfortable, so ample were they in dimensions, and so utter a contempt for fashion did they exhibit in their shape. In figure, the wearer stood about five feet nine inches, but it was very doubtful if a measuring rod had been passed across his chest, whether he would not have been proved to have the same dimensions in width.

He was coming up from towards the Horse Guards when Herbert first saw him. Many people stopped and turned to look at him as he walked along with that bold undaunted air, which seemed to say—

“Look on me, boys. You will not find a finer fellow in a hurry than I am.”

The countenance was evidently a handsome countenance in its features, but the cheeks were as ruddy as if the life of the owner had been passed in following the plough, fresh, clear, and brilliant; the chin was nicely shaved, there was a fine dark line of dark whisker on each side, with an amount of development of the facial muscles, which spoke well for the feelings of the body, and the determination and energy of the character. His hair was also tinged slightly with grey, and stuck out on each side under his hat; he wore no gloves, but every now and then he would stretch out first his right hand and then his left, extending all the digits of each hand, and changing from one to the other as he did so a huge silver snuff-box, from which he supplied himself with no end of the Indian weed, and occasionally he produced from one of his capacious hinder pockets a large red silk handkerchief, never, however, applying this to his face until he had previously drawn it with a sort of powerful smack through the thumb and fingers of one hand.

As he came along with his smiling good-humoured countenance, and slightly rolling though firm walk, many slighter individuals, in the shape of attorneys and their clerks, bustling to the House of

Commons, came running against him, but he did not seem to pay the slightest attention to them; they no sooner impinged upon his bulky form, than off they bounded at a tangent, as a marble might do when fillipped against a cannon ball.

"Ah!" thought Herbert, "there can be only one such man in the world as this. This must be Drystick," he muttered to himself, "the surgeon of my ship;" and, scarcely had the murmur died upon our hero's lips, when he heard his new friend call out in a voice that even the fruit-women envied—

"Ah! Herbert, is that you?"

'All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter.'

Have you seen the skipper at the Admiralty?"

"Yes, sir," said Herbert, resigning his hand to the Herculean vice, which made the blood tingle to the tops of the fingers.

"And has he introduced you to the old codgers of the Admiralty?"

"Yes, sir; he presented me to the first naval lord, who received me very kindly, and I believe I am to have a medal from the Royal Humane Society."

"And have you got out safe, sound wind and limb?"

"Yes, sir, quite safe."

"Then I congratulate you, sir, on your escape from a den of robbers."

"A den of robbers!"

"Yes, sir, the vilest robbers. There was a friend of mine—a surgeon in her Majesty's navy he was once—and these thieves, the lords of the admiralty, for bless me if I can call them anything else, found out that after twenty years' service in the West Indies, and Africa, and every infernal hole under the sun, my friend, by his industry and energy, had got together a good practice in the county of Kent, hang me, if these admiralty thieves did not appoint him a supernumerary to a flag-ship in the West Indies, and, because he was not ready to go and strip his wife and family of a practice of £300 or £400 a year, these admiralty thieves took away from him his half-pay. Hang me, sir, if I could ever go under that portico without expecting they would draw my teeth, and sell them for anything they could make of them."

"Well then, sir, I suppose you will not go there."

"No, I will see them—Ah! I will not say where—first."

"But at any rate, sir, I suppose they saved the country the pension of the surgeon?"

"Saved old Harry. What did they care about saving? If they were earnest in their saving, they would knock off all those useless junior lords who draw a £1,000 a year each for doing nothing. But no, they take precious good care to keep these sinecures to oil the palms of members of Parliament; that is what they call conducting her Majesty's Government: for a member of Parliament of course goes down and spends £1,000 or £2,000 in making the electors drunk, to secure his seat, and then, if any sane man talks of introducing the

ballot, to stop such corruption and iniquity, and enable the Government of the country to be conducted upon economical principles, immediately he is assailed with a cry of ridicule, and all the world, that is, five or six thousand wealthy and titled persons out of thirty millions, are shocked at the imminent danger to the throne and constitution. Come away, sir, out of this horrid neighbourhood—more polluted, sir, than the vilest dens of St. Giles. Come away, sir, I hate to linger in such a place—there is a moral pestilence in the atmosphere. Come along with me, I have got a treat in store for you.”

“Treat, sir, have you? I am always glad of a treat. What is it?”

“Did you ever hear of the great Wordsworth?”

“O to be sure, sir, I have; you mean the great poet who wrote those beautiful lines:—

‘Yet fares it thus in our decay.’”

“To be sure,” said the doctor, taking up the quotation:—

“‘And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for all time takes away,  
Than all it leaves behind.’”

“My eyes, what a guy!” exclaimed one of the little sweepers of the crossing to a ragged companion, as they witnessed the poetic Drystick, giving emphasis to the words with a flourish of his hand; but he was consummately indifferent to that, or any other mark of popular admiration, and on the doctor rolled, Herbert fast locked in his arm.

“Yes, my boy. Now, here is a treat for you. I say I will take you to dine with the great Mr. Wordsworth to-day.”

“Well, doctor, that is a great treat; I have long wished to see the poet of the Lakes, and he is very difficult to see in London, because he lives so retired a life. Are you going to dine with him at any large party?”

“No; we shall have him all to ourselves. His son-in-law, dear Quill, was a patient of mine, and, knowing my admiration for his father-in-law, he has asked me to go and dine with the great poet *sans cérémonie*. I know him well enough to take you, so come along; they live up somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Regent’s Park—their dinner hour is early—we shall just have time to saunter leisurely along through a few of the principal thoroughfares here—we will go along Pall Mall, up St. James’s Street, through Piccadilly, and then up Regent Street. I want to give these Londoners, who seem very much to admire me, an opportunity of seeing a child of the ocean.”

“Well, they do seem to admire you, sir, very much, I must say.”

“O! it will do them good to open their eyes a little, poor short-sighted wretches—there is scarcely a man in this town, who calls himself in good society, that dares do anything, or say anything, or wear anything, unless half-a-hundred bigger fools than himself have said it, or done it, or worn it before. Come along, I have never seen Wordsworth, and I am busy speculating, in my own mind, what manner of man he shall be. What sort of man do you think he will turn out, Herbert?”

"Well, sir, his poetry is charmingly simple, he ought to be simple in all his tastes, in all his expressions."

"To be sure, sir, a being without form; a perfect child of nature."

"Precisely, sir, quite *déagé*."

"Do not say *déagé*. I hate all that infernal rubbish of French, and fashion, and frippery, and nonsense—it is a miserable plea of lingual insolvency and bankruptcy, and beggary; as if the English language was not rich enough to express anything."

"Well, then, sir, let us say an unaffected man."

"Ah! that is more like it."

"Well, I should expect to find Wordsworth, perhaps, a little man, with nice long, curly, grey locks, and a face all smiles, and eyes all fire and intellect—a sort of patriarchal polished country gentleman."

"Well, I think you must be right—I think that must be the style of man. Surely the man who wrote the tale of 'Wilhelmine' must be that style of man. A sort of man who has as much respect for the picturesque beggar in his village, as he has for the first prince among mankind—but it is idle speculating, let us look at the shops for the present, and we shall soon see what the poet is like."

In the course of an hour Drystick not having knocked down, with his burly form, above half-a-dozen dandies, two or three butchers' boys, besides an endless tribe of printers' devils, and such small fry, going about in haste, arrived at the residence temporarily occupied by the two poets.

Quillinan, the lesser poet, was looking from the window, and, seeing the approach of his old friend, with all that kindness that distinguished him, jumped from his seat and ran and opened the door himself, and, giving Drystick a hearty welcome, our hero was presented to him, and experienced an equally hospitable reception.

The hats deposited in the hall, the guests were shown into the drawing-room, and there, for the first time, they both beheld the poet of the Lakes, the celebrated Wordsworth. In an instant all their preconceived notions of his appearance fell to the ground.

They found themselves in the presence of a tall and stately person, rather reserved in manner, slight in figure, with a nose somewhat inclining to be aquiline, a fine and elegant countenance, scrupulously neat in dress, and polished in bearing and manner, but yet, in almost every drawing-room in London, you might have seen a dozen such men without having the least notion that any one of them contained the spark of genius,—in fact, a well-bred gentleman, who might, or who might not, be anything.

Herbert thought, as he saw the two men standing together, that he never beheld a stronger contrast in his life between the two figures,—the great poet, all rigidity and propriety, solemn, slender, and delicate; his nautical admirer, off-handed and free-hearted, round as a puncheon, and burly enough for King Harry the Eighth.

Mrs. Quillinan had also been a patient of the doctor's, and was just the elegant and fragile flower that the daughter of a poet might be supposed to be.

Death, inexorable Death, in the few years since that day and

this, has claimed all three as his prey. The poet, his daughter, and his son-in-law, all now sleep quietly beneath that verdant turf, in which all that is human has resolved itself into its primeval elements, while their names, embalmed in song, are immortal for the memory of mankind, and their kind and gentle natures are innumbered in the love of their friends. But, on that sunny afternoon, the short term of remaining existence was mercifully hidden from their eyes, and all the parties at that hospitable board seemed to enjoy the better part of existence with extreme relish. Drystick did all he could to draw the poet out, and certainly set a most hilarious example; but not even the presence of so warm an admirer seemed to overcome the natural reserve of the distinguished Wordsworth; and, like many other eminent writers, he said very little, compared to what was expected of the idol by his worshippers. But the doctor was not thus to be disappointed. He soon had the poet of the Lakes under a gentle, but very effectual, cross-examination, and extracted from him, in the course of the dinner, a full, true, and particular account of all he had seen, and all he had done, during his visit to London.

Wordsworth, it appeared, had not been in town for a considerable time; and, since his last visit, his poetry had been much more discussed than in the younger part of his life, when such formidable rivals as Byron and Scott, to say nothing of Coleridge, Shelley, and Southey, almost engrossed the public thought, eye, and tongue; and, not long before, on the discussion of Talfourd's Copyright Bill, in the House of Commons, the poetry of Wordsworth, strange to say, had become a subject of debate in the House of Commons; and, while Talfourd and others quoted it in admiration, the matter-of-fact coroner for Middlesex, Wakley, had cited, somewhat in derision, lines from "Peter Bell," the "Waggoner," or some other passages; and among the lines quoted by one of the members were those containing the words—

"A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

Just at this point of time, which may be said to have formed the climax of Wordsworth's popularity, the poet came to town, and became the lion of the season.

Nothing would suffice for the doctor's admiration, but he must have, from the poet's lips, the whole particulars of his visits, and, among the rest, he extracted details of a reception at the Duke of Sutherland's, and a breakfast at Miss Coutts', besides endless ovations and parties at lords this, that, and the other.

In honour of the doctor's visit, Quillinan, who had good occasion to appreciate the doctor's warm-heartedness, produced in his honour some especial Madeira, which had been upwards of thirty years in bottle; and, after an evening very pleasantly spent, the doctor, at an early hour, to wit, at ten o'clock, rose to take his leave.

As they got outside the door, Drystick said to Herbert, "Now, my boy, what shall we do with ourselves for the rest of the evening?"

No man in London, you know, can go to bed at ten o'clock, unless he is a great poet, which neither you nor I can pretend to be. Where shall we hear the chimes at midnight?"

"Will you come to the theatre with me?"

"Why, sir," said Herbert, "I am sorry to say I have an engagement for this evening."

"You an engagement? Why, I thought you had no friends in town?"

"Why, sir, London is that extraordinary place, that every man has friends in it if he does not want to borrow money. There was a beautiful Mrs. Albany——"

"Ah! you rogue; you have got a beautiful mistress in the case, have you! Ah! young gentleman, I am sorry to see you are going in that line already. Take care of beautiful mistresses."

"O yes, I will take care, sir; but I was going to tell you that there was a beautiful Mrs. Albany, and her husband, who have a country place near us at Rosedale, and I used to see a good deal of her before I went to sea. As I was walking down to the Admiralty, this morning, a carriage stopped, and a lady beckoned to me from its window, and there was Mrs. Albany. She asked me if I had any engagement for this evening, and I told her, no. Knowing that I am very fond of music, she asked me to come to a concert which she gives this evening. She told me that Grisi, and Mario, and Lablache, and I do not know who else, in the operatic line, were coming to sing for her, and I promised to go."

"Zounds! that is unfortunate. If you promised to go, of course, you must keep your word. I hate a man who is so onhandsome, first, as to promise to go to a place, and then not appear; but I am sorry to part with you, for I thought we should have a pleasant evening. We might have gone to the theatre, and have had a lobster salad quietly together, and talked the thing over philosophically."

"Well, sir, but why not come with me to my friend Mrs. Albany's concert?"

"I go to a splash London evening concert! Why, my boy, look at my rig? I do not care trudging along the streets, and attracting admiration—because a man like myself, you know, was made to be admired—that is, public admiration—but I do not like to go into a ball room, lit up with endless wax-lights, and fine ladies, and still finer gentlemen, rigged out to the nines, and I in a plain walking costume. Look here, look at my neck-handkerchief! do you see, a chequered cotton neck-handkerchief; gave nine-pence for it this morning, in the City!"

"Well, sir, but if it is good enough to go and dine with the great Wordsworth, surely it is good enough for the mere obscure flies of fashion."

"Well, well, so it is; and what is more, I myself am much too good for such sort of people. I admit all that—but still, if remarks are made on a man in the street as he passes on, he does not hear them, but if all eyes are turned upon you in a crowded drawing-room, why, there you are, you know, boxed up, and you must remain or

beat your retreat, which is a still more difficult operation. No, no; I am sorry to lose sight of you, and I am sorry not to go and hear the concert, but I am afraid in my present rig I could not manage it."

"Stay," said Herbert, "I have a brilliant idea."

"By all means let us have it; a brilliant idea at any time is my great delight. What is your brilliant idea?"

"Why this is it. I will take you to the house, and I will introduce you as the great Mr. Wordsworth. They will never presume to criticise a great and distinguished poet."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" cried the doctor, stopping still in his walk, bursting out in a roar of laughter, and clapping his hand—"That is a jolly idea. It is a brilliant thought, my boy, but unfortunately it is too brilliant to hold water. You might introduce me as the great Mr. Wordsworth, and it is perfectly true they would never presume to criticise a man of my assumed honour, but how could we do such a thing here, in London? Everybody must know Wordsworth."

"Not a bit, sir; why should they know Wordsworth? Wordsworth has passed his life down among the lakes, and now, when he has come up to town, you have heard from all he said himself, that his time was passed chiefly among the very heads of society. Now, Mrs. Albany, certainly, is not in that class of society—her whole soul is passed in crotchets and quavers—she sings beautifully herself, and she has not another thought except music. I will be bound we shall meet at her house a whole tribe of *dilettanti*; signor this, and count that, and marchese the other thing—people with endless moustaches and deep voices—folks who know a passage in Beethoven from one in Mozart without a minute's consideration, but who, I will be sworn, know no more of Wordsworth, except his name, than they know of the Cham of Tartary. Oh, do come, sir, it would be such fun."

"Well, my boy, I would come directly if I thought they did not know Wordsworth, because you know I could do the poet if I could do anything."

"I assure you, sir, I am quite certain Mrs. Albany does not know Wordsworth by sight, for I never heard her quote a line of poetry in my life unless it was set to music; and after all, just reflect, you and I, ourselves, though much more likely to know Wordsworth—though we know every line he has written, never beheld him till this afternoon."

"Well, that is true: and, as you say, we are much more likely to know him than people who never read a line in their life of his writing; but if I go you will let the secret out—you will laugh, or do something."

"No, upon my honour, sir, I will not, I assure you; I will be as grave as a judge. I will keep up the character with you to the last."

"But are you sure now you have nerve enough to do it?"

"Well, sir, if I have nerve enough to jump after a drowning man, I think I have nerve enough to humbug a hundred or two of fashionable nobodies and pretenders to fashion, such as the great majority of London parties muster."

"Well, well; yes, yes; I think you may—I think you might; but now remember, Herbert, honour bright, if we carry on this dodge to night, you must promise not to let this out on board the ship, for I shall be the great Mr. Wordsworth to the end of the chapter."

"Oh! I will promise, honour bright, I will never let it out."

"Very well, then, come along. We will do it; and it will be jolly fun, certainly; and a joke between us which will make us remember our visit to London, though we live to the age of Methuselah. Where does this Mrs. Albany hang out?"

"Oh, she has some large detached villa, somewhere towards Hampstead."

"Oh! but that is a long way off."

"Ah! but we will take a cab—we shall soon get there."

"Very well, then, come along. But stay, has this Mrs. Albany a husband; perhaps he will know Wordsworth?"

"Oh, as to her husband, do not you ever trouble yourself about him. He is a man very busily engaged in rearing stock. He farms seven or eight hundred acres of his own, somewhere down in Essex. He would have an admirable idea of turnip manure, and give you an excellent recipe for curing rot in sheep; but, beyond that, trust him, he does not care a straw who goes to his wife's parties, provided he is not asked to entertain them; and, if you mention the name of Wordsworth, all he would say, would be, 'Is he any relation to Lord Althorp?'"

"Oh! if that is the sort of fellow, I am a match for him, I know. Come along. Here cabman—got a fare?" cried the doctor, exerting his stentorian lungs, and arresting a drawling charioteer that was winding his way homewards.

In another instant our hero and the doctor were in the cab, bowling away for Lansdown Villa, Hampstead Heath.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"WELL," exclaimed the doctor, as the cab drove through the open gates of the villa, and rattled up to the house, beaming with candles and gas, shaking and dancing and resonant of the powerful band,—  
"these folks are going it;—that is not a bad band, and the house is well luminated,—a large house,—there must be a heap of people here,—

'In Coron's bay floats many a galley light,  
Through Coron's lattice the lamps are bright,  
For Seyd, the Pacha, gives a feast to-night.'

Yes, evidently, this is a grand affair of Mrs. Albany's."

"Now, Doctor Drystick, are you ready for the poet's part?"

"Ah! shade of Wordsworth! forgive us for our profane imper-

sonation. Come on, youngster,—remember, no funkings;—we must go through it, you know.”

“Oh, I will go through it.”

“What name, sir?” said the butler at the door.

“Mr. Annesley and Mr. Wordsworth.”

“Mr. Annesley and Mr. Wordsworth,” repeated the footman.

“Mr. Annesley and Mr. Wordsworth,” repeated the servants, from hall to passage, from passage to the drawing-room door, and, in another second, Herbert and the doctor found themselves threading their way through the passages which already were crowded with guests, sitting on the stairs, leaning against the walls, flirting in every nook and corner, with fair faces and sparkling eyes.

Still, as they went, first one guest turned his head and looked with astonishment,—then another one whispered some remark, and a third began to titter. At last, to Herbert’s horror, he found himself in a vast saloon, blazing with wax-lights in every direction, covered with gilding and pictures, and mirrors, silks, velvets, tapestries, and all the endless paraphernalia of upholsterers’ luxuries, while the room was crowded with a brilliant assemblage of men and women, dressed to the last degree of show that taste could permit.

As Herbert had said, a vast number of the gentlemen wore moustaches, and, when they first entered the room, the hostess was singing a song at the piano, accompanied by Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

While this song was singing, therefore, a species of some silence reigned over the room, and gave the assembled guests an opportunity of criticising the last arrivals.

Already poor Herbert’s heart began to go down to his boots when he saw all the eyes of these highly dressed people turned upon him and his companion, with the ninepenny cotton check neck-handkerchief around his neck; that coat that still bore the appearance of having been rammed to the bottom of a carpet-bag for the last six months, plentifully sprinkled with snuff, while the same delightful but reprobated powder hung in vandyked folds on his black cloth waistcoat.

In vain the doctor tried to persuade himself he was quite at his ease; in vain he stretched out first the digits of his right hand, and then the digits of his left; in vain he drew his fingers through his hair, until it all stood upon his head, “like quills upon the fretful porcupine;” in vain he held up his rubicund muzzle, and gave it a sort of gentle stroke of defiance; in vain he looked to the right,—in vain he looked to the left, and tried all the while his very utmost to appear unconcerned, or listening to the music,—or taking snuff, or doing anything, it was quite clear he felt that the eyes of all were upon him; the colour began to mount to his forehead,—his eyes had that restless perplexed look which a man naturally exhibits when that indefinable something, that unascertained electricity of a general gaze is upon him.

“Oh!” thought the doctor, “if I could only lay hands upon another bumper of the poet’s thirty years Madeira;—but even that, although handsomely imbibed, seemed unable to support him under

these few trying moments' observation; and, as first one spectator gazed and wondered, and then another spectator gazed and wondered, the whisper gradually went round the room,—“Who is this mortal?—Who is this strange-looking mortal?”

Herbert, who shared the confusion, and watched the countenance of his friend, observed that he was beginning to get angry, and debated in his own mind whether it was possible even now to beat a retreat, and suddenly fly the premises. It was one thing, in the merriment of an after-dinner thought, to propose such a hoax on a London audience, but it was quite a different thing, in the full blaze of sperm and wax to carry it out effectually.

While Herbert stood, not knowing exactly what to do, the song ceased, the buzz of applause went round, and Mrs. Albany, full of grace and dignity, turned from the piano. As she did so her eye fell upon Drystick, who, unlucky climax, at that very moment had dragged that horrible red silk handkerchief from his pocket, and was busy drawing it through his finger and thumb with that peculiar snap that so astonished the natives of Charing Cross.

Oh, reader, if you had seen the countenance of Mrs. Albany when she beheld this broad-chested apparition before her, you would have marvelled at the courage of that meek, modest-looking young naval hero, who quietly stepped up to her, and after shaking hands with his hostess, whispered in an under voice,—

“I have obtained for you such an honour this evening. I have brought you the great lion of the season, the great Mr. Wordsworth; allow me to introduce you to him.”

“Mr. Wordsworth! Who is Mr. Wordsworth?” whispered Mrs. Albany, her beautifully shaped lips drooping with an air of horror as she contemplated the waving of that atrocious red silk handkerchief.

“Oh!” said that wicked dog, Herbert, “you know who Mr. Wordsworth is, the celebrated poet, the great poet, you know, whose poetry was the subject of debate the other evening, in the House of Commons.”

“What,” said she, “you do not mean the poet of the Lakes,—Wordsworth, and Southey, and Byron?”

“Yes, the same, this is the great Mr. Wordsworth, of Don Juan.”

“Mr. Wordsworth,” said the young scapegrace in a loud tone, that every one in the circle might hear the illustrious name, “allow me to present you to Mrs. Albany.”

“Wordsworth?” cried one or two, “Wordsworth? Who is it? Wordsworth?”

The doctor bowed, and endeavoured to bring out some small common place, but evidently his courage was not yet fully up to the mark.

Everybody remained staring at the great Mr. Wordsworth, and great he certainly was, and once more the contrast between his figure and the real Mr. Wordsworth occurred so forcibly to Herbert that he could scarcely command his countenance.

While these thoughts were passing through Herbert's mind, up came his host, Mr. Albany. Drawing him on one side—

"What is the name of that gentleman you presented, Herbert, to my wife?"

"The great Wordsworth, sir," said our hero, making a violent effort to preserve his gravity.

"Oh! oh! ah! By the way, is not he some relation of my poor deceased friend, Lord Althorp—Earl Spencer he became, you know, but I never can think of him otherwise than as Lord Althorp? He won all his honours, in my mind, as Lord Althorp."

"Oh yes, sir," said Herbert, laughing, unable to restrain himself, "I forgot, I should have told you that he is some blood relation, some kind of cousin, I forget what the exact relationship is,"—"and so am I," thought Herbert, "and so are you, or anybody else under the general fatherhood of Adam."

"Ah! I am glad you have brought him here. Poor Lord Althorp! every year I farm, I think more and more of his words, but on what side of the house is Wordsworth related to him?"

"Well, I hardly know, you remember Lord Althorp's aunt was the witty Duchess of Devonshire, and the duke has Chatsworth, down in the north, and Wordsworth, you know, lives among the Lakes; and how the family has intermarried I cannot exactly say, you know; but there it is, you know, a great poet, and—and—a—a fine agricultural kind of man."

"Yes, yes, indeed he is, just introduce me, will you?"

"Certainly," said Herbert, "Mr. Wordsworth, my friend, Mr. Albany, our kind host."

"Glad to see you in my house, Mr. Wordsworth, I knew your late admirable cousin, Lord Althorp, well. We used constantly to correspond on our agricultural operations. He was a man, sir, made to be beloved, and I venerated him. He had some of the finest sheep, sir, I think I ever saw, and his opinion on manures I think was unrivalled. You do not dance, I suppose, Mr. Wordsworth?"

"Not much, Mr. Albany."

"No, nor I either. It is all very well for these young heifers. By the way, have you had much experience in beasts?"

"Oh, quite so."

"Do you farm much. I believe you have some very good grazing land in the county of the Lakes."

"Oh, excellent!" said Drystick. "It carries some of the best beasts you ever saw."

"Oh, indeed. Well now tell me, which do you prefer, the old style of fattening out of doors, or bringing the beasts into shed?"

"Well," said the doctor, "for my part, I am" (humming and ha-ing, and trying to think what he should say not to convict himself, never having owned a sheep or a cow in his life), "for my part I have been very much guided by the state of the hoof, I have always looked to the hoof. For cattle that have contracted hoofs, sanderack, or anything affecting the hoof, I think there can be nothing like grass, grass! grass! sir, grass for ever! soft to the foot, velvety. But where I find cattle with a fine, broad-spreading, sound hoof, then I think they should be fattened in shed."

"Yes, yes! Well, I think that is a very sound distinction, Mr. Wordsworth. And what is the proportion which you find of cut grass or dried hay to produce a stone of beef."

"Well, sir, I" (looking awfully perplexed), "to tell you the truth, Mr. Albany, I have made that experiment several times, but whether I am misled by the bungling of my people, or, what it is I cannot say, but I have never been able to get the same result twice over. I am now proposing, when I go down again, to try myself, and keep my own accounts on that point."

"Yes, yes, that is quite right; and is it your opinion that the ammonia in the dressing should be allowed to get free, or that it should be fixed?"

"Free as the air, a chartered libertine,"

said the doctor, unable to suppress a quotation, and forgetting his assumed character.

"Free as air, sir? dear me, all the authorities are opposed to you on that point. Do you know that?"

"Yes; but my dear sir, I was going to add, if you had given me leave, that the freedom should only take place when the plant, operating with its nitrogen—do you see—combines itself with the ammonia, and in the stomach of the ox reproduces those effects which I cannot help thinking are intimately connected with the action of oxygen."

"Ah!" said Mr. Albany, "rubbing his forehead, that is a scientific theory. I never heard it put so before."

At this moment, when the doctor was wishing there was no such thing as beef or mutton in the world, there came to his rescue, most propitiously, a spinster blue stocking, who no sooner caught the name of Wordsworth, than she hurried up to the side of Herbert and whispered,—“Did I understand you to say that this was Mr. Wordsworth?”

"Yes, Mr. Wordsworth."

"But surely not the great Mr. Wordsworth?"

"Yes, the great Mr. Wordsworth; the celebrated Mr. Wordsworth, the poet of the Lakes."

"Well, it is a noble poetical countenance now I look again;" and then in an instant she glided amongst the company, and Herbert heard—

"Yes, this is 'the' Mr. Wordsworth—the poet, you know—the great Lake poet;" and then, having advertised a few more friends of the great honour that had been brought to them, she sidled up to the doctor's side, and, with that spirit of freemasonry which distinguishes all lovers of letters, she said, "Mr. Wordsworth, do let us make room for you on this sofa."

It needed no second invitation; the doctor would have been glad to have had room made for him anywhere, to get out of the universal attention that his sudden greatness had called upon him; but, alas! it was at considerable sacrifice that room was made for the great Mr. Wordsworth; at last three ladies had to rise to enable the capacious Mr. Wordsworth to obtain sitting room on the sofa.

The moment he felt himself once more fairly seated, fresh courage reanimated the child of science, out came the handkerchief, away went the snuff-box, and Drystick was soon thick in the midst of his part.

Herbert drew near, a little piqued with curiosity, to see how the part would be played; and, as he did so, his host took him by the button, and said,—“A very superior man that relation of Lord Althorp’s. When I heard he was the poet, I thought very little about him. I had always understood that literary men had very little idea of agriculture. How much land does he farm, do you know?”

“No, sir; I do not know how many hundred acres it is.”

“Oh! indeed—indeed—his own land, do you know?”

“Oh! yes; I believe every acre that he farms is his own.”

“Oh! oh! He is a very highly respectable man. I am very much obliged to you, Herbert, for the pleasure of his acquaintance. Do you know, the moment I saw him, I thought he must be a large agriculturist. You say he is an author.”

“Yes, sir.”

“What are his chief works?”

“Why, his chief work, I believe, is the ‘Excursion.’”

“What is that?”

“Why, it is a great poem.”

“Anything else.”

“Yes, sir. There is ‘Wilhelmine.’”

“What is that?”

“A poem.”

“But is there nothing better than that? Do not tell me of poems. Poetry, you know, is mere child’s play, only fit for these stots around us. Has he written nothing on agriculture?”

“Well—let me see;—oh, yes, to be sure! there is ‘Peter Bell,’ the ‘Waggoner’—”

“Ah! a treatise, I suppose, on farm servants. I will order that.”

And the worthy agriculturist walked away, leaving our hero to resume his critique of the doctor’s impromptu part.

He soon had reason to confess his admiration. There was not a particle of information that the genuine poet had imparted to the doctor of which he did not now make use. He entertained his fair and admiring auditors with the whole account of his reception at the Duke of Sutherland’s—there was not a passage between Miss Coutts and the author of “Peter Bell,” that the doctor did not retail for the benefit of his wondering circle. As for lords—he gave them out thick and threefold; there was not a name that poor Wordsworth had mentioned that his retentive memory did not keep, and audacious impersonation give forth.

In an instant all the previous species of mystery and hesitation which had been seen to darken over his reception vanished, as if by magic. The man who had been recently feasted by a duke, was a person evidently to be admired and adored. What signified his appearance? or who should stop to criticise the enormous breadth of his shoulders? What signified to them the flash of his handkerchief, and the vast quantity

of his snuff? The bard who had so lately broken his fast with the senior partner of Coutts's bank was evidently a man made to be worshipped, and in five minutes the doctor had turned the whole tide of popularity in his favour. He even went so far as to express to his delighted auditors the private criticism with which the fair Angela had favoured him, touching the persecution of Mr. Dunn.

Now that the danger was passed, that wicked dog, young Herbert, enjoyed the fun exceedingly; and, after an hour spent in the room, the fair blue-stocking came over to our hero, and, clasping her hands together in a most affecting manner, exclaimed—

"Oh, you have afforded us such an intellectual treat! What a charming person this Mr. Wordsworth is—quite the poet."

"Oh, quite," said Herbert.

"I never heard such a vast command of poetical language. He seems to have all our great authors at his fingers' ends, and particularly Shakspeare."

"Oh, Wordsworth is a great admirer of Shakspeare. I believe, indeed, he is making a commentary upon his works."

"Oh, indeed! What justice he will do to the bard of Avon!" And back flew the blue-stocking to the doctor's side, who, having first dosed his neighbours with dukes, lords, and heiresses, now proceeded to give out the full store of all his long years of reading, which enabled him to give a quotation for almost any scene that occurred to him, or any word that could be suggested.

In the midst of this perfect success, supper was announced. Many gentlemen were there who might have intended giving their arm to their hostess; but, of course, in the presence of the great Mr. Wordsworth, nobody presumed.

"Of course, Mr. Wordsworth," whispered the blue-stocking, "you will give your arm to Mrs. Albany?"

Up jumped the doctor, while the sofa creaked again at being released from his tremendous weight; and, in a moment, the great Mr. Wordsworth, with the hostess tucked under his arm, headed the brilliant throng (his snuff and his handkerchief all forgotten) to the magnificent supper-table.

Here Herbert contrived to get a seat next to his friend; and in the pauses of champagne and sparkling mozelle, many a quiet nudge and a laugh they had over this wicked hoax.

"This is better than our philosophical lobster salad, that we proposed," said the doctor.

"Oh, capital," said Herbert. "A glass of champagne, Mr. Wordsworth?"

"How lucky it was," said the doctor, "that I pumped old Wordsworth so thoroughly of his whereabouts. Upon my soul it would have puzzled him almost to have said which was the original, he or myself."

In the course of half an hour the ladies retired, a fresh supply of champagne and burgundy came upon the board, and after the health of the ladies had been duly honoured, one promising young gentleman, who wore his neck-cloth à la Byron, a vast quantity of long dark hair

over the collar of his coat, and a most magnificent pair of black moustaches, begged leave of Mr. Albany to propose a toast, notwithstanding that the good old custom had somewhat declined.

The leave was, of course, granted.

A speech of no very great pretensions followed, and terminated with the proposal to drink the health of the distinguished poet of the Lakes, the great Mr. Wordsworth.

Herbert watched the rosy countenance of the doctor as he was put to this severe test, but, as he afterwards said, once in for the plate it was of no use funkng. The doctor received this testimony to his friend's worth with an amount of modest assurance that was perfectly enviable, and when the last guest had finished "Your health, Mr. Wordsworth," the doctor boldly filled his glass with champagne, tossed it off, cleared his throat, got upon his legs, and replied:—

"Mr. Albany and gentlemen,—I do assure you few things have gratified me more during the short visit I have paid to London than the warmth and kindness with which you have done me the honour to drink my health. I will not say that I am surprised at your kindness, because I think it would be ungrateful when I have found such (permit me to say) undeserved consideration at the hands of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, to suppose that you would not be as generous, and as kind, as any of my other friends; but, as the Duke of Sutherland said to me, at his own table—'I must not take to myself all the compliment that you have rendered to me this evening.' No, sir, I am aware that it is rendered to that intelligent and literary class of whom I feel myself to be a very humble exponent. The days were, when those great luminaries, Scott and Byron, were my contemporaries. The quiet and humble view that I take of poetic labour has led me to confine myself to that unpretending style which I confess always fills my fancy; but now, in the evening of life, when those great suns have set, the paler luminary is permitted to shine with a strong, though I hope subdued, lustre. Believe me, when I return to that charming district in which my peaceful life has passed, I shall carry with me the liveliest appreciation of this pleasant evening; marked, I can tell you, in no ordinary manner, for ever in the tablets of my memory. In conclusion, allow me to assure you the honour you have done me is wholly unmerited, and I can only regret that I do not deserve it more."

The usual applause, of course, followed, amid the tumultuous expressions of which, the proposer of the toast moved his seat close up to the doctor, and with the air of one who has the greatest deference for the person he addresses, said, "Pray, Mr. Wordsworth, what do you think of the present aspect of the corn-law question?"

"Well, my impression has always been that land would be very much benefited by being left free. What is a giant in fetters? Is he even equal to a pigmy that is free?"

"Precisely my opinion," said the host. "I am so delighted, Mr. Wordsworth, to have the sanction of your high authority. Mr. Wordsworth, let me introduce you to the gentleman who proposed your health—Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Wordsworth."

"Well," said Mr. Wilmot, "if we are to carry free-trade it is a great triumph of the House of Commons; do not you think so, Mr. Wordsworth?"

"No, indeed I do not; I think the House of Commons will have very little credit in the business at all; they were always afraid to move in it until the people took it up as a question of their own, and it was only when found to be the indisputable will of the people that then the House of Commons adopted it."

"But then, Mr. Wordsworth, do you not think that the House of Commons is the great source of all good in the country?"

"Sir, I think the House of Commons a collection of as complete a set of humbugs as ever met together in a single room; just trace their history, and you will find they never do anything until the people compel them to do it. The most useful measures they reject over and over again, until they have no alternative left but to face popular opinion, or to take the course indicated. There is only one thing that the House of Commons is always ready to do, and that is, to plunge the country into any possible expense to secure berths and patronage themselves, and to follow the beck of any minister who provides abundance of these sops to be given away. If you want to see what a House of Commons is, just watch the country at the time of a general election, and you will find from six hundred to a thousand men of education, intelligence, and fortune, all vying with one another as to who shall set the worst example in encouraging every species of drunkenness, debauchery, immorality, and vice. What is the object of this? That they may get into Parliament, with their relations, and compel the minister to give them the bread of the people in the shape of taxation filtered through the public treasury, and reproduced in the shape of endless appointments."

"But surely, Mr. Wordsworth, some appointments are necessary to carry on the business of the country."

"About half the number that exists, perhaps, are requisite; the rest are the mere fruit of corruption."

"Well, but Mr. Wordsworth, if this is an evil, is it not an evil without a remedy?"

"Certainly not; the ballot would remedy the whole of it. No man could be twice elected to Parliament with the ballot who had not distinguished himself by doing his duty, and the minister would be able to propose measures to Parliament, confident that they must be carried without the bribes of place, and from their own claim to public necessity; while the members of the House of Commons would be compelled to vote for such measures, or be certain of losing their seats at the next election. On the other hand, men of greater intellect and public merit would come forward, because they might count upon their public merits carrying their election, without ruining their families by the villanous expense of setting in motion a long machinery of drunkenness, profligacy, bribery, and what not."

"Dear me, Mr. Wordsworth, I am quite surprised to hear these sentiments from you. I always imagined that you were a Conservative, by your writings."

"A Conservative, sir? so I am," said the doctor, knocking the tables till they rang again. "I do not worship that hypocritical Conservative policy, which, under the pretence of protecting the state, ruins and exhausts the people with a wicked taxation, to bestow it in sinecures and unneeded places upon the hungry scions of an indolent aristocracy—Whig and Tory; that is not Conservatism—it is mere political hypocrisy. My Conservatism is of a truer sort than that. True Conservatism is to preserve the constitution, and to prove to all mankind that it works for the benefit of the people. The people are a mass, and a poor mass; and, if you take their money, you take their health, their blood, their very bone, their leisure, their children's sustenance, clothing, food—all this you draw from them when you extort numerous millions of taxation. The very first duty of Conservatism is, therefore, to conserve their means, to spare their pockets, and to make them feel that the constitution of King, Lords, and Commons, is the most beneficial of all forms of government for the great mass of the governed."

"But, dear me, Mr. Wordsworth, this is not the Conservatism of the 'Quarterly Review.'"

"D—the 'Quarterly Review!' forgive me for swearing; I do not pin my faith upon the 'Quarterly Review,' though I know my friend Southey and my friend Lockhart take a very different view of Conservative politics to myself; still, I hope there are a large number of Conservatives who think entirely as I do."

"I am very glad to hear it, indeed, Mr. Wordsworth," said the host.

"Peel thinks as I do, and many of his friends who act with him; only they find the time has not yet come for avowing it. A public writer, like myself, should be a little in advance of the age, not behind it. The day will come, when a Conservative government will be formed upon my principles, and, by Jove, if the Whigs do not take care, the Conservatives will outbid them."

"Do you really think so, Mr. Wordsworth?" said Wilmot.

"I am morally certain it must be so. Do not you call the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey a Conservative body?"

"Oh, certainly; most certainly we do."

"Then I will trouble you to observe how they have treated the old building: when they found it going to decay from the lapse of seven or eight centuries, what did they do? Did they threaten to cut the throat of every builder or architect who dared to look at it? On the contrary, I think you will find that they held many a consultation with that industrious body, that they subscribed their means, went carefully over the building, and wherever a part was found to be decayed, they took that part out, and put in sound stones. That was true Conservatism; and those who want to conserve the English constitution must look as carefully to its repairs as the Dean and Chapter of Westminster do to the old Abbey. This is the key to the conduct of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, and I have no patience with Conservatives that propose to let a thing fall down in ruins and then talk of preserving it. Permit me, Mr. Albany, to give you a toast?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly."

"I beg to drink the constitution of old England, and, as fast as Time decays one corner of its fabric, may God send us pious, and skilful, and undaunted hands to perfect its repairs; and with this toast I beg to couple the name of my friend, if he will permit me to call him so, Mr. Albany, a Whig of the Althorp school, and a Conservative of my own."

Mr. Albany returned thanks in a few words, in which the Lake poet, sheep, turnips, beasts, Italian rye-grass, and Lord Althorp, were amusingly mingled together.

The gentlemen then rejoined the ladies.

As they did so, Mr. Albany was heard to say, "That speech of Mr. Wordsworth's convinces me that a vast progress is being made in the Conservative camp; if they once open their eyes wide enough to put themselves at the head of the people, we Whigs are extinguished for ever."

Dance after dance succeeded, till about four in the morning, when the whole party broke up.

The Lake poet, greatly aided, no doubt, by this hospitable supper, continued to keep up his reputation to the last—pouring out, first one quotation, then another, upon every conceivable subject.

At last, as the guests were departing, the fair blue-stocking, whose admiration of the poet seemed every hour to increase, insisted upon giving the great Mr. Wordsworth, and his young companion, a lift in her carriage towards town.

The doctor helped in the lady, and then insisted upon Herbert taking his seat.

Just as the doctor was going in himself, the coachman gave the horses an unhappy touch with the whip, and they, starting forward, brought the step violently in contact with the doctor's shin.

At once, forgetting all the steady and grave reputation of the distinguished poet, the naval man burst to the surface, and out came some violent exclamation never intended for ears polite, addressed to the coachman, and particularly incriminating his eyes.

The poor blue-stocking opened her orbs very wide when she heard this language. The doctor waddled into the carriage, rubbing his shin, and quite forgetting all about poets, and lakes, and everything else; while, as they drove off, Herbert heard some of the bystanders, the last remnants of the party, exclaiming—

"That is mighty funny language for the Lake poet!"

## CHAPTER XV

"TEN o'clock, sir; ten o'clock," said the waiter of the Ship hotel, Charing-cross, rapping at Herbert's door, next morning.

"Ten o'clock, is it?" said Herbert, jumping out; "dear me, how late! Have you brought up some hot water?"

"O yes, sir; I have brought it up three times to the door, and taken it away cold again, sir. It is quite hot now, sir."

"Very well," said Herbert, and opening the door, he took in the hot water. Then going into another room, which was inside his own, he took it in there, and commenced waking his surgical friend, Doctor Drystick.

Doctor Drystick was snoring soundly.

"I suppose," said Herbert, "I had better wake him; it is getting very late. It is of no use wasting the day, though we were up late. Shall I give him a shake of the shoulders? Yes, I will; Doctor Drystick!"

"Hollo! eh? What is the matter? Zounds! Herbert, is that you?"

"Yes, it is, sir."

"Why, what the dickens have we been about, Herbert? I had a most extraordinary dream. I dreamt that you and I went to a party, and I passed myself off for Wordsworth, the poet, and passed the evening in talking big about the Duke of Sutherland, and Miss Coutts, and a heap of other people I never saw in my life."

"Dream, Doctor Drystick!—it is no dream; you've been and done it, as the saying is."

"Done it? impossible, my boy!"

"It is all very fine, sir, for you to say it is impossible. I can tell you it was done; and, to convince you it was no dream, the gentleman's house is Mr. Albany's, an old friend of my father's; and there was a rich blue-stockings, Miss Gentianella Smith, quite in love with your poetry or yourself—I do not know which it was."

"But, zounds, Herbert, my boy, do you mean to tell me that this is not a dream?"

"Certainly, it is not, sir."

"And did I go and pass myself off for Wordsworth?"

"Yes, sir."

"By Jove! a great fat fellow, like myself, go pass myself off for that solemn, stately, stiff, starched-up old codger?"

"Yes, indeed, you did, sir; and a pretty joke we had of it."

"Well," said the doctor, sitting up in bed, and rubbing his eyes, "what ridiculous, absurd thing is this? What the deuce moved me to do such a thing?"

"Well, I expect it was a certain amount of excellent Madeira,

which, on the strength of being more than thirty years in bottle, we received into our confidence."

"Confound that fellow! Yes, it must have been the Madeira that did it, my boy. What a poetical rascal that Madeira was, to be sure! I remember now thinking that Madeira very good; very good, indeed. Did I drink much of it?"

"Well, no, sir; I think, for you, you were very moderate; it struck me you were very moderate. You might have drunk a bottle or so."

"But how did the idea ever come into my head?"

"Well, I believe, sir, it first came into my head, and I put it into yours."

"That was a most unconscious thing of you, Herbert; very bad, very naughty, very wicked; and, dear me, what a silly, old fool I must have been to fall into that trap! We had a glorious lark, however, had not we?"

"Capital, sir."

"Oncommonly pretty woman that friend of yours, Mrs. Albany; beautiful eyes. Does she know our address, Herbert?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just ring for the waiter, and see if there is any invitation to dinner, to-day; that character of the great Mr. Wordsworth is exceedingly pleasant acting."

"I know there will be no invitation to dinner to-day, because she is going down to a musical party, at the Star and Garter, Richmond."

"Ah, yes, I remember now; she was music mad. By Sappho! how she sang! Well, now then, Herbert, you go and get yourself rigged as fast as you can; and, while I am shaving, I will think over what fun we are to have to-day. It is of no use being in London without having some fun, and particularly at my time of life, for my days will soon be over; but a boy like you, so young, and yet so sly, by Jove, what a chance you have before you!"

"By the way, sir, talking of dinner, are you not going to dine with Captain Redesdale to-day, at Morley's hotel?"

"To be sure, my boy, so I am. I am so much obliged to you for reminding me of it. I had forgotten that. I should have gotten into a scrape. Are you going there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, just think over, while you are dressing, where we shall go betwixt this and dinner-time."

When the doctor rejoined our hero at breakfast, and put the question as to where he thought of going, Herbert said—"I have an uncle in this town, my father's only brother. He has a country place some thirty or forty miles from town. I should like very much to go down and see him; but I am afraid we should not get back in time for dinner, not even by the railway."

"No; but, my boy, I will tell you what we will do—we will look him up to-day, and book him for to-morrow. Has he a nice place?"

"Oh, yes, very nice, I believe."

"What is he?"

"A general merchant, and member for the borough of Truck-vote."

"Oh, well; he seems a respectable sort of man. I suppose he is rolling in money. You have my permission, Herbert, to cultivate his acquaintance."

"Yes, sir, but I am afraid, if we do not get his permission, that we shall not be able to accomplish much in that line."

"His permission! Pooh! Why should we wait for the permission of a fat, pursy, old cit? I will manage all that for you. Just let me put a good breakfast under my belt, and you shall come along with me and introduce me. Let me see—we will dine with the captain to-day, and we shall go down to your uncle to-morrow; my leave extends to the end of the week, and I will get the captain to do the same for you. We will spend two days with your uncle—have a little country riding—have you got any fishing?"

"Oh, yes; I believe there is a very good lake before the door."

"Well, then, we will have some good pike fishing. Of course, he has got plenty of tackle? Is it all still-water?"

"Oh, no; it is fed by a very large brook."

"Aye! then we will raise a trout or two; and, after we have given the honour of our countenance to your uncle for a couple of days, we will just go cosily back to the old ship at Portsmouth, and resign ourselves for service."

In pursuance of these designs, Herbert and the doctor got their breakfast, then very leisurely trudged off to the City; and, at length, gained the offices of Mr. Annesley, being the ground-floor of one of those large old-fashioned houses built within court-yards in Bishopsgate-street, once the residence of one of England's merchant princes.

"Is Mr. Annesley within?" asked the doctor, who seemed not yet to have resigned the dictatorial tone assumed on the previous evening, to support the character of the great Mr. Wordsworth.

"He is in," said the staid old clerk, looking narrowly at the doctor from under one of his spectacles, as he stood behind a desk and spoke through the railing, "but you cannot see him."

"That is your mistake, my friend; I can see him well enough, once put him before my optic nerves. Just tell him that Doctor Drystick and his nephew are here."

"Will you be so good as to give me your card, sir?"

"Card be hanged!" said the doctor; "I never carry cards, they are only fit for ignorant footmen who cannot remember a man's name. Drystick,—you will not forget that, you know. And a man's nephew, you will not forget. Just say, Doctor Drystick and his nephew."

The clerk looked very surlily at the doctor for a few seconds, walked into an inner office, and after the lapse of some minutes came back and said, "Take a chair."

"When I want one I shall," said Drystick, and he commenced walking up and down looking at the various bills in the outer office

of ships about to sail to distant colonies, and other such interesting matters.

Five minutes rolled away, ten minutes rolled away, and still the doctor was kept waiting. At last one of the clerks said, "That is Mr. Annesley," as a gentleman very neatly dressed, and with a pompous staid manner, came out from his inner office, and with his little bald patch on his head walked about among some of his clerks inside, and again returned to his inner den, taking no sort of notice of Drystick or his nephew.

The doctor, however, had his eye upon him.

"Come here, my boy." A short motion of the finger beckoned up our hero, and before any of the clerks could be prepared for such a vigorous demonstration, half a dozen rapid strides brought Drystick up in the rear of the great man, and he and Drystick entered his parlour together.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Annesley, for not waiting longer, for when a man has only got a few days' leave from his ship time is precious with him."

"Oh! your time is precious; very good," said Mr. Annesley, going over to the fire-place, and with true English politeness pulling his coat tails on either side and standing with his back to the hearth, just as he would have done if it had contained a very cheerful fire. "My time, of course, is not at all precious; I only come here, and keep my clerks, in order to pass it away; pray take as much of it as you think fit. Have you any business with me, or is this a visit of pleasure?"

The doctor looked at him for a moment, as much as to say—shall I take you civilly or shall I pitch into you, young gentleman? then drawing forth his snuff-box, stretching out first his right wrist, then his left, he took a monstrous pinch, gave a flip to his waistcoat without making any reply, turned round and took a chair. After he had comfortably brought himself to an anchor, he looked up at the merchant, "You can be seated if you like. I am never guilty of the rudeness of keeping people standing."

A stiff bow of the head was the only response to this gentle hint.

"I do not know," continued Drystick, "whether your clerk told you that this is your nephew, Mr. Annesley."

"So I understood, sir."

"He has come up to town to be presented to the first naval lord for an act of very great gallantry, which you must have seen in the papers."

"I am glad to congratulate him upon it."

"He will have the humanity medal, and from what I hear from the captain, have no doubt as soon as ever his time is passed he will get his promotion."

"I am exceedingly pleased to hear that he is being promoted, and though he looks young for a lieutenant, still I have no doubt he will amply justify the confidence that has given him his commission."

"Commission! Stuff!" said the doctor, who saw through this intended impertinence, and began to get very angry; "you are a nicely-

informed fellow for a member of parliament, ain't you, to suppose the Queen would give a commission to a boy of little more than fourteen, or that the rules of the service, which require six years as a midshipman, could be overlooked by any authority less than an order of the privy council?"

"I am very glad, sir, to hear that he has been honoured with the order of the privy council, and I hope the same success will follow him through life."

"Yes, of course it will, and what is better than success, Mr. Annesley, the love and esteem of his companions. I have no doubt of it, Mr. Annesley—he comes well placed for such advantages; he is, as you know, the son of a pious, god-fearing man. If he had been the child of an atheist, you know, we might have feared that this spurt of success would only have ended in a more violent re-action."

The merchant winced under this assertion, as Drystick intended he should, for Herbert had told him of the sceptical opinions he entertained. Mr. Annesley, however, simply bowed and made no answer whatever.

After a short pause the doctor jumped up.

"Now then, Herbert, my boy. We have thought it right to come and pay your respects to your father's brother before you went to sea, and having discharged this act of duty, which is quite enough,"—and Drystick looked round the office in unutterable rage.

Still the merchant said nothing,—he simply bowed, till his silence appeared more to increase the doctor's wrath.

As the tormenting visitee would not utter a word it was difficult for Drystick to attack him, and every time his eyes wandered round the apartment, in hopes of finding something which would suggest a cut at him, he still found it so plainly furnished, that he could think of nothing sufficiently bitter or disagreeable.

As, however, he rose to go, he looked round at the merchant, and flippingly his handkerchief across his boots, said, in an audible voice, "Let us shake the dust from our feet, Herbert, before we leave this place."

Without appearing to hear this observation, the merchant took up the "Times" newspaper, and left his guests to find their way out with as much unconcern as if they were so many flies that had entered without licence, and might leave without notice.

Herbert had often heard of the character of the man he now visited, and as soon as they reached the door he burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"What the dickens are you laughing at, you young imp?" said the doctor, his animosity rather increased by this unexpected peal of merriment.

"Why," said Herbert, "I am laughing at the warm reception accorded to the great Mr. Wordsworth—the great desire my uncle has shown to have the honour of our society. How will you enjoy the two or three days' fishing? My uncle seems to have plenty of tackle. Which would you prefer to do? go jacking? or would you elect to raise a dish of trout?"

"I will tell you what it is, sir," said the doctor, coming to a halt, and expanding his digits, and snuffing tremendously,—“of all the onpracticable, onconscious, onhandsome brutes I ever encountered, hang me, but this uncle of yours is the worst. I will tell you what we will do, my boy—we will go to the opera to-night, and to-morrow morning we will come in early, about seven o'clock, and paint three balls over his doorway. Hang the fellow, he shall be a regular uncle.”

“Ah! doctor, you may do what you like, of course, but I would not take the trouble to expend another thought on him. My father is his eldest brother; he has never done him any harm in his life, except to set him a good example of a religious peaceful existence, and this is the way he treats his only child. Leave him to heaven, doctor. He will be brought to his senses yet, for all his prosperity; let us be only very thankful that we are not possessed with the same demon of avarice that is misleading him.”

“Well, my boy, I believe you are right. Come along, then, and we will forget this infernal thief. Since we are in the City, we will drive down and see the armoury in the Tower, and then go out, and look at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. By the time that is over, you know, we can drive quietly home and dress for Captain Redesdale's dinner.”

“Agreed, sir, that will do very nicely.”

Off the two naval heroes started, but in the middle of the large yard of the house, the doctor came to a halt, looking round at the offices, on every side filled with business, and men in the pursuit of wealth, and the vast stream of intermittent population that thronged, and pressed, and swarmed, backwards and forwards so unceasingly,—

“What a most undesirable thing, Herbert, is this precious money! Upon my life, if I were a king, when I came to the throne and issued my first coins, instead of putting my arms upon them—it might be necessary on one side certainly, to identify the value of the money—but on the other, if I would not put the figure of the devil, hang me, sir. Money, sir, on the mind of man, sits like honey poured on machinery—the finer and nobler the fabric, the more fearful the ruin it creates; it cloyes, and sticks, and clogs every noble thought and faculty—it is the curse of all who come near it. Come along, sir, and let us see the wild beasts in the Surrey Zoological; they will be amiable creatures after your uncle. I wish I had thought of that when I was leaving the room. I could have turned a nice little compliment to him upon it, for, upon my life, Herbert, I was in such a rage, I found great difficulty in thinking of anything.”

“Never mind, sir, we will first go and see the Tower, where the illustrious Raleigh pined out so many years of his life under that villainous house of Stuart, and thank our stars we have got rid of them, at any rate.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE captain's dinner passed off as most affairs of that kind do--with nothing very amusing, and about ten o'clock the guests all rose and went to the opera.

Before Herbert had been in the opera-house many minutes he spied out Mrs. Albany's box, and slipping away from Doctor Drystick, with some excuse for being back in a few minutes, he hurried to pay his respects to his fair friend.

"Oh, is it you?" said Mrs. Albany; "I am glad to see you--take a seat. How did you get home this morning? How is your friend the poet?"

"Ah! we got home very well, thank you--but about that poet--I have come to disburthen my mind of a crime against you."

"A crime? You could not commit a crime against any one."

"I wish I could think so well of myself, but it is quite the other way. The fact is, yesterday a friend and myself had been dining with Wordsworth the poet, and when we came out of his house, I wanted very much to bring my friend with me, but, he was so little dressed for an evening party, that I thought, unless I introduced him as some grandee, his chequered grey cotton handkerchief never could be swallowed by a London audience."

"What, then, do you mean to say that he is not Wordsworth the poet?"

"No more than you are."

"Oh, admirable!" said the lady; "and there was that affected Miss Gentianella Smith (who is my abhorrence, let me tell you, for learning and affectation), raving about the intellectual feast she had had. Oh, it was excellent!" And Mrs. Albany leaned back in her chair and laughed heartily. "And what is your friend, then?"

"Why, he is Doctor Drystick, of her Majesty's ship *Albania*."

"Oh, inimitable! The fair Gentianella will scarcely ever get over this; but do not you tell my husband, for I must inform you that he has set down Mr. Wordsworth, in his esteem, as a blood relation of Lord Althorp, and a remarkably intelligent writer. I do not dare disturb this sacred image; besides, he might think it a liberty to hoax him, so never say anything to him about it."

"Oh no," said Herbert, "I will not, but I could not rest easy in my mind without confessing my crime to you. Have I your forgiveness?"

"There is my perfect absolution," said Mrs. Albany, stretching out her hand, which Herbert admired quite sufficiently to kiss with extreme devotion.

"My friend the doctor is down in the pit; may I go and bring him up to receive a similar forgiveness?"

"By all means."

Accordingly, Herbert hurried down for Drystick, and, having presented him in due form, he in his turn was absolved of his transgressions, and, after passing a pleasant half-hour, the ballet made its appearance, and Mrs. Albany took her departure for some ball.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN our hero came down from London with Doctor Drystick, he found the frigate almost ready for sailing, and gone out to Spithead.

Having joined the ship there, and remained while she completed her stores, she finally received an advance of pay, and started for South America.

In the peaceful occupation of anchoring now at Valparaiso, now at Buenos Ayres, now at Baia, now at Callao—now spending a few weeks at sea, and then running with a freight to some more distant port—receiving occasionally a fresh lieutenant, or a new midshipman, as the chance of death, promotion, or sickness, made the necessary vacancies—the time rapidly passed away, and at the end of five years from the period of her leaving Spithead, the *Albania* once more returned to old England, and was paid off at Sheerness.

The fondest thoughts of home, happiness, and peace, had filled the minds of both officers and men of the *Albania*, during her voyage back from South America. Great was, therefore, their surprise when the first channel pilot came on board to learn that England was full of warlike rumours, purposes, plans, and spirit, and that nothing less than taming the proud Czar of all the Russias was the object dearest to the hearts of the majority of the English nation.

But if their surprise was great, their delight was equal to their surprise, at the prospect of professional advancement; and, however sad it may be to record it of human beings, the most warlike ardour instantly sprang up in the souls of every one on board.

On arriving at Sheerness the superintendent of the dock-yard came on board, and the ship's company having been called on deck, they were told that the rupture with Russia was imminent; that the country relied on their patriotism and gallantry, and required their services; that they should be immediately paid off, and their names all entered in the guardship's books, each man having three weeks' leave given him to go and visit his friends.

Nothing could exceed the cheering and enthusiasm with which this intelligence was received, and a few days afterwards, down came an order from the Admiralty to pay the *Albania* off, all standing; and the following week was appointed for the interesting ceremony of receiving the pay-clerks on board.

"Herbert, my boy, whither are you bound when the ship is paid off?" said Drystick, a few days before the consummation of that happy event.

"Why, sir," replied Herbert, "I am going to make the best of my way down to Devonshire to see my parents, but, as the same rule does not apply to us that applies to the men, and all the officers are not sure of being re-appointed to this or some other ship, I shall give myself a little longer holiday than three weeks. Where do you think of going, Dr. Drystick? I wish you would come with me. I know my father would be delighted to renew the acquaintanceship."

"Well, my boy, I am coming with you—or, at least, going very much in the same direction, though I am sorry I cannot make a visit to Rosedale just at present; for you must know, I yesterday got a letter from my cousin, at Torquay, telling me that his practice had increased so fast that he is hardly able to manage it without too great fatigue; and, in short, he has made me a very handsome offer of a partnership in his business."

"Which I hope you intend to accept; it will be so nice to have you settled in our neighbourhood."

"I shall accept it, Herbert, my boy; my cousin is a married man, with a large family, and his life is of great value to his children. He has always been rather delicate himself about the lungs, so he wants to get rid of the night-work. In my young days I was celebrated for my midwifery cases—it just suits me, therefore, to take that share of the business off his hands. I am to be installed in the house in the town of Torquay, which is situated on a terrace in a very central position. My cousin is about to take a charming villa on the outskirts, with a few acres of land around it, from which he will drive in at his leisure, about nine o'clock in the morning, and do all the visiting work which requires a carriage."

"In short, to use a military term, he will take the outlying pickets, and you will work in the trenches."

"Precisely, that is just it. Now, as you will be only a good drive from me, whenever you can make it convenient to come over and see me, old boy, I promise you a good bottle of wine and a well-aired bed."

"Thank you, sir; two very acceptable things in their way, but they both require to be used in moderation."

"Right, Herbert; right, my boy."

"And do not you think, sir, that you will rather dislike to be bored by the whims and caprice of private patients, after enjoying the independence of a surgeon on board a frigate?"

"Well, perhaps I may that; but you know a man must settle at some time of his life. I have gone through every hazard and danger that a man can chance, except matrimony, and now I think of poking my nose into that. A man cannot provide for a family, you know, on his half-pay. When a fellow gets fat, and pursy, and short-winded, he wants some one just to air his neckcloth for him; besides, one gets tired of that perpetual *pontus et ær*, viewed from the quarter-deck of a man-of-war."

"Why, what in the name of fortune can you see better than the glorious sky and ever-bounding sea?"

"Ah! Herbert, you sly rascal! as if you had no notion of mingling in your dreams a little fair oval face, with remarkably intelligent eyes, a profusion of clustering curling hair, and, in the distance—mind you, I say in the distance, Herbert, for I speak rather delicately on this point—one or two rosy chubby children."

"Ah! really, doctor, I see you are very far gone; I should say yours is a decided case, and you had better get to Torquay as soon as possible."

The doctor followed Herbert's advice, and by the aid of the Great Western Railway, they found themselves at Torquay on the following afternoon, where the carriage of Dr. Dimsdale, Drystick's cousin, was waiting to receive him, and drive our pair of heroes to an ample and comfortable house, the future residence of Dr. Drystick. Here they found the young wife of Drystick's cousin ready to receive them.

In the course of half an hour in came Dr. Dimsdale himself, and they all placed their feet under a very hospitable board.

Civilians pity officers in the army and navy for the hardships they undergo. They are right; and the hardships undergone are immense. Contemplated from a distance, even those who bear them without a murmur shrink with horror at their approach, and look back to them with wonder as to how they ever lived through such trials; but even these hardships bear a most glorious fruit—they enable veterans to enjoy, as none other can enjoy, the delights and comforts of recovered civilization. How delicious to the eyes of Drystick and Herbert seemed that quiet, social, comfortable table!—how charming the society of their fair hostess! With what dreams of hope and pleasure did they look forward to the day when similar blessings might await themselves; and yet, what myriads of families in England and elsewhere sit down daily to the enjoyment of these things without even recalling the necessity of being thankful for them.

That night Herbert looked round the snowy furniture of his bedroom, and recalled the stern, rude, gun-deck, in which he had been so lately sleeping; and, with emotions of deep gratitude for his restoration to old England, and the approaching pleasure of meeting his friends, was soon fast asleep.

On the following morning, after a hearty breakfast, he summoned courage to disregard all Drystick's solicitations, and, hiring a boat at Torquay Pier, bundled into it all his traps, gave the word—"Hoist away the mainsail," and putting his hand to the tiller, steered out the lively boat for the distant promontory of Bolt Head, and thence, round by the romantic and rocky coast, to Dartmouth and to Rosedale.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Who shall describe the delight and joy that filled Herbert's soul as he once more jumped ashore on the well-remembered beach at Rosedale? Every rock of that beautiful spot seemed like some old and well-remembered friend. There were the wild flowers still growing more luxuriantly than ever; the little strips of hydrangea that he had planted in the rugged chasm by the rushing stream had grown up to be vast shrubs; and though the steps in the rock were not kept quite so tidily as when his eye was over the gardener, each one seemed to him like the face of a valued acquaintance. With what elasticity he trod the hollow meadow! and when he gained his father's cottage, how sublimely exquisite was that picture of peace and retirement and repose!

The birds were in full song, the flowers in full bloom, the sun was shining with unclouded splendour, and every now and then there came with the rushing gale the fragrance of endless blossoms, and the sweet but humble tinkle of the sheep-bell. One thing only seemed requisite to perfect his appreciation of this spot,—the face of some fair Eve for such a Paradise; but even that feeling, though it glanced through his mind, was as quickly lost as he bounded forward to throw himself into the arms of his delighted parents.

Even in Rosedale, however, he discovered that the reign of peace was not quite as perfect as he imagined.

A contested election began that day in Dartmouth, and, as he and his father drove into the borough, they found the town filled with men, wearing the blue or Conservative colour, rolling about in the most pitiable drunkenness, howling and yelling, and filling with affrighted disgust every well-regulated mind.

A member of the Government of the country, was seeking to represent in Parliament the borough of Dartmouth; and in this way one of the governors of a country, with such high pretensions to morality and religion as England makes, was soliciting the people to perfect their demoralization and his election.

When they arrived at the principal inn, they found before it a mob of three or four hundred men;—navigators quarrelling, and the seamen of trawl-sloops from the neighbouring town of Brixham, all wearing the colours of the Government candidate, and sent over to intimidate the voters of the borough from exercising their undoubted rights as electors, and to prevent the return of the free-trade candidate, who, had there been any approach to purity of election, must have been returned by a majority of ten to one.

As soon as it was known that Herbert's father was in the borough,

the Government candidate called on him, to hope that he had considered the question since their last interview, and was now prepared to vote for the Government man.

"Why," said Mr. Annesley, "when I see your party withdraw from the borough all those strangers who are evidently sent here to assist you by intimidation,—when I find that you have closed the public-houses, which, for the sake of furthering your interests, are now open to induce the poor man to brutalize himself with drunkenness, and to break God's laws against that vice,—then, sir, and not till then, shall I be inclined to look favourably upon your canvass."

The Government candidate made a low bow.—"Sir, I hope that you will not blame me for any of these excesses which you may notice going on, and which no one reprobates more heartily than I do. I assure you that I have nothing to do with the mobs, and I have nothing to do with the public-houses that are open—these things are not done by my orders, nor by my agents."

"That is very possible," replied Mr. Annesley; "but you know as well as I do, that the expense of all these things will, sooner or later, be paid by your money; and I know as well as you do, that if you are sincere in arresting this state of vice, you have ample power to do it —"

"But, Mr. Annesley, now —"

"Nay, excuse me, sir: these men wear your colours, and if, instead of breaking windows, and getting drunk, they began to fire the houses of the opposite party, you would very soon be out amongst them, using your personal endeavours to quell the riot and prevent the felony; you would not be content with sitting in-doors, and protesting you had nothing to do with it. So, in like manner, if you did not in your heart approve of this drunkenness and these mobs, you would very soon find the means, armed with all the powers of the Government as you are, to put them down. All these disclaimers may do very well for the impure atmosphere of the House of Commons, where men seem prepared to utter everything that is untrue, and to believe it also; but outside the House of Commons, men of sense use their own judgment, and they know a practical hypocrisy when they see it, and despise it too. I shall certainly vote against you, sir, because I see that under the mask of conserving the interests of society—that is, religion, and order, and justice—you are trampling upon all three."

"I hope, sir, you will change your opinion," said the candidate, who bowing, left the room.

During the whole of that day, the same disgraceful state of things continued; the mobs became a little quieter, but the drunkenness increased; and at night, when Herbert and his father started to go home, they were stopped on the Queen's highway, about a mile outside the town, by a large party of men armed with bludgeons and stones, who demanded who they were, and where they were going, before they permitted them to pass.

These men, on being questioned in whose service they performed

this outrage, frankly admitted themselves to be acting in the interest of the Government Conservative candidate.

"Conservative candidate!" said Mr. Annesley; "one would think you were a deputation from the barricades of Paris, and belonged to the Red Republic, to judge by your actions."

"You hold your jaw, you old scoundrel, or we will soon crack your skull for you," said one of these supporters of order in the state.

"Thank you," said Mr. Annesley, riding on, "it is very likely you would. If my skull were as thick as yours, the case would be different."

"*You* will join our party, at any rate," said a woman, stepping out from among the ruffians, and laying a hand on Herbert's bridle. "You will soon get your promotion, my dear, if you get your father to vote for the Government man."

"If I never get my promotion till then," said Herbert, "I shall want it long enough."

"Well, think better of it," said she; and Annesley and his son passed through the crowd, and put spurs to their horses.

When they got to Rosedale, Herbert, in undressing, pulled off his coat, and found pinned to the tail of it the light-blue favour of the Government candidate.

On the following morning the polling came on, and when Herbert rode into the town, the same beleaguering force were stationed at every point and every road that led into the country, just as if Dartmouth had been a besieged town, and these were the enemy that had possession of the approaches.

On reaching the borough, he found that it had been completely taken possession of by this gang of ruffians, increased in numbers since the day previous, and prepared to go all lengths, by force, and violence, and intimidation, in returning, as the representative of the people, the nominee of the Government, that should be the champion of the laws.

If any carriage went out to bring a voter, some of these myrmidons waylaid the vehicle, and either took the driver prisoner, or cut the traces, or backed it into a ditch, or tore the voter from his friends, and locked him up until the poll was over; while voters, to the extent of three or four, at different places, were locked up in houses, where they had been kept for the past ten days perpetually tipsy, and at last, in a state of drunkenness, driven up to the poll, and made to vote for the Government candidate, whose Conservatives had got possession of them.

The town, perhaps, from its miserable amount of trade, might have been calculated to support two solicitors by the legitimate exercise of their profession; but in Dartmouth there flourish no less than six; and what these gentlemen would do, were it not for contested elections, it would be very hard to divine.

Out of these six attorneys, five were ranged on the side of the Conservative party of order, and under the eyes of this strong body of law proceeded the demoralization, the drunkenness, and the contempt of all order and propriety that was witnessed at this election.

Every little petty fellow who held a pension under Government felt himself bound to belong to the party of order, and to talk of those low Radical fellows, who proposed to conduct the election without bribery, or expense, or treating.

Every little retired trader, who had made money by the custom of the people, now thought it added to his importance to scrape favour with the would-be grantees of the place, by talking with contempt of the lower classes, and supporting the Government candidate—that candidate, whose course of tactics in the borough supported the throne on the reeling steps of a drunken populace; promoted a love of the Church, by outraging the injunctions of religion as to sobriety; and upheld a respect for the law, by allowing his friends to secure votes with the most unblushing venality, and the most unscrupulous violence and intimidation.

Oh! Englishmen, descendants and countrymen of the illustrious Hampden, hasten the march of education and morality, and compel the tricksters of parliament, by the thunders of outraged public opinion, to adopt the only remedy for these disgraceful scenes of demoralization, that vote by ballot, without which no club of English gentlemen finds it either safe or convenient, or even practicable, to elect its members. It is not a question of politics—it is a question of right and wrong; it is a question of virtue and vice; it is a question of religion, or the grossest drunkenness and villainy.

It would have been hard, indeed, with all the means used at Dartmouth, if the Government candidate had not triumphed, when, to all the arts of bribery and violence which we have enumerated, were added the votes of the only two ministers of the Established Church of the place.

The Government candidate triumphed by a majority of twelve votes, over the wishes and hopes of, at least, four thousand five hundred people, out of the five thousand that composed the population of the place.

As soon as Herbert heard the announcement of the state of the poll, he strolled sorrowfully out of the town, and pursued a wild path, across hedge and field, full of his own reflections, at the marvellous inconsistency of a great people like the English, who can persist, century after century, in exhibiting themselves to mankind in the disgusting robes of hypocrisy, debauchery, and cant, which distinguish the upper orders, in all they say about the morality and religion of the people; while every two or three years, peers and millionaires combine to outvie each other in squandering the means of their families, in corrupting and debauching the poor, unthinking, ignorant part of the population, many of them mortgaging their estates, and even selling their family jewels and plate, to find the means of furthering this iniquity, and of seducing those dependents, to whom they ought to set an example of truth, and honour, and sobriety.

What with the disappointment of his own hopes, which had been warmly excited for the Free-trade candidate—what with the beauty of the scenery around him—what with the charm of the peace and quiet

of the country, after the drunkenness and violence of the town—what with the relish of the long country walk, after being cooped up for so many months on board a ship—evening surprised him sitting on a rock, in the middle of one of those thick woods that overhang the Dart.

Generally speaking, it was Herbert's custom, before going out for the day, to examine the weather-glass, and if it prognosticated rain, to act accordingly. The excitement of the election had banished this usual precaution from his mind; and, while he sat looking up the exquisite river of the Dart, towards Totness, he observed, for the first time, the horizon darkened by a large and heavy mass of clouds, and looking to see how the wind blew, he saw an equally threatening bank of vapour behind him, slowly coming down from the west.

As it was obvious that he could not get home in time to avoid this storm, he thought it wisest to remain where he was in the wood, since there he would get a little more shelter than in retracing his steps over the open fields, which he had crossed, without any reference to the roads—a mode of walking that adds infinitely to that sense of freedom so enjoyable in the country.

While thus engaged in watching the commencement of the storm, the shades of night fell upon him, and, there being no moon, he was soon enveloped in thick darkness. Presently, down came the heavy rain, with such excessive violence, that, though he had sought shelter under the full summer foliage of the trees, the pelting storm soon found him out, and compelled him to crouch down in a little cavern in the rock.

Scarcely had he got into this shelter, when every blade of grass, every tree around him, and every leaf upon each tree, was made visible to his eyes by a flash of lightning that mocked the day with brilliancy, and, quickly following the glare, crashed out a roll of thunder, reverberating from rock to rock, and from hill to hill, on each side of the Dart, passing up the exquisite valley as the wind bore it along.

At this moment Herbert's eyes happened to be fixed in the direction of Totness, and for a moment,—and it was but a moment that the vision was given to him,—he fancied he beheld something like a sail, and a boat, and the figure of a human being in the middle of the Dart, gathered in confusion upon the terrible rock which there uplifts its head, and ever since the time of the Deluge, if not before, has braved the strength of that deep current.

"What!" thought Herbert, "can that be a boat's crew wrecked on the anchor-stone? If so, I pity them." And well he might.

The rock stands almost in the middle of the river, the shores on both sides of it are precipitous, the volume of water that rolls amid-channel is enormous. At high tide, the river rises above the rock several feet, and at low tide the river sinks below the top of the rock several feet; but even at the lowest tide there is a vast depth of water close by the rock; and not long before the period of our story, a ship of considerable size, going down the river, struck upon this rock, filled, went down, and left not even the points of her masts visible at high water.

From his boyhood upwards, Herbert had always had strongly impressed upon his mind, when boating up and down the river, the horrors of this very rock. He knew how many lives had been lost upon it, how much property sacrificed on its frightful altar; and while it is the wonder of every one who visits Dartmouth that such a hideous danger can be left unbuoyed or unmarked, everybody who passes up and down the Dart hears some fearful legend of its past misdeeds, and, shuddering, gives it the widest possible berth.

While Herbert was straining his utmost glance, watching for another gleam of lightning to reveal the scene once more, something like a faint cry was heard.

"By heaven!" cried he, starting to his feet, "that cry is from the rock, and it is a woman's voice."

Without further thought, except to get to the scene of danger as quickly as possible, Herbert dashed from his covert.

Heedless of the lightning, and regardless of the rain, he was speedily wet to the skin; but that was a trivial matter.

After divers falls and bruises, he contrived at last to get down to the shore opposite to the point where he knew the rock was, and, going slightly up the river, so that the wind might convey the cry of the sufferers to him, instead of drowning it, he listened for a moment, and distinctly heard the cries of

"Help, help! We are drowning, we are drowning!"

"Where are you—are you on the rock?"

"Yes," shouted back a man's voice, "we are on the rock—the water is rising rapidly on us, and our boat has gone down. Quick—make haste—make haste, if you hope to save us."

"Have you time to wait while I run up to Dittisham for a boat?"

"No, no," shrieked back one of the voices; "the water is above our waists already, and sweeping over us with such force we must be washed away in ten minutes."

"Can you swim?"

"No," was the answer.

"God help you! It will soon be over," muttered Herbert, "and I fear I shall be lost too. My poor mother!" said he, throwing off his clothes one after another, "but it is a duty to try; help me, God of heaven!" cried the youth, dropping on his knee for one moment; then running down as far above the rock as he thought was practicable, shouted out—

"I will swim to you."

He then plunged boldly into the stream with nothing on but his shirt and trowers, having previously tied the latter round his waist with his neckerchief.

At the time that Herbert took his leap, the tide was running strongly up the river. He therefore swam boldly down the stream, as if making for Dartmouth, proceeding slantingly across the river towards the opposite shore, where the beautiful woods of Greenaway shaded the boyish steps of the immortal Walter Raleigh.

In the course of a few minutes he lifted his voice up, "Where are you?" but he heard no answer, for the westerly storm swept up the river at that moment with a fresh gust and drowned the reply. In another second the heavens were once more brilliant with lightning, and Herbert beheld, two or three yards under his lee, the rugged point of the rock, like some demon holding up his jagged head, while, clinging to it in all the agony and desperation of impending death, was a young man, who clasped in his arms a girl of some seventeen years.

Strange it is, that in a single glance the human mind takes in the whole character of the face on which it gazes. Even in that awful hour, when the fearful grave that yawned beneath them appeared about to swallow up all these three beings, Herbert detected in that countenance just the very face that seemed to have haunted him in all the poetical day-dreams of his soul for years. Large full speaking eyes, with small delicate face; long, flowing, and luxuriant hair, drenched as it was with rain, and anguish-stricken as those features were with the horror of such a situation; that single glance, while it filled his soul with the deepest sympathy for the fate of this fair unknown, nerved him with fresh courage to strive against the elements, and lit in his soul a stern determination to succeed in saving her, or to perish in the attempt.

"Cheer up!" he cried, as, relaxing his swimming, he put forward both his hands to guard himself from being dashed too violently by the roaring storm against the sharp and jagged edges of the rock; then, as he succeeded in placing his foot, and setting his back against the stream, he said to the man, "Cannot you swim at all?"

"Oh, heavens! no, not a bit."

"Where is your boat?"

"She struck and filled, and went down instantly when that squall came on. We were trying to cross the stream on the Dartmouth side of the rock, when the squall took us."

"Stay," said Herbert, "what stick is that pointing up?"

"Nothing but one of the oars entangled in the rock."

"All right!" said Herbert. "Now, listen to me," putting his face close to that of these two unfortunate people, whom he could yet scarcely see in the dark, further than just to discern the general outline of their heads. "You have no time to lose, and you must follow implicitly what I tell you, or we shall all be lost. I will pull this oar out of its sticking-place, and while you put your two hands upon it—and nothing more, remember—this lady must place her two hands upon my left shoulder. Now, before we start off into deep water, is there any amount of your clothes that you can get rid of? The least thing adds to your weight. Men's clothes are heavy, ladies' are light, and do not so much signify."

"How can I get rid of my clothes, they are all so wet and clinging to me?"

"Well, I will help you; first of all, there is your coat. Can you hold on by the rock with one hand for a few moments?"

"I think so."

"Very well, then, first let go your left hand gently, and I with my right will pull that sleeve off; then let go your right hand and we will pull that off."

"But there is my pocket-book in my coat."

"Has it much money in it?"

"Yes, two hundred pounds."

"That had better have been left on shore in boating. Is it in notes?"

"Yes."

"Well, first of all, I will take out the book. Let me feel. Oh, here it is; come, it is not so heavy as I feared. I will just stick that inside my waistband. Now then, I am ready to pull off the left hand, take that hand off the rock. So! now hold fast. How the coat sticks! Hurrah! that is done. Now then, hold fast with your left hand and let go the right. So! there he goes up stream to Totness," said Herbert, as soon as he had drawn the coat from its late wearer, and thrown it to sink in the bubbling tide. "Now, what boots have you got on?"

"Oh, luckily I have got on shoes."

"Well, kick them off directly then."

"I cannot, they are tied."

"Well, put one of your feet out, so that I can get at it, and break the shoe-string. So! that is it. There, he is gone. Now the other."

"Oh! how the rocks cut my feet!"

"Never mind the cuts now, up with the other foot. I have him. There goes the second shoe. Now, how about gold watch and chains? Have you got one on?"

"Yes."

"Well, give it to me, I will do my best to throw it towards Dittisham shore. If it does not reach the dry ground, we may at least throw it so far into shallow water that it may be picked up next tide."

"Just take it off my neck, will you?"

"I will. Ah! it's a nice watch. It is a pity to use it so roughly."

"Oh, here is my watch too," said the lady, "if you will take it over my head."

"Thank you," said Herbert; and gathering the two watches up together in the hollow of his hand, he gave them a good vigorous cast towards the shore, and saw them sink a few yards from it. "Now, those will easily be recoverable to-morrow morning. Have you anything else about you—keys, or anything of that sort?"

"Nothing," said the lady.

"I have some silver in my trousers pocket," said the gentleman.

"Pitch it all into the river," said Herbert; "this is one of those occasions on which money is a curse to a man."

"Just put your hand in my left trousers pocket and take it all out, then."

Herbert did so, and produced a whole handful of silver, which he threw after the watches.

"Now, then, we are as light as we can get. The water is rising very rapidly. Be ready to start. You must neither of you attempt to breathe through your mouths, you must breathe through your nostrils, and nothing more. Just hold your noses up as much as you can above the water, but do not attempt to lift your hands above it, for you will sink directly. I will take hold of the other end of the oar, and swim with you towards Dittisham; but, remember that both your lives depend upon not lifting a single finger above the water. If you do that, you will sink; if you do not do that, you cannot help floating. Do you understand?"

"Quite," said the lady.

"I will try," said the man.

"Now then, may God help us!" said Herbert, and laying one hand on the oar, while he still clung to the rock with the other, after a little difficulty he succeeded in extracting the blade of the oar from the crevice of the rock in which it had stuck, and it once more floated in the water.

"Now, then," said Herbert, getting it round into the proper position, "just lay your two hands here, where the leather is."

"But if I let go of my sister, she will sink."

"No, please God, she shall not. Here, madam, place both your hands now on my left shoulder, before he takes the oar. Now, rest on me your full weight, and never mind swallowing a little water, both of you."

As Herbert said this, he slipped round to the side of the rock where they were, and placing himself on the lady's right hand, she took fast hold of his dress at the point indicated; and, as she did so, she felt her feet borne away by the river.

"Oh, I am sinking! Oh, I am sinking!"

"Oh, no, you will not sink. Keep your head down, and rest on me. Now, quick, my boy, clasp hold of the oar."

"I will! I will!" gasped the unfortunate man; and the moment he did so, away went all three on the bosom of that angry tide, right into the deep water.

"I am drowning! I am drowning!" shrieked the man.

"No, no, you are all right now; keep your courage up—we will soon be on shore." And Herbert, getting sufficiently out of his reach not to be entangled with him, stuck the blade of the oar between his teeth, and struck out boldly for the little fishing village of Dittisham. Going up the river, with the stream and wind, the progress of the trio was very rapid; and as Herbert struck out with the utmost possible energy towards the lights that still gleamed from the cottagers' windows, where the beach shelved down much more gently than in the adjacent parts of the river, he succeeded in about ten minutes in getting them into the still water, made by the projecting rock as it advanced out to that narrow strait of the river where the scene of this catastrophe happened.

In a few minutes Herbert struck his foot against the shore, and instantly rose up, the water not coming above his waist.

"Thank Heaven, we are saved!" said he, for the first time placing his arm round the waist of the gentle being who, without a murmur, had so implicitly followed his instructions; but, when he expected some reply, he found the excitement of the scene had ended in her fainting.

Knowing well, from past lectures of his friend Drystick, what was the proper treatment of a lady under these circumstances, and that the best practice was instantly to lower the head, Herbert (no ways reluctant, be it confessed) caught her light and graceful figure in his arms, and while the long dishevelled hair fell down streaming with water, he raised her little tiny feet, as she lay in his embrace like a pale statue. Even in that time of excitement, he could not help momentarily glancing, with an admiring and minute eye, on the lovely features he pressed to his bosom; but the darkness was too great to do more than just assist the imagination in believing that nothing could surpass her beauty.

"Come along quickly, my boy," said he, turning to the brother, who, to his astonishment, was so overcome with the danger through which he had passed, that he remained floundering in the water up to his neck, unable to rise.

"Help me, help!" cried he, "all my strength has gone."

"I cannot help you, my boy, I have to carry your sister. Come, jump up, like a man; all the danger is over now—put your arms round my waist, and I will walk slowly to the shore. Cheer up, my lad; we will go and get a draught of wine and some dry clothes at the village inn, and you will soon be all right."

"Oh, I shall die! I shall die!"

"Nonsense, die! You were very near it just now, and that is quite enough for you. Come along, come; put your arm out; that is it. There, now, clasp me round the waist with the other hand—so, that is it. Make an effort to come along. You will soon be out of it. So, man, that is it. My eyes, what tremendous lightning! Ahoy! there—Dittisham, ahoy! Help!" cried Herbert, shouting with the voice of a stentor, overjoyed and restrung with the delight of having saved two more fellow-creatures.

That flash of lightning had done good service, for some of the old fishermen looking out from the village had caught sight of the three strugglers, and perceiving a lady lying helpless in the arms of one, and the other floundering in the water, two or three men rushed down.

"Here, sir, give me the lady," cried one.

"No, thank you—never while I live," said Herbert. "Here, you may take this gentleman off my waist if you like. That is right. So, well done. Now, run one of you over to the inn, tell them to make roaring fires in their best bed-rooms, get plenty of blankets and mulled port wine, and if they have no wine, some hot spirit and water."

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the men, hearing at once, from the decisive tones of Herbert's voice, that they were speaking to one accustomed to command, and of a rank superior to themselves; and in five minutes

more Herbert bore his lovely burden into the little village inn, and having moistened her lips with wine, she eventually opened her eyes, and uttered the words, "My brother!"

"All safe," said Herbert.

A gentle pressure of the hand returned the lady's thanks more expressively than any words could have uttered, and if Herbert had doubted how well his heroic labours were appreciated, that doubt would have been dispelled by some words that followed.

"I do not quite hear," kneeling and placing his ear close to her lips.

"See to your own clothes before you catch cold."

"God bless you!" said Herbert, "I will," pressing her fingers to his lips; and then, as he covered them carefully over from the cold, he saw her gentle eyes close, and the big bright tears gush from under those long and darkly-fringed lids. He longed to kiss away those pearly drops, but, of course, respect and fear withheld him. The dreams of his life seemed realized as he gazed on that lovely countenance, and if the fair unknown became an idol in his heart, it was less from all he had seen of her in the few minutes of their acquaintance—though, in such a passage, minutes do the work of years—than from the fact that she had imperceptibly glided into a shrine, the vacancy of which had been felt through many a midnight vigil and many a waking reverie.

"Now, landlady," said our hero, pointing to the fair being lying upon the coverlid of the bed, "get off all these wet things as fast as ever you can. Do not let the lady be disturbed from the position of lying down for the next half-hour, and wrap her well up in blankets, while I go into the next room and see to the gentleman."

Shutting the door of the lady's room, he passed into that of the brother.

"Oh! I shall die," said the young man, seemingly scarcely able to raise his hand to his head.

"Yes, my boy," said Herbert, "to be sure you will, and so shall I, too, some day or other; but I hope neither of us to-night. Here, landlord, give me that tumbler and the wine-bottle. Pouring out a bumper, he held up the man's head with the one hand, and with the other insisted upon his drinking the ruby stimulus.

"What is this," said the stranger, "port?"

"Yes," said Herbert, "the old joke comes in now—any port in a storm. By-the-bye, one of you fellows just run down into the wood there, opposite the anchor-stone, and you will find my coat and waistcoat, and boots, and hat. Take care how you bring my hat, for I shoved into it my purse and watch, to swim as lightly as possible. They are all thoroughly drenched, I suppose."

"Won't you take a glass of wine yourself, sir?"

"Oh! no," said Herbert, "I have had cordial enough already. A ducking like this does no harm to an old sailor."

"I have to thank you very deeply, sir," said the stranger, who, by this time, had been divested of his wet clothes and rolled up in a blanket, while some of the fishermen around dried his hair in a towel.

"You have to thank Heaven infinitely more," said Herbert, "that led me by the merest chance in the world to the spot where I saw your accident, and by the help of the lightning, heard your sister's cries."

"I never thought we could have been saved," said the stranger.

"Are you far from home? I suppose you came down in the boat from Totness?"

"No," said the young man, "we did not come from Totness; we came from Greenaway. My family took the house furnished a week ago, and my sister and I came down to get it ready for my parents, who are expected here next week."

"Oh!" said Herbert, "that is all right; then we will send over by the ferry, and get you some dry clothes. Here, landlord, send your son over in the ferry-boat to Greenaway. Tell them the lady and gentleman are all right, but as wet as a couple of sea-mews. Let them send some dry clothes for one gentleman and one lady directly, and let your son take with him a large tarpaulin, so that they do not get damp, and if you will give me a bed there for the night, I will go over with you, for I am many miles away from my own home."

"Oh! certainly," said the stranger; "pray do not leave us. I shall dread crossing that infernal river again."

"Oh! you have nothing to fear in the ferry-boat, you know. The river is nothing to cross. You would have been all right in your own boat, if it had not been for striking on that awkward rock. I suppose, from your getting on it, that you must be a stranger to these parts. It ought to have a buoy placed upon it by Government, and, if they were not too busy in bribing all the electors of the kingdom, I suppose they would condescend to think of such an imperative necessity of preserving the lives of her Majesty's subjects. It is a disgrace to the country that it remains in the state it is. Do you think now you could sleep if I left you a little?"

"Yes, I think I could."

"Are your feet warm?"

"Yes, very—I am warm all over."

"Well then, there you are, and in about an hour or so, I will come and call you—you are sure to go to sleep if you are warm."

"Now, landlord, take the remains of this gentleman's clothes down to the kitchen fire, and do not let any one disturb him for the next hour." Passing out of the stranger's room, Herbert paused on the threshold for a few moments—"Is it possible," muttered he, "that a man can pass from such a scene with his sister, and never make a single inquiry as to her fate, while, on the other hand, the first words that she uttered were, 'My brother!' Shall I go back and tell him she is safe? But, no; on such a brute as that it would be an exhibition of feeling thrown away. Heartless hound! Perhaps, after all, I ought to tell him she is safe. I should like to hear it myself." Opening the door gently, Herbert stepped back to communicate the intelligence, and, as he looked within the curtain, there, by the faint

light of the solitary dip that had been left burning on the table, he beheld the stranger already fast asleep.

"Sleep on," said Herbert, half-aloud—"precious picture of selfishness, and in one so young too—how detestable! Who or what the deuce can this fellow be?" A sudden thought struck Herbert, and noiselessly gliding from the room, he closed the door, and hastened down below.

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

"LANDLORD," said our hero, as soon as he reached the kitchen of the tavern, "has your son gone over yet to Greenaway House for those dry clothes?"

"No, your honour; he is now starting."

"Let him wait a minute, I will go with him."

"Oh, sir, you had better get some dry things on, and go to bed."

"To bed, my boy! Have not I just had my fill of the bed of the river? What would you want more? Have you got an old pair of dry trousers, and dry Guernsey frock?"

"Yes, your honour."

"And a blue jacket, and a clean cotton handkerchief?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you just give me those things, and mull me a tumbler of port wine, and I will cross over in the ferry-boat with your son. Perhaps he is not accustomed to matters of rig, and he might bring over the clothes short of something that is wanted, whereas, if I go, you know, they will be sure of all they may want."

"Well, your honour, that is true; but it is a pity you should get wet again after swimming in that tideway; and your shirt is all covered with blood, where the rocks have cut you in various places, and your feet are leaving blood-marks on the floor wherever you tread."

"Oh, as to that, landlord, these are honourable wounds in a lady's service—a sailor's glory, my boy. Just send me a gill of brandy to wash them over, and stop their bleeding, and I will whip on your things, and be across the ferry in no time. Have you got a scrap of paper, and a pen and a little ink?"

"Well, sir, we are not much in the scholar line here."

"No, I know you are not; but I dare say you will find enough for my purpose. I want to send a message over to the parish of Stoke Fleming, with a letter to my friends, who expect me home to-night, and who will be uneasy if I do not appear. Find me a messenger, I will give him good pay."

"Well, sir, the men who are gone to search for your clothes will take the letter."

"All right," said Herbert; "you bring the pen and ink to my room while I put on your traps, and I will soon have the note ready for him."

In another quarter of an hour Herbert had written a note to his father, stating that he should not be home till the morrow, when his things were dry, dating his note from the inn, so that they might imagine he was sleeping there; and cautioning the man to say nothing of the accident, he despatched him away, received his purse and ruined watch, swallowed a glass of mulled port wine, and then set off across the ferry.

By this time the violence of the storm had spent itself; the rain had abated in its fall, and lulled the wind; and when Herbert, with his heart as light as a feather, at having been the means of saving from destruction so exquisite a being as the girl he had left behind him, looked up to the heavens above, and saw their glories brightly shining, he offered up to the Being that created him those grateful thanks of which his heart was full.

"Do you know at all who these people are, boatman?" said he to his companion, as they rowed along.

"No, your honour; I do not know who they are. They came down a week ago, and took Colonel Carlyon's house furnished, and that is all I know of them. They are Londoners, as I understand."

"Have you seen much of them at Dittisham?"

"No, sir, except the young master, who has been too busy sailing one of the Greenaway boats every day, when the weather was fine, and I reckon it is the Greenaway cutter that he has got foul of the rock in. She was rather too large for one man to manage, you know, sir."

"And I suppose the young gentleman did not know much about boating, my boy?"

"Well, to tell the truth, he did not; and what is more, he was too conceited to be taught. Two or three of our men had given him a bit of a caution in various parts of the river, as to sailing about here; because you know, sir, the wind comes down uncommon stiff between these high hills through the valley, and your honour knows, as a seaman, that even with careful handling, it is very difficult to keep a boat from coming to grief, to say nothing of such a squall as they were caught in to-night."

"Yes, my boy; my wonder is, not that they came to grief, as you call it, but, if they have been at this fun, I say my only wonder is that they did not get on the rock long before. I think you said you do not know their names."

"Well, your honour, I have heard it, and I think it was a name that I have heard afore in these parts; I should know it if I heard it again; but hang me if I can remember it now."

"Never mind," said Herbert; and, as they pulled on quietly to the shore, over the surface of the tide, now very little ruffled and nearly at its high-water mark, he could not help gazing with renewed delight at the beautiful picture of the Greenaway ferry—a point familiar to him from his earliest childhood, and often the

subject of the pencils of himself and his friends. "Yes," thought he, "there is the same bold, swelling outline of wood, which must so often have moved the heart, and attracted the eye, of the noble Raleigh, when he, and his scarcely less noble brother Gilbert, over-looked, in their boyish gambols, that magnificent shore, gazed on this lovely river, and little dreamed of the melancholy death-agony that was to come on each; one perishing in his armour, far away at sea—and the other laying down his aged head upon the block, and spilling his life's blood on that ungrateful soil, for which he had fought so often and so victoriously.

"Ah! in that better life, to which, I hope, so many of us are hastening, shall we be permitted to remember scenes like these?—the delight of their memory heightened by the struggles they have witnessed; or shall we feast our vision on scenes of such surpassing beauty, that the first of all earthly paradises shall grow faint, dim, worthless, and forgotten, by comparison? When will it be my lot to solve this question? How nearly solving it I was to-night! And yet," thought Herbert, "as I must die—die when I may, can I die in a better cause than in attempting to save such a life as of that fair girl? Can death surprise me under a happier circumstance?"

At this moment the boat stranded on the shore, and he jumped upon land.

"Follow me, my boy; we will go up to Greenaway House, through the wood here. The people at the lodge have, I dare say, left the door open, expecting their mistress to return. We need not disturb them, they can be of no use. Bring up the tarpaulin to wrap the dry clothes in."

As Herbert said this, he tried the little painted gate of the Gothic lodge, through which an entrance is given for the residents at Greenaway House to approach the ferry.

As he expected, he found the gate open, and, passing through with the seaman following him, he wound his way up through the well-remembered path to the mansion above.

On his right hand rolled the river, whose dark and rippling waters, pursuing their steady but gradually slackening impulse, upwards from the sea, reflected every now and then in their mimic waves the dark blue sky above him, glittering with all the host of heaven. On the other hand stretched the plantation through which he traced his way, intersected with orchards that sloped up the graceful steep; while here and there a pony was seen grazing.

After pursuing this course for about an eighth of a mile, through shrubs and trees with the most magnificent frondage, he emerged upon an ample platform or terrace, crowned by a capacious mansion, whose classic approach, with its vast columns painted white, or nearly so, showed out in the starlight; and, through the window of the drawing-room, and one or two other chambers, were seen those lights still burning in expectation of the return of the new tenant and his sister.

"A little more," thought Herbert, "and your master had rolled a

helpless corpse, even within sound of the very ears that were watching for him." Going up to the front gate, and sounding the bell, a couple of men-servants came running to the door; but when they saw through the glass nothing but two seamen, they forbore to open it, and proceeded to parley.

"What is it you want?"

"Open the door directly!" said Herbert, authoritatively, "and help me to get some dry clothes for your mistress and her brother. Their boat has been wrecked on the anchor-stone, here before the house, and they have been all but drowned. They are lying over there at the inn, all safe, thank God, and we have come here to get some dry clothes."

In an instant back flew the bolt, and, while one servant ran to alarm the household, the other, with his mouth wide agape, proceeded to receive the intelligence with all those exclamations natural to his class.

"Come with me to your master's bed-room," said Herbert; "pick out two loose suits of easy clothes."

"Two suits, sir?"

"Yes, he wants two suits, and you can take them back with me when I go back. The fact is, I had to plunge into the river to save his life, and my own clothes have got, of course, drenched through. I have put on one of the fishermen's suits, as you see, to come over here, and get clothes for him. He is going to lend me one of his suits to wear myself."

"Then your best plan would be, sir, to change them at once here, unless you are afraid of getting wet in going back."

"No, the storm has quite ceased; it is fine now, and I had better change here—it will save you trouble—while you get the clothes out; any old thing will do for me. I will just go and beat up your young mistress's lady's-maid, as she wants everything fresh. By the way, I had no opportunity of asking your master what his name is—what is the family's name?"

"Annesley, sir."

"I did not hear you distinctly," said our hero, bending forward to conceal his agitation.

"Annesley, sir—Mr. Hobbes Annesley."

"Annesley! Is there not an Annesley a member of parliament?"

"Yes, sir, that is my master's father, Mr. Richard Annesley, member for Truckvote, of Annesley Park, in the county of Essex."

"Oh, indeed!—Is your young master his eldest son?"

"He is the only son, sir. He has only my young master and the young lady—a son and daughter."

"Well, then, I can assure you, the member for Truckvote has had a narrow escape this night of being made childless."

"Dear me, sir, how dreadful! it would have killed master and mistress, I am sure, sir."

"Indeed!—is he so much attached to his children?"

"Well, sir, he is very much attached to his children; but as to young master, sir, I think if anything happened to him, it would drive

the member out of his mind,—I do, indeed, believe it. And were they so near drowning, sir?"

"Why, my boy, you know the rock in front of the house here?"

"Yes, sir—I have often looked at it: frightful ugly rock it is, indeed."

"Well, their boat struck that, and went down like a teaspoon, leaving them just time enough to scramble out upon it. When I swam up to them, it was as much as ever they could do to hold on against the tide that was rising up over them, and only just the point of the rock that they were holding on, was above the water, which was roaring past them like a mill-stream."

"Goodness gracious! and to think that we, in this house, looking out for them, never heard them!"

"Oh, in such a squall as that was, you could scarcely have heard a cannon fire off. You are here a long way from the rock, you know, and the wind would prevent your hearing the sound—it would blow it past you; they might have heard it at your ferry-lodge; but I suppose that there they were all fast asleep."

"Yes, sir, the man works hard during the day, and goes to bed early, and sleeps soundly; but I am sure we can never do enough for you. And did you actually, sir, swim off from land?"

"Oh! that is nothing, my boy; I would do it again for you to-morrow."

"Well, sir, I do thank you," said the servant, in the impulse of the moment, clasping our hero's hand, which returned the grasp very cordially.

Herbert then turned to leave the room, to seek the lady's-maid; but he had not to go far, for by the doorway, stood cook, housemaid, and lady's-maid, all looking as pale as the dimity curtains,—their eyes wide open, and scarcely yet knowing what to think.

Two or three times Herbert had to tell his story in as brief a manner as possible before he could allay the curiosity of his listeners, and get them to look out the lady's clothes.

"Now be sure you bring enough," said Herbert; "and you, lady's-maid, had better come over and help Miss Annesley to dress."

"La, sir, do you think it safe to cross the river at this time of night?"

"Yes, my dear, much safer than for any man to look in your eyes."

"Oh! I declare, sir, you sailor gentlemen say such very strange things;" and the lady's-maid, quite convinced that our hero was a real gentleman, tripped off lightly at this little compliment, to get her mistress's clothes in ample abundance. The valet, too, had got out a very nice shooting suit for Herbert, who felt the luxury of the change from a dirty Guernsey smock-frock to clean linen; and having given a hint to the cook that people who have escaped drowning get a marvellously sharp appetite in the work, and that she need not be afraid of preparing a supper, he hastened back with the two servants and the ferryman to the village inn at Dittisham.

## CHAPTER XX.

"HAS either the lady or gentleman awoke?"

"Yes," said the landlady, "they are both awake, and have asked if their clothes have come."

"How is the lady? Does she seem at all the worse for it?"

"Not at all. She is laughing as merry as a cricket."

"That is right. Be so good, then, as to show the lady's-maid up to her room; while, valet, you and I will go together to Mr. Annesley." And tapping gently at the door, Herbert entered.

"Well, how do you feel now?"

"Desperately hungry," said Mr. Annesley.

"That is all right," said our hero. "I thought I had better go over and see that the clothes were brought, and I took the liberty of telling the cook that a little supper would not be unacceptable to you."

"Thank you, my good fellow,—upon my word, that is just the thing I was thinking of.—By the way, how is my sister?"

"Well, I hear the best accounts of her, and I trust she has not caught cold."

"Well, I hope not."

"Here is your pocket-book you entrusted to me in the water," said Herbert, handing it over to him.

"Ah!" said he, "a little more and I should never have troubled you again."

"Very true,—I do not think you will be often nearer death without getting a touch from the fatal dart. Now, while you get up and dress, I will go and find some trustworthy fellow to watch the going down of the tide, and pick up the gold watches of your sister and yourself."

"Thank you, I should be glad to recover that watch,—so would my sister; they were both presents from our mother on the same day. I fear they will be very much damaged."

"Oh! that is a mere case of watch-making.—Well, I will see. Landlord," said our hero, "do you know any strictly honest fellow to whom a good lucrative job would be acceptable?"

"Yes, sir, I do," said the landlord, with quick intelligence; "I know him very well."

"What is his name?"

"Michael Cassidy."

"Where is he?"

"Well, your honour, here he is."

"Oh! it is yourself, is it?"

"Yes, sir, I always speak a good word for myself when I can."

"Well, perhaps your practice does not differ much from your neighbours, though they may not avow it so readily."

"Well, sir, my neighbours are very honest decent people on both sides of me."

"Ah! I do not allude to them,—but let that pass. The service for which I want you is, to go to the shore of the river, just opposite the anchor-stone on this side, and watch there till the tide goes down, when you will find, not far from the high-water mark, a couple of gold watches and gold chains belonging to the lady and gentleman up stairs. In order to lighten them for swimming I took them off their necks, and threw them ashore. I saw them sink in shallow water; and I also threw in, much about the same place, a pound or two's worth of silver. Now if you will pick up the watches and bring them to us, you shall have the silver."

"Agreed, sir."

"Well, then, you must be off now and watch, or else, when the tide goes down, some other fellow may espy the booty."

"I am off this instant."

"Tell us before you go what we are in debt to you for this night's entertainment."

"I will go and speak to the old woman, sir;—she will let you have the bill, and I will be off to the watches at once."

Herbert turned to go up stairs, and as he did so, down came Miss Annesley, blushing, and looking in her quiet simple dress more lovely than ever. With great cordiality she put both her hands out to Herbert.

"I can never sufficiently thank you for our lives, but I trust my parents will convince you how grateful we all are."

"I am over-rewarded," said Herbert, retaining both the hands with a gentle pressure. "I should esteem it the greatest misfortune of my life to have missed the joy of this evening."

Miss Annesley's eye-lids dropped towards the floor as she turned hastily away to busy herself with looking over one or two torn books that lay on the tables of the little sanded parlour.

At this moment in came the brother, who, taking her in his arms, gave her a kiss on both cheeks.

"Well, Puss," said he, "we are out of as precious a scrape as ever I was in in my life. I would rather have been let in for a handsome fall upon the Stock Exchange, than to have seen that rock poking its nose through my boat yesterday."

"Well, but my dear Hobby, do try and thank our friend here for having saved our lives at so much peril. What would your father have said to your loss, and what would my mother have done without you?"

"Well, I think our friend here saved the lives of the old couple as well as the young, yesterday. I do think, if we young cheepers had gone down on that rock, the old birds would soon have pined and died in their empty nest. Yes," extending a hand to Herbert, "we cannot thank you too much, and if there is anything we can do for you, we must, to show that our gratitude is sincere. Now, if you are

all ready, the night seems beautifully fine and clear, we will cross over to the hall on the other side, and get some supper."

"Will you allow me to offer you an arm?" said Herbert; and once more placing those little fingers under his protection, they walked down to the boat, and in a few minutes safely regained the ferry-lodge at Greenaway, the servants bringing with them, pretty well dried, all the clothes with which they had reached the shore the previous evening.

As they walked once more through those lovely woods, Herbert thought to himself that they looked more enchanting than ever, and he was right, for they gained a spell from the presence of one whose image had sunk deep into his very soul.

"And so," thought he, "this is my cousin, of whom I have heard so much, and have so often longed to see. What shall I do? Shall I disclose to them my relationship, or shall I leave it to them to ask me my name? I fear, the moment it is mentioned, that the old family feud will spring up again on the part of their father. No doubt he would be desirous of separating us with his usual mammon worshipping disposition; he must even now be looking out for what he would think a suitable match for his rich heiress."

The only question in Herbert's mind was, whether he was accessible to any nobler emotion—whether it was possible that he could be touched by any feeling of gratitude, and so on that score overlook the disparity of money; but when Herbert's memory went back to the steady and foreseeing individual that he and Drystick had encountered in the Bishopsgate office, Herbert's heart sank chillily down before that freezing remembrance, and he dared not hope that gratitude, any more than any other noble feeling, could predominate in the counsels of such a breast.

"Well, then," reasoned our hero, "if this be so, am I bound in honour to withdraw from this dangerous intimacy? Why should I respect, not the upright feelings, but the sordid avarice of an ungrateful hound? No, certainly not. By God's help and blessing, I have saved her life. Nobody can have such a claim to her affections as myself. I am not bound to withdraw; and as to my identity, therefore, I will say nothing about it till they discover it."

In this conclusion, also, it must be confessed, Herbert's natural feeling for romance induced him to join. It gave an additional delight, if such a thing were possible, to his intercourse with the gentle being at his side—feeling that he was, to a certain extent, her unknown knight, and that she little deemed who he really was.

In fact, he only felt sorry, as the fact intruded itself upon him, that this season of *incognito* might soon be terminated; every moment he expected to hear one of his new companions demand, in some polite, but unmistakable form, the name by which they were to call him. He had not long, however, to doubt upon this point, for as, absorbed in his own thoughts, and enjoying the full delight of his present position, the party emerged from the evergreen terrace in front of the house, Mr. Hobbes Annesley, who walked behind them, suddenly exclaimed—

"This house is very prettily placed, Mr. Herbert, is it not? but I conclude it must have been wonderfully altered, if not totally demolished, since Sir Walter Raleigh lived here as a boy."

"No doubt, very much altered," said Herbert, marvelling in his own mind how Hobbes Annesley could have stumbled on the name of Herbert. In a few seconds he remembered that was the name which his mother had marked on all his clothes. He concluded, therefore, that while he had been coming across the ferry to ascertain the name of the parties he had saved, Annesley had used the same opportunity to look at some of his clothes which were drying before the fire.

"Now," thought our hero, "whether do they know that I am Herbert Annesley, or do they imagine simply that my surname is Herbert? But, no, they cannot know that; whatever motive I may have for not revealing my identity, this sprig of the City would be sure to blab it out. Well, I shall not undeceive them."

"Do you know whether Sir Walter Raleigh was born in this house," inquired Annesley?

"Oh! no, certainly not. He was born at another place, in Devon, called, I believe, Compton Castle, though some authorities have stated him to have been born at Bridley, also in this county; but as to his residence here, I fancy that this was simply a farm-house in the possession of his mother, Lady Gilbert, and that the two boys once resided here with their widowed parent."

"One can easily understand," said Miss Annesley, "that any one residing on this property in their boyhood would have an intense love of yachting and the sea."

"Especially if they have been wrecked once or twice on the anchor-stone, opposite the house; what do you say to that, Mr. Herbert?"

"A severe apprenticeship, truly, Mr. Annesley."

"What a beautiful name Herbert is!" said Geraldine.

"Are you any relation of Lord Pembroke?" inquired her brother.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I never inquired; therefore, I am glad to say I feel more flattered by your admiring my name, Miss Annesley, than if I were related to every lord in the peerage."

"I have a cousin who is partially a namesake of yours. Did you ever meet him in the navy?"

Herbert felt his temples colour as he answered—"Well, I cannot say that I ever did meet him, exactly."

"Perhaps you have heard of him?"

"Oh! yes; I have heard of him."

"A very gallant officer, is he not? I recollect, some years ago, a paragraph in the papers, calling him the 'Pride of the Mess,' and relating his jumping overboard to save a shipmate's life."

"Ah! yes," said Herbert; "I think I remember something of that."

"That name—'Pride of the Mess'—gives one a very exalted idea of his kind qualities. He must have been very popular among his brother officers, to be termed the 'Pride of the Mess.'"

"Well, I fancy that might be so; but, after all, popularity in a

great degree consists in letting other people do what they please, and being slow to take offence, seasoned, now and then, perhaps, with a kind action or two to others."

"Well, but, Mr. Herbert, you tone down popularity very greatly; and yet, consider what sacrifice of self it requires to let all around you do as they please; and, in addition to that, to show them kind actions. You must not rob my cousin of his laurels. I have so often longed to see him, but unfortunately there was some feeling between my father and his, and I never could persuade my parents to cultivate that natural intercourse between us, which people so nearly related are bound to entertain."

"Indeed! did you never, then, see him?"

As Herbert put this question, the whole party entered the dining-room at Greenaway, where all the lamps had been lighted, and a hot supper set out.

"Well, I never did see my cousin," said Geraldine, looking up in Herbert's face, and making at that moment a great, but unintentional, misstatement; "have you ever seen him?"

Herbert hardly knew where to rest his eyes. "Well, I have some remembrance of having done so, though I should hardly like to say where."

"Perhaps in the Mediterranean; he was serving there when I last heard of him. Is he not very handsome?"

"Why, as to that," said Herbert, "I certainly should not say that; I have some remembrance of a slight, tall young man, and that is the only description I can give of him."

Geraldine's eyes were fixed on the speaker at this moment; there was something in his look and manner which struck her as strange and singular; perhaps even a faint suspicion of the truth crossed her mind, as she, instantly changing the subject, took her seat at the head of the table.

"We owe this preparation, I am sure, to your kindness, Mr. Herbert. Will you say grace?"

"Oh! do not trouble yourself with my sister's superstition," said Annesley.

"Would you have called it a superstition, Mr. Annesley," sternly said Herbert, "a few hours since, when you hung upon that frightful rock?"

There was something in the tone and manner of the speaker, and the quiet contempt of his eye, that made Hobbes Annesley feel imitabably small, and quail to his heart's core. Rising from his chair, without another word, he stood perfectly still, with downcast eyes, while Herbert invoked the usual blessing, and added a word of thanksgiving for their past deliverance; then, resuming his seat, he seemed revolving in his own mind the check thus given, not only in the presence of his sister, but of the servants—for the butler stood at one end of the table, and his own valet behind his chair.

Little Herbert knew, and still less did he reck, the effect which his words had produced. From that very hour this man, whom he had so lately snatched, trembling and helpless, from the jaws of death,

hated him with all his heart, if such a term can be applied to a man who had no heart for any one but himself.

Muttering to himself—"infernal canting prig"—he poured out a goblet of sherry, and tossed it off.

Nor was the impression less marked in her who sat at the end of the table. If the gallantry and devotion of her preserver, his appearance, and his manners, had produced a favourable impression on her mind, it was rivetted in tenfold force when she saw the way in which different principles acted. Here was the professed atheist and scoffer, when danger came, overwhelmed, nerveless, despairing himself, and unable to serve any one; while, on the other hand, the young disciple of the Nelson school, at the jaws of death, was as dauntless as a lion; but when that death was faced and overcome, no one more ready to give the glory to that only Power, which is the arbiter of human existence.

On this point Geraldine and her brother had had so many discussions, she had so often tried with pain and grief to wean her father and his son from their contemptible scepticism, that she could not but rejoice in finding an ally so resolute, with courage so unhesitating.

With all the natural inclination which the fair sex occasionally display to follow their own course, there is in woman's breast an intuitive consciousness that she is made to lean on something, and that all the bright and better qualities of her nature come out most vividly when she can attach herself to some congenial spirit. In this case Geraldine felt a glow of delight, as she reflected how completely adapted for the protection and guidance of others was a character that no human danger could intimidate, and no human sophistry could seduce from that obedience which the created must ever owe to the Creator.

People are often found to discourse very sagely on the necessity of long acquaintance for revealing the depths of human character. Is not this very frequently an error? Where a character requires a long acquaintance to be known, it is generally a false character, sustained, not by principle or impulse, but by false policy, or a series of consummate hypocrisies; but such a character as this, what experience is long enough to plumb? None, for the character is continually varying with the incidents of self-interest and policy that mould it. The characters that are based upon principle or impulse are characters that stand boldly out, and challenge the gaze of every observer. These characters are known almost at a glance, and, among the young especially, the impression which such characters make, for or against, is always indelible.

Herbert's character was rightly read by both his relatives; and while Geraldine found in it the echo of all her own feelings, and yielded to it the highest admiration and the most unbounded gratitude, Hobbes Annesley at once discerned in it the antithesis of everything that reigned in his own bosom, hated it accordingly, and tried to reduce it to his own level.

Nor had Herbert less completely perused the dispositions of his two cousins. The selfishness of Hobbes Annesley, we know, he had

fathomed in the first hour of their acquaintance, and that key-stone given, he readily perceived how such a man would act.

Geraldine, who knew the expression of her brother's face, saw what was passing in his mind; and though she regretted that one to whom they owed so much should make so powerful an enemy of one so nearly connected with her, she resolved, if possible, to neutralise their mutual antagonism.

"Hobbes, will you give me a glass of champagne this evening?" said she, knowing her brother's partiality for this vintage.

"Champagne, butler," said Hobbes. "You are a good girl—puss," said he; "I know that wine is ordered for me, and not for yourself. Are you fond of champagne, Mr. Herbert?" said the youth, brightening up at the mention of one of his favourites.

"Yes, I confess to that weakness," said Herbert. "I like wine exceedingly, but I detest and abhor the tyranny that it exercises over my mind. Now, in champagne I read a charming compromise—in which is all the pleasure of drinking wine, and a very little of that power which dominates over the intellect."

"Well, I am glad to see there is one thing in which we have a mutual taste."

"I hope to have the pleasure of cultivating your friendship long enough," said Herbert, modestly, "to show you there are many tastes that we share in common—for instance, there is the love of the water. I have a very nice little yacht down at Dartmouth, and if you are not too much offended with the rough way in which the wind and waves have treated you, I hope to have the pleasure of piloting you to many a cruise in this neighbourhood, which I know well, and the chart of which, I may say, without boasting, has been known to me from childhood."

"A yacht, have you? Well, if you had made that proposition to me this time yesterday, I should have seized it with delight; but I must say that awful crash, when the anchor-stone came through my cutter yesterday, will not go out of my ears for some time, and this plaguy coast too. What do you say, Geraldine? have you courage enough to venture on the sea?"

"Well, if Mr. Herbert will always go with us, after seeing his readiness in an hour of danger, I think I can muster nerve enough—but it was an awful hour, was it not, Hobbes?"

Hobbes Annesley shook his head and looked in his plate, as if the remembrance was there impressed.

"Which are the prettiest parts of the coast to go to, Mr. Herbert?"

"Well, if you sail east, you have beautiful scenery betwixt this and Torbay, and when you come to the bay-head, you open the magnificent expanse of Torbay itself. Then you can land upon the exquisite sands at Paignton, and have a capital good bath. Then you can embark again, and sail slowly up Torquay, that city of villas, than which, to my mind, there are few places more beautiful in any kingdom. Then, as you pass Torquay, you go slowly down through those charming detached islands of rock, the Thatcher and others, off the beautiful neighbourhood of Watcombe, and in view of the Bishop

of Exeter's, the extensive residence at Bishopstowe; that bay just under his lordship's house is magnificent, and all about Daddy's Hole Plain. Well, then, continuing on your course, you come to the Bolt-head—then you have, under your lee, the sands of Teignmouth—then you follow the course of the South Devon Railway, opposite Dawlish, the coast of which is, comparatively speaking, rather low, the hard rock giving way to the red sand-stone. Then you come to Exmouth, and opposite the quiet little village of Withycombe Raleigh, where, secluded from the bustle of the world, repose the ashes of Nelson's widow, and his step-son, Josiah Nisbet. Beyond Exmouth you have Budleigh Salterton, and so you gradually approach the coast of Dorsetshire, which is sublime, and from Dorsetshire on to Portland, and through the race of Portland into Weymouth roads. All this is magnificent yachting ground. If you sail west from Dartmouth, then you have scenery quite as lovely, if not more so. Did you ever go round to Salcombe, on the other side of the Bolt-head?"

"No, I never did. I always understood the Bolt-head to be rather a puzzler to the yachtsman."

"Well, it is, rather; if you get caught there on the turn of the tide, you get a heavy chopping sea, but the harbour of Salcombe itself is most enchantingly lovely, and Lord Courtenay has a seat there, called the Molt, which is the delight of every one who beholds it. Well, then, on leaving Salcombe, you have some good rocky scenery again until you go to Plymouth, and Plymouth Sound is a perfect paradise for yachtsmen. You have a capital expanse of water, which is rendered at all times safe by Plymouth Breakwater. You have three good harbours under your lee, and you are in the neighbourhood of Mount Edgecumbe. Mount Edgecumbe is a thing which, although I have seen several portions of the world renowned for their beauty, I have never seen surpassed."

"But, you speak of the beauty of Mount Edgecumbe. Do you mean from the sea or land?"

"Both—from the sea it is very beautiful; but the estate itself is so charmingly wooded, and arranged with such exquisite skill—there is such an immense variety in its grounds. Wood and lake down to the very water, and the distant cities of Plymouth, and Devonport, and Stonehouse, the bay round by the glorious old granite hills of Dartmoor. I confess, Mount Edgecumbe is a word of love to my imagination, and I could almost wish to undergo a sentence of perpetual banishment to its woods."

"I say, Geraldine, this sounds well for us, does it not? We must put our friend's yacht into requisition. Is it very large, Mr. Herbert?"

"Oh! dear, no; just large enough for three or four friends to sleep on board, and to stand a night or two at sea—a good safe sea-boat."

"Well, what do you say, Geraldine? shall we run down to Mount Edgecumbe and see this paradise?"

"I should like it exceedingly."

"Will you take us to-morrow, Mr. Herbert?"

"With all my heart," replied our hero, looking in Geraldine's eyes, and speaking the words with more truth than they are generally supposed to carry; "and, I think, when you see Mount Edgecumbe, you will say I have not overdrawn the picture; but a moral yet remains to be told of it."

"A moral! What is the moral?"

"Why, unfortunately, it is the moral taught by all human possessions. This lovely spot, so formed for human enjoyment, is rarely tenanted by its amiable owner, whose delicate health does not allow him to indulge in so relaxing a climate as that of Devonshire."

"Ah!" said Geraldine, "how melancholy that is! But you so often see it—there is always some drawback."

"Well, but after all, melancholy as it still is, is it not a beautiful proof of the perfect justice with which this world is governed? If great possessions could be enjoyed without a pang, how dark would be the lot of the poor; and, if the laurels of the hero were not so frequently spotted with his blood, how unmitigated would be the obscurity of the undistinguished."

"Do you think that is really so, Mr. Herbert?"

"I know it. I believe, taking the great bulk of mankind and human possessions, I have watched it in many lots, and under a vast variety of circumstances, and have always seen and known very heavy balances against every human possession; and I believe there is no enjoyment long permitted to man, that he has not, under God's blessing, achieved by his own labour."

"Well," said Geraldine, "now you put it in that light, I think your philosophy is borne out by strict experience."

"Not only by strict experience, but by all the history of the human species. Labour was allotted to us as a penalty since the fall, and if we shrink the penalty in one shape, it is only reasonable to suppose we must endure it in another."

"Well, but then, if that be correct, it must be tantamount to saying that every idle man is an unhappy man."

"Well, and you ask any man—I do not care what his position or what his wealth may be—who has pursued a life of idleness for ten or twenty years, and, if he speaks truth, and you have the materials for cross-examining him, you will find that his mind is filled with bitterness, and wretchedness, and dissatisfaction, and as many suicides have resulted from ennui as any other cause."

"Do you think, then, that every man of wealth and station ought to work? What is he to work at?"

"I care not what he works at, provided he works a given number of hours in every day, at some task that will produce a benefit to his fellow-men: and how can you question that plenty of such work is to be found, when you look at the ignorance, and the poverty, and the misery, under which thousands, I suppose I might almost say millions, of our fellow-creatures are living?"

"Oh! but it is impossible to mitigate human woe, if that is what you mean."

"Is it impossible? Look at the lives of such men as Howard,

who reformed the gaol system; at Jenner, who discovered a bar to that fearful destroyer of the human race, the small-pox; at Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the human blood; at Bell, who discovered the nerves of pain; or, greater still, at Newton, who laid the heavens open to our knowledge, and added worlds to the known creation. Who can count, for instance, the number of lives that have been saved by Humphrey Davy and his lamp?"

"Ah! but then these were mere doctors, and chemists, and savans; they worked because they wanted bread."

"That is not quite correct of several of them; but even had it been so, if it was glorious in them thus to benefit mankind in pursuing their own science, how infinitely more glorious it would have been if their labours had been followed by dukes and earls, and millionaires! But what say you to Lord Napier, who invented logarithms, and by his mathematical labours gained not only an imperishable renown for himself, but contributed most materially to that empire of the sea, which is the boast and has been the making of the empire of Great Britain."

"Ah! Napier certainly is a case in point. Fancy, Hobbes, the delight he must have felt day by day, and year after year, working hard in his library, conscious, as his noble mind must have been, of the vast benefit he was conferring on his country, and the imperishable mantle of renown with which he was clothing all his descendants."

"Well, I confess, Geraldine, I am open to that. I should think any labour well bestowed that gave a glorious name to my descendants."

"Well, but do you think there are no such men as Napier working at the present hour? Look at such men as the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Brougham, the Earl of Harrowby, and their younger and more recent fellow-labourer, the Duke of Argyle. The English people are naturally fond of the nobility; but here are nobles of high descent, carrying in their veins some of the most distinguished blood that has ever distinguished itself on the battle-fields or at the council-boards of Great Britain."

"As how, for instance, Mr. Herbert?"

"Why, in Lord Carlisle's veins flows the blood that—"

"Hardy Byron bore,  
Through howling tempest and the polar shore."

The Earl of Carlisle's blood has hallowed the headsman's block in some of the most precious hours of civil and religious liberty; and in Lord Shaftesbury's veins you have the current—ten times more purified—the stream that warmed the heart of Marlborough, the victor of Blenheim and Malplacquet—that iron duke of Queen Anne's reign, whose character, though darkened with many a sad shade, was true, at least in this, that the Protestant feeling of Great Britain never found him faltering in its defence."

"I had no idea, from his peaceful labours, that such a warlike current flowed through his philanthropic mind."

"Now, take the case of that one nobleman alone, Lord Shaftesbury. Look at the lives he has saved; look at the misery he has stayed. Go to London and explore its dens of vice, and horror, and poverty, and dirt, and disease—look at the action of his lodging-houses. Pass through the factories, and ascertain for yourself the amount of premature decrepitude, and sickness, that he has averted. Go down in the bowels of the earth, and count the number of young women that his statute has released from the work of beasts, and the immorality of demons; and who can number up the vast sum of human happiness that he has promoted, and the good that he has been the means of accomplishing? If you could sweep away from the effect on mankind all the victories that his great ancestor won, our world would be much the same, but the benefits to the human race that his descendant has achieved are imperishable."

"Well, I confess, I did not look at this question with sufficient attention, and I suppose these men do work almost as hard as a merchant in his counting-house."

"A merchant in his counting-house knows nothing of the work of some of these men. Go to one of their houses when the session is on. You will find their halls filled with people of all ranks waiting to see them, engrossing their time, excluding them from pleasure, burdening their purses, and imposing upon them an amount of labour, a host of engagements, and an infinity of correspondence, from six o'clock in the morning till the hour when the House of Lords rises, that is perfectly incredible to those who have not had an opportunity of witnessing it. I believe there are few merchants in the city of London that are harder worked than these noblemen."

"Truly, Mr. Herbert, it must take a high sense of public duty, and a noble disinterestedness, for a man who is already in one of the most enviable positions in the world, to face such labour."

"No doubt of it, but they have their great reward. Unless I am very much mistaken, not only must their minds be filled with a serene joy that the idler little dreams of, but the great mass of their countrymen have canonised them in niches far above the mere titled peer, or wealthy possessor of dignified leisure."

"You think that is so."

"It cannot be otherwise; and you, Mr. Annesley, if you doubt it, go and try it."

"Aye? How is a poor obscure humble individual like myself to try it?"

"You give your heart to it, that is all, and Heaven will open the path before you. Your father is in Parliament. You are the heir to his wealth—go into Parliament yourself; you will find plenty of questions drooping, and delayed for want of zealous, and heroic labourers. Depend upon it, the number of men who seek that assembly for disinterested views like these is sadly too small out of the six hundred and fifty."

"Well, but then it must be a long time before the mass of the public recognise your efforts."

"Never think of the mass of the public. I am proposing to you

the pursuit of labour for the self-satisfaction and quiet of mind that it produces. The fame of mankind may or may not follow; that is an accidental incident which the truly great soul does not stoop to consider, however delightful it may be to obtain it."

"Well, but you only obtain it from a few reflective and studious men like yourself. The great mass of mankind never think of these things, nor trouble their heads about them."

"Depend upon it they do, and every day that rolls over their heads, and increases the knowledge and reading powers of the million, will add to those devoted admirers of every man who, from a high religious principle, gives up his own pleasures and occupation to advance the progress of his species."

"Well, that is a fine climax which deserves a glass of champagne. Now, to come back to the point at which we started. Will you sail us to Mount Edgecumbe to-morrow?"

"Well, to-morrow. It will require one day to get the yacht ready, but to-morrow, after breakfast, if you like, we will just take a pull down to Dartmouth Harbour, where my little, unpretending craft lies. We will provision her for a cruise, and the day after, God willing, as the old advertisements have it, we will start for sea."

---

## CHAPTER XXI.

"It is so late, Ann, to-night, that I will not detain you from your rest. Go to bed, and call me to-morrow morning at seven."

"Thank you, Miss Geraldine," said the abigail. "Is there nothing else I can get you?"

"No," said Geraldine to her maid.

"But are you sure now, if I do not dry your hair a little more, you will not catch cold?"

"Oh! no, I think not."

"Would you like a little posset, Miss? I always take it when I think I am going to have a cold, myself."

"And does the cold always follow, Ann?"

"Well, Miss, I think it do, generally."

"Well, then, I fear your precaution is not of much use; but for myself, if it will make you sleep more soundly, I am happy to tell you I never felt better in my life."

"Well, Miss, I am glad to hear you say so, but you do not look quite as you generally do."

"Why, where is the difference, Ann?"

"Well, Miss, you do not look quite so well to-night."

Geraldine hung down her head at this remark. "Ah! but consider, it is very late. It is two o'clock in the morning—I am not

accustomed to sit up so late, although I have been to sleep—there, good night, and mind you put your candle out safely. We have had enough of the water to-day; do not bring upon us the other element, fire.”

“La! Miss Geraldine, you frighten me out of my wits! Although there are so many sets of stairs in this house, one might run down easy enough by one or the other of them, still fire is awful. Good night, miss.”

As the abigail closed the door she left our heroine sitting at the dressing-table; but it was not at the mirror, which reflected her youthful beauty, that she gazed; her hands were crossed upon her knee—her eyes were fixed upon the ground—and thus she remained, mutely motionless, for nearly half-an-hour.

Of what was the fair Geraldine thinking?

Did her thoughts wander at all in search of that cousin, whom she had so desired to see; and if so, did those thoughts travel to the Mediterranean, where he was serving when she last heard of him? or did those thoughts picture him much nearer herself? Did she in those thoughts suspect, or had the quickness of a woman's eye discovered, the identity of one whom she so desired to see, with one who had interested her so greatly when seen, or were her thoughts occupied in musing on the danger which she had so lately undergone, or with him who appeared so opportunely and so courageously for her rescue? Did she muse on his gallantry, his daring, his tenderness, or his appearance? or did she turn over, in her own mind, the sentiments and the high views he seemed to cherish for his aims in life? Perhaps one, perhaps all of these emotions passed through her mind—who can say? Can you, fair reader? Have you ever mused and meditated on the virtues of some one who has suddenly appeared before you to exercise a resistless sway over your thoughts? If so, you well know how delicious is that pensive occupation, and how insensibly the soul becomes absorbed—you know how at last you start from reverie, and the dreaming spirit within, and turn to the avocations which demand your attention. Thus Geraldine, starting as she gazed at the time-piece upon the chimney, humbly commended herself to the care of the God she worshipped, and laid down to sleep on the happy and confiding couch of youth and purity, to enjoy those unbroken dreams of bliss which are ever attendant on such pillows.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE morning rose bright and unclouded, and seven o'clock found Geraldine tripping along in front of the house, to take that walk through the shrubbery which she had been accustomed to enjoy every morning since their arrival at this lovely spot.

She had not proceeded far, when a firmer step upon the gravel called her attention. Turning round, she beheld the new comer.

"Ah! Mr. Herbert, I have been flattering myself that I was the only early riser in the house, but I see you claim that virtue equally with myself."

"On such a day as this, and amid such scenery, the brightest joy of the day would be lost without early rising—to say nothing of the pleasure of such a companion, Miss Annesley."

"If you really mean that pretty speech, Mr. Herbert, come with me, and I will show you all my favourite haunts; but if you have lived in this neighbourhood, I suppose you know the estate better than I do."

"Why, as to that, I certainly have been over it several times, but it is so long ago, that the remembrance of the past rather adds a charm to the revisitation than detracts from it."

"Very well, then, we will proceed on our tour together."

"Then, first of all," said Herbert, "let us go down to the boat-house, and see what craft is left us to pull down to Dartmouth, after breakfast."

"Yes, that will be combining the useful and amusing together. Here is old Robert, the boatman, who lives at the boat-house lodge—you can give him your necessary orders."

As Geraldine said this, she led the way through a zig-zag path, cut in the rock, and overhung with trees, which led down to the brink of the river.

As our hero followed her, and they stood together on the platform constructed for the purpose of drawing up the boats of the estate, their eyes naturally turned towards the spot where their lives had so nearly terminated the night before.

"There is the terrible anchor-stone," said Herbert; "its head will soon be covered again; it is much about in the same state as when you struck on it last night."

A slight shudder passed over Geraldine's features, as she looked at the rugged point of the reef; then turning round to Herbert, "Point out to me the spot where you were, in the wood when you heard my screams."

"Do you see that oak tree yonder, that stands up a little above the rest? While I was taking shelter from the storm, in a small kind of cavern which is there——"

"So far off? you must have had considerable difficulty in running down to the shore from that spot."

"I got a tumble or two, but that is nothing."

"Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"Not at all."

"How singular it seems that we should have been so nearly drowned at the very door of our own house! Robert, did you not hear us screaming for assistance, last night, at the anchor-stone?"

"Anchor-stone, my lady? Has any accident happened at the anchor-stone? No, my lady, I never heard tell of it."

"So much for intelligence. Well, you will never see your old boat again. She struck the rock, and went down; and I and my brother were as nearly drowned as possible. If it had not have been for Mr. Herbert here, who swam to our assistance, and saved us at the peril of himself, we should have been lost. I wonder you never heard my screams, Robert."

"My lady, I had gone to bed, and was fast asleep, and the wind was blowing up stream; five hundred people might have been screaming on the rock, and I should never have been able to catch the sound of their voices."

"How careful one ought to be in venturing into danger, when it is so difficult to get assistance! Can you give us another boat, Robert, to pull down to Dartmouth to-day? What are you laughing at, Mr. Herbert?"

"Well," said our hero, "I was smiling at the contradictory nature of your remarks, proclaiming the necessity of caution in one breath, and preparing for a fresh excursion in another."

"You may well laugh at me, but you know I am emboldened by your seamanship; for I fear, without some assistance, I shall hardly be tempted to embark again with my brother alone."

"Well, there," said Herbert, "I think you are quite right; he has chiefly been accustomed to boating on the river at Cambridge, and the Thames, a very poor preparation for a large stream like this, full of valleys and ravines, where the wind rushes down the vales with the force of a tornado, compressed by the shape of the land, until it acquires a factitious violence; and out at sea, of course, the danger is still greater to a man not accustomed to it; but you may rely upon it, Miss Annesley, I shall put myself, for my parents' sake, into no unnecessary danger, and no harm shall come to you that I will not avert or share. Here, Robert, you wash out this long gig for to-day, and get yourself ready to pull an oar with us down the stream. What hour shall we depart, Miss Annesley?"

"Well, my brother takes his breakfast very leisurely. You will not persuade him to any act of exertion till eleven o'clock."

"Be ready then, with the boat, Robert, at eleven."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the man.

And the young couple, turning round, retraced their steps to the summit of the bank, and from that spot wandered through various walks till they reached the top of the hill; and, having admired the prospect from different points, they directed their course to the

gardens, which, situated in a secluded spot behind the house, were divided into several quadrangles, clothed with fruit trees, and beautifully planted with shrubs, and filled with bowers.

Ah! Master Herbert, it is a dangerous path of pleasure you are treading; basking in the eyes of beauty, at the early hour of dawn, amid all that is exquisite in nature, and refreshing to the senses; amid the perfumes of flowers, the song of birds, prospects of unrivalled beauty, and the full, yet unoppressive, beams of the summer sun, which gladden all they meet.

The bell for breakfast rung out loudly before either of the wanderers had any notion that half an hour had been passed together, instead of four times that space, and as they sought the breakfast-table, Herbert's hands loaded with grapes and peaches, which the fair Geraldine had picked, our hero regretted that hours like these should have any end.

At the breakfast-table they did not find the master of the house.

"Hobbes is never fond of making his appearance at an early hour," said Geraldine. "I therefore make a point of never waiting for him. This morning, I dare say the fatigues of last night incline him less than ever to rise. If you will ring for his valet, I will send up to inquire how he is."

Herbert rang the bell, not at all regretting in his own mind the absence of his cousin Hobbes.

The valet was sent with a message, and returned to say, that nothing could be better than Mr. Hobbes Annesley, and he should be glad to have his breakfast sent up to him.

The breakfast, therefore, passed like the morning walk.

After breakfast, Geraldine and our hero had a little conversation as to what was necessary to take for the day.

"We must not forget some champagne for Hobbes," said Geraldine, and turning to the butler, she ordered this addition to the well-stored hamper that was packed and despatched to the boat.

"Have you any air-cushions?" said Herbert.

"Yes, I think there are; O! yes, I know there are some."

"Well, then, in future make a point never to go yachting without taking two or three; if you had carried them yesterday, you might have been saved all that clinging to the rock, for it would have been impossible to sink with an air-cushion in one of your hands."

"I do not desire to make the experiment, but I will have them put in the boat; and now we will set out, and send back word to Hobbes that we are gone, or else we shall most likely have to stay here till the hour of noon."

"Well," thought Herbert, "I wonder, if that young gentleman imagined his poor cousin was so near his sister, whether he would take things so quietly."

Offering his arm this time to Geraldine, they went down to the boat, and got into it.

"Now, while your brother Hobbes is coming off, if you like, Miss Annesley, I will just take you over to the anchor-stone, and you will be able to see how high the water rises above it."

"Do you think it is safe?" said she, with a little sign of trepidation.

"If it were not, you may be sure I should be the last person to propose it."

"Very well, then, let us go."

In a few minutes, Herbert and the man had pulled the boat over across the Dart.

"Now," said Herbert, "as the tide is still running up the river, we will go on the safe side of the fellow, and which, at this time of the tide, is the Totness side, and then you look over the boat, and attentively down below, you will see that hideous monster, Mr. Anchor-stone, lying like some selfish hidden demon waiting for his prey. There, now, do you not see there is just the dark jagged form of the head, on which you were hanging last night?"

"What! with all this immense body of water over it?"

"Yes."

"What a frightful position we were in!"

"Ah! if all the lives could be mustered to which that rock has been fatal, they would make a sad and numerous array. Well, now we will cross over to Dittisham to see what account there is of your watches."

As they neared the little fishing village, the landlord was seen to come out of his inn, and heard to shout—"We have found the watches, sir."

"All right," said Herbert, "we are coming for them."

Having pulled up to the pier, and received these trinkets into his hand, he showed them to Geraldine.

"This is what you may call wearing a watch very hard."

"Yes, they may be called watches, but I think it is a stretch of courtesy; the glasses are broken, the hands are gone, the faces defaced, and the cases all battered."

"Nevertheless, if you send these two watches up to London to-morrow morning, you will get them all right again in ten days, and perhaps less."

"Pirate, ahoy!" was heard a voice hailing.

"There is Hobbes," said Geraldine; "what is he calling?"

"Why, I suppose he is accusing me of stealing his boat, for I understood him to say pirate."

"O! Hobbes," said Geraldine, "is that your gratitude for last night's deliverance?"

"Gratitude is as rare as it is beautiful, Miss Annesley," said Herbert, looking up to Geraldine's eyes. "You must not expect it always. To meet it once in a hundred times is in some cases an ample reward."

Geraldine understood the allusion, and, pretending to be playing with her watch-chain, said, "Tell my brother we are coming to him."

Herbert shouted back in reply, and putting the boat's head round, they proceeded down the river.

"Pray, take care of the anchor-stone," said Geraldine. "How could I tell whereabouts it is in the river?"

"I will show you," said Herbert. "Do you see this low point of land, which juts out just past your house?"

"Yes."

"Well, the anchor-stone lies between that point and your shore of the river, and it is about one-fourth of the way across, so that if you keep on the inner side of the middle of the river, and on your side of the Dart, you are sure always to be safe."

Ah, Herbert! are you quite sure that you are safe at present on the Greenway side of the river Dart? Appearances are rather against you. To refer back to your own philosophy, what man ever tasted such exquisite pleasure as you are now enjoying, and yet was perfectly safe from some heavy counterbalance of sorrow?

### CHAPTER XXIII.

"WELL, Mr. Herbert, have you got everything on board which is necessary for our excursion to-day?"

"Yes, I believe we have everything."

"Plenty of provision?"

"Plenty; some champagne expressly for you, Hobbes," said Geraldine.

"That is a darling. Have you plenty of your Turkish tobacco and pipes, Mr. Herbert?"

"Plenty."

"And Mr. Herbert says these air cushions which you despised so much yesterday, and which I wanted you to carry, would have been most useful in our awful extremity."

"Well, have you got them to-day?"

"Yes."

"Then now let us be off."

Stepping on board the boat, Herbert took one oar and Robert took the other.

"Come," said Hobbes, "though I am a lazy fellow, and do not come down to breakfast, still I can pull an oar; and as you, Mr. Herbert, know the navigation better than I do, and as I have had quite enough of navigation to last me for some time, suppose you come aft and take the yoke-lines, and I will help to pull you down."

"As you please," said Herbert, and, seating himself by the side of Geraldine, what pleased Hobbes in that case certainly pleased him.

The boat proceeded gaily down that exquisite river, and as it widened into the land-locked and capacious harbour of Dartmouth, the ancient town appeared on one hand, and the melancholy ruins of the wet dock, which the Seale family have allowed to go to decay, on the other.

They rested on their oars for a time, to admire the munificence of nature, that had provided such a perfect and magnificent harbour, scarcely rivalled in Great Britain for its accessibility at all times of the tide, and perfect shelter when gained, and which contrasted sadly with the want of enterprise of the principal landowners, which could allow the necessary works of such a harbour to go to ruin.

"Zounds, Mr. Herbert!" said Annesley, "this place seems to me to be expressly formed by nature for driving a magnificent trade. What could this Sir Henry Seale be dreaming of to let such an expensive and desirable thing as a wet dock go to ruin?"

"Well, the ruin, I believe, began in his father's time; but the family have a very great taste for foxhounds, and, I suppose, when times are hard to landowners, and even when they are not, it is difficult to keep up foxhounds and repair wet docks too at the same time. At any rate, here the choice has been made—the foxhounds flourish and the docks decay. All through Dartmouth the same melancholy traces of ruin and stagnation appear. The Seales own the greater part of the town, and it is sadly dotted by ruins. As to the business of the place, which was most considerable a hundred years ago, and which served to accumulate one of the largest fortunes made in Devon—that of the Hunts, port-wine merchants, connected with Oporto,—that trade has vanished; so also has the Newfoundland trade, which was very considerable here. The latter trade has chiefly migrated to Liverpool; the wine-trade has gone to London. But though many causes, have, no doubt, contributed to this misery, which has plunged an industrious community into poverty and want, the main reason of it, according to all account, has been, that villanous system of parliamentary corruption which is eating into the very life-blood of England. Before the Reform Bill, this borough for years was in the hands of a family who sold one seat for so many thousand pounds a parliament, and retained the other seat as a means of helping themselves to the appointments of the public money. The most bitter Toryism was then rampant in the town, and every being was persecuted who showed the least tendency to liberal views. The Reform Bill emancipated the town from this dishonest slavery, and then, after an interval of Whig ascendancy, the Whig proprietor rattled round once more to the Tory side. They have just perpetrated a Tory triumph, and now some six-and-thirty electors have received notice to be turned out of their holdings, lands, and houses; and every kind of persecution will be wreaked upon the poor but honest and independent electors who are called upon to undergo persecution even to beggary, in order that Lord Palmerston, and others who think with him, may have the pleasure of resisting what they call that un-English thing—the ballot."

"Does Lord Palmerston think it un-English?"

"That is his argument for resisting it, if it can be called an argument. I wonder if Lord Palmerston thinks it un-English to use the ballot when he votes at his club; or, if he would think it un-English to be subject to some spite or personal violence because he might,

without the ballot, think it his duty to vote against a quarrelsome member, or a quarrelsome member's friend."

"Do you use the vote by ballot at all the clubs?" said Geraldine.

"It would be impossible to conduct clubs without the ballot. Quarrels and personal fights would be so constant, they would all be broken up without the ballot."

"But, then, is it not extremely selfish in the upper classes to refuse to the poor the protection of the ballot at elections, if they are afraid to exercise their own rights in society against one another without the same protection as the ballot, themselves?"

"It is not only the height of selfishness, it is the perfection of cruelty, cowardice, and hypocrisy; and when one sees men who must know better, justifying the refusal of the ballot upon such childish arguments as to call it un-English, common sense is outraged at such proceedings. Is it, or is it not, un-English that a landlord should have the power of turning out thirty or forty tenants because they do not choose to allow him to rob them of their political opinions, which are frequently their only possessions? But, as the education of the people progresses, they will compel these selfish and unprincipled monopolists of the patronage and the taxes of the people to grant to others that protection which they are too cunning to do without themselves, and too cowardly, too unjust, and too dishonest at present to grant to others."

"And which is your yacht?" said Geraldine.

"There she lies; I will steer you alongside of her."

In a few minutes the cutter ran alongside of Herbert's yacht, which having been carefully preserved for him while he was at sea, had been got ready as soon as it was known he was on his return home.

Herbert having one of the keys of the cabin in his pocket, unlocked it and descended; opened the various scuttles and skylights, and, after allowing a few minutes for the fresh air to sweep through the hull, they all descended and explored their compact, comfortable quarters.

"Well, now," said Hobbes, "this is something like a boat. She is not too large for a couple of men to handle, and yet contains quarters sufficient for two or three days' cruise."

"Precisely," said Herbert; "that is just what I want, and many a good cruise I have had in her; and, if you will give me the pleasure of your company, Mr. Annesley, please God, we will have some good cruises in her yet."

This speech was made to Hobbes, but the speaker's eyes rested on his sister, and, though he carefully abstained from mentioning her, she was not without a shrewd suspicion that her presence would make a large part of the anticipated pleasure which Herbert mentioned.

Having made a careful survey of all that was on board, and a memorandum of all that was wanted, Herbert proposed to leave the provisions on board under lock and key, to go on shore and give instructions to his chief seaman to be all ready for sailing, at ten o'clock, on the following day.

This was done, and Herbert took advantage of that opportunity to order his horse round to the village of Dittisham, intending to mount it about ten o'clock at night, and sleep at Rosedale, and be back to breakfast on the following morning, at Greenaway.

After showing his friends all that was worthy of observation in the ancient town of Dartmouth—after gaining them admission to the room where Charles the First was said to have held his council, and pointing out all the beautiful old-fashioned house fronts, that abounded at every turning of the town, and survive with as much freshness as if the Prince of Orange had not yet landed at Torbay—having shown them the spot where a parliamentary general fixed his battery, and dwelt on the beauties of Gallant's Bower, and pointed out the batteries from which a chain in the olden time used to be drawn across the mouth of the harbour—they once more took a boat, and going on board the yacht, did ample justice to the viands prepared, and held a consultation with the old seaman as to what would be wanted for the following day.

"Take plenty of fishing-lines, and hooks, and bait," said Annesley. "I have often heard of deep-sea fishing, and should like to have a try at it."

As the evening drew on, our friends pulled slowly up the River Dart, admiring, in every new light, and at every turn, the romantic situation of the tower and the surrounding hills.

"I suppose it is the English character which must have altered, and that improvement has reached other places, and something stopped it short of Dartmouth; but certainly, this town has not at all the appearance of English towns in general. It has quite a foreign aspect."

"That arises from the romantic way in which the town is built, on the side of a steep hill, street above street—this naturally gives it, with the gardens interspersed, that indefinable something which reminds one of towns on the Rhine, towns in Greece, towns in Italy, where hilly scenery is more common than with us."

"But the streets in Dartmouth appear to me, Herbert, to be very narrow?"

"Yes," said Herbert, "that must be admitted; but, at the time they were built, carriages were unknown, and the commerce of the country was carried on entirely with pack-horses."

"But, then, how did the inhabitants go about in rainy weather?"

"Well, in this time, every family of the least pretensions kept its sedan-chair."

"Oh! ah! I had quite forgot the sedan-chair; already they are becoming matter of history."

"Yes," said Herbert, "we soon forget the most familiar objects when they are no longer present; but there are other things which give this foreign aspect to Dartmouth, namely, the flights of steps, and all those old carvings in the fronts of the houses of stone and wood; the picturesque steps reminding one of Malta, while the exterior embellishments of houses are now much more simple, from the increased cost of labour. By the way, Mr. Annesley, as we

are drawing once more near to Greenaway, and I have the yoke-lines in my hand, just tell me will you sleep at home or not, or will you pass another evening on the anchor-stone?"

"No, thank you, I prefer getting home to dinner, and so I beg you will land us safely at the boat-house, and not give the anchor-stone even the ghost of a chance."

In compliance with this injunction, Herbert directed the bows of the boat to the desired spot; and the trio, fully pleased with their day's amusement, went into the house to dress for dinner.

As soon as the cloth had been removed—"By the way, Geraldine," said her brother, "what account did you give to my father of our accident?"

"Well, Hobbes, to tell you the truth, I have been weighing it in my mind all day. I thought over, this morning, what account to give of it; and then I thought I would ask you, and so the day wore on, and every time I thought of the post going out so early as it does in this neighbourhood, I felt that I had neglected a duty, and yet I could not discharge it without your assistance."

"Come, come, Miss, that will not do; you can write letters fast enough without me at your elbow, I know. That was not the reason. What was it?"

"Why," said Herbert coming to the rescue, but perhaps not wholly disinterested, "before you write to describe the accident, I think you had better, as they say in the House of Commons, consider the previous question."

"What is that?" said Hobbes.

"Whether it is desirable to write at all to say anything about it."

"Why not say anything about it?"

"Well, if your father is detained in town on business, and does not want to come down here immediately, and your mother, as I understood you to say to-day, does not wish to come without him, do you not think it possible that your narrating this accident may fill them with fears as to your being down here at all?"

"Well, there is something in that."

"For instance, they may take it into their heads that your sister cannot have gone through such a wetting without catching a severe cold."

"Ah! by Jove, they might think that, certainly; and, if they once get it into their heads, I know my mother would be down here as fast as the express train and four horses could carry her."

"But then comes the question," said Geraldine, "is it, or is it not, unkind to withhold from our parents all knowledge of the subject?"

"Oh!" said Herbert, "is it a matter of that importance? Might you not leave it, with all propriety, until they themselves come down here and see that you are both perfectly recovered. If they think it is a dangerous neighbourhood for boating,—and yet understand that you are daily going out on the water,—that will deprive them of all comfort while you are here."

"Well," said Geraldine, "taking that view of it, and as we are not

at all hurt, and not likely to fall into the same danger again, perhaps it is wiser to leave it until they come down. I suppose they will be down in a fortnight, and then you know, Mr. Herbert, we can present you as our deliverer in due form."

"Yes," said Hobbes Annesley, "that evidently is the card; old people are proverbially timid. At present my mother is enjoying herself in her own way, and we will not spoil her sport; but when they come down, and see how the case really stands, their fears will vanish."

"Well, Mr. Herbert, do you absolve me of all wrong, then, if I write to-morrow and say nothing of the accident?"

"Yes, Miss Annesley, I think I may safely do that."

"Even although you are not her father confessor," said Hobbes.

"Precisely,—but if she appoints me captain of her yacht, that is the next confidential post, and so we will leave it."

"By the way, do you find your coat much shrunk by the dripping it got yesterday? I wonder where mine went with the tide."

"Well, I hope some poor fisherman will get it up with his hooks; mine, I confess, is not much improved; and, talking of that, I ordered my horse to be brought over to the opposite coast of Dittisham this evening about ten o'clock. I will ride home, and let my family know that I am going out for a day or two's cruise, and they will not be surprised at my absence."

"Ah! do; and tell them we will bring home no end of fish."

"Well," said Herbert, "I am afraid that intelligence will not create such a profound impression as it ought, seeing that it is so common in this part of the world. They cannot expect us to be such good fishermen as practised hands."

"Yes, but mamma always likes fish caught by her own son, you know."

"True," said Herbert.

"Then, on that principle, we had better run into the harbour at Torquay, and the first basket-full we catch, you had better send up by express train to your father in town."

"Capital!" said Annesley; "and do not forget to remind me to-morrow to take a box of my best Havannahs,—I have some very peculiar. A friend of mine, a good-for-nothing old vagabond of a slave-owner, has one of the tobacco estates in the island, and he always supplies me with a small quantity of his oldest stock, charging a precious good price, of course. I will give you a regular treat."

"Thank you," said Herbert; "and after that, as it is slave-grown tobacco, I decline smoking it."

"Why, nonsense; you do not mean to say you carry your whims and oddities to that extent?"

"To be sure I do;—I always smoke Turkish tobacco for that reason, and then I know it is free."

"Oh, you do, do you? you are a nice young man. And do you always take care to get free-grown sugar?"

"At home I do," said Herbert.

"And how do you do when you are out visiting in the house of an obtuse, unprincipled-minded wretch like myself?"

"Why, he drinks none," said Geraldine; "at least he took none this morning at breakfast."

"And, pray, do you insist upon free-grown cotton for your shirts?"

"Yes," said Herbert.

"Where the deuce can you get it from? How can you know it is free?"

"I get it from auld Ireland, and they call it linen there."

"Oh! I beg your pardon. Well, you are unsaleable;—there I give you up as a bad bargain. You shall not have any of my cigars."

"But you shall have some of my Turkish tobacco; and, as I brought it with a few good hookhas, direct from Constantinople myself——"

"Very well, I promise to forget your insult to my unhappy cigars; and now, if the melancholy hour of parting has arrived, do not drown in the ferry,—do not break your neck on horseback; and at what hour will you be here?"

"Well, I hope to be here at seven o'clock."

"Then you shall have the most unqualified praise for early rising, and my sincere wishes for following so good an example."

## CHAPTER XXIV

As a general rule, there were very few things which Herbert concealed from his parents.

What was it, then, which made him so reluctant to speak of his newly-found relations?

Why was it, in answer to the inquiries of his mother, as to what had kept him on the preceding evening, that he hurried over with a short summary gloss the services he had rendered, describing it as a mere boat accident, in which he had been of some use to a lady and gentleman visiting Devonshire?

Was it that he felt there was anything wrong in his cultivating the acquaintance of his relation, or was it merely the result of that passion which, when it attacks the mind, seems always to endeavour to secrete itself from the observation, not only of every one around, but of its own consciousness?

In a few hours, all Herbert's preparations were made, his yacht ready for sea, and he himself, punctual to his word, rowed up to the boat-house at Greenaway, and presented himself at the breakfast table.

With infinite delight, Herbert took charge of his new friends in

their expedition to sea, and, by two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, they all weighed, and made sail for the fishing-ground off the Start and Berryhead.

Anxious as Master Hobbes had been for a little experience in deep-sea fishing, there was one part of nautical life which he had grievously overlooked, but of which he became painfully conscious when about five or six miles off from land; the impossibility, namely, of persuading a terrestrial stomach of the vast superiority of a nautical existence. In vain Herbert hove the yacht to, and got out the fishing-lines with great speed and dexterity, and succeeded in hauling on board some fine specimens of cod, bass, and other inferior inhabitants of the vasty deep; the gills of poor Mr. Hobbes became exceedingly pale, and nothing but a recumbent position sufficed to keep life in him. Strange to say, however, his sister was so far from sharing the fate of her brother, that she never seemed in better spirits, and, as sea sickness from all time past has been deemed to be a fair subject of joke and banter, not all her compassion for her brother prevented her indulging in the amusement he had prepared for himself.

Having administered to the sufferer sundry pieces of sugar dipped in brandy, Geraldine and Herbert continued fishing with great animation until the sun showed symptoms of setting.

"Now," said Herbert, addressing the sufferer, "are you sufficiently ill for us to run back to the land?"

"I am not sufficiently ill," said Hobbes, "nor do I desire to go ashore, but I think we may as well go back into smooth water."

"Very well," said our hero, "agreed. Suppose we do this then. As the wind is from the north-west, and we meet the same difficulty in making Dartmouth harbour, suppose we put the ship's head up, and run down into Torbay for the night."

This counsel was agreed to, and on the following morning all parties landed in fair enjoyable health to avail themselves of the beautiful bathing-sands at Paignton, returning to the yacht to breakfast with considerable appetite.

In deference to the feelings of the invalid, that day was passed in reading novels and smoking cigars, with a copious libation at dinner time.

"This naval life is a very pleasant style of thing, is it not, Mr. Herbert?" said Hobbes. "I am rather sorry sometimes that I did not see a little of the navy myself as a lad. It is a good school."

"You would have found it a very different school from this," said our hero. "Champagne dinners, and nautical novels in the smooth waters of Torbay!"

"Ah! I suppose there is a difference. Well, we will put to sea again to-morrow, and see what we think of it."

On the following morning the yacht once more put out to sea, and our friends recommenced their fishing.

With this day there was an evident improvement in the health of Master Hobbes, but still he was sufficiently glad when the yacht came to an anchor under the beautiful rocks of Babbicombe.

On the next following day, they once more put out upon their

cruise, and that night anchored off Teignmouth; and in this way they continued, day after day, sauntering and idling along those beautiful shores, Hobbes chiefly engaged with his novels, and his champagne, and cigars, and Herbert equally engrossed by draughts of a more ethereal, but of scarcely less intoxicating, nature.

Frequently, when the sun set, Geraldine and her brother accompanied Herbert, in the broad moonlight, in the little dingy of the yacht to some slight distance, where they might be entirely alone, and, taking parts in vocal music, they passed two or three hours in listening to the sweet effects of music mellowed by the water.

Having at last reached the neighbourhood of Portland, Hobbes decided that by this time the amount of letters which must have arrived at Greenaway would require some attention, and Herbert reluctantly acquiesced in his wish to return.

On the following day the yacht stood away to the westward, but baffling winds prevented their arrival off the mouth of the Dart until about ten o'clock at night, when they resolved to stand on through the harbour and go up with the tide, and anchor under the woods of Greenaway, where they landed in the dingy at the boat-house.

Delighted at once more finding himself at home, Hobbes ran on before, and left our hero to help Geraldine up the winding steps.

"How capital!" said Hobbes Annesley; "these fellows in the house have actually got some supper waiting for us, and I see the lights in the dining-room."

"Well, that is an unexpected welcome," rejoined our hero, "but not the less enjoyable for being unexpected."

"I shall vote a crown of parsley to the butler for this opportune remembrance of his absent lord," said Hobbes, dashing uproariously through the library, singing divers snatches of sea songs, closely followed by his sister still leaning on the arm of Herbert, and divulging on her cheek, by no end of roses, the tender words he had been uttering.

Scarcely had Hobbes Annesley thrown open the dining-room door, when at once all his mirth was hushed, and he started back in amazement. There was laid the supper-table, indeed; but there, at the head and at the bottom of it, sat—

"Oh! direful spectacle!"

the honourable member for Truckvote, Richard Annesley, Esq., M.P., and his tender-hearted mate, Geraldine's mamma.

For some moments Hobbes felt staggered. A confused notion that he was a very great culprit seemed to take possession of him, though he hardly knew why.

Geraldine felt herself sufficiently faulty, but she seemed to know perfectly wherefore; and, as to our hero, he felt the hour was come to pay a bitter expiation for all the short elysium that, day after day, had passed over his head, since the first he spent in that memorable apartment.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Annesley, they sat rigidly upright in their chairs, looking at one another as if they were a couple of living

statues; and the three young people, who had just entered from the library, were mere fictions, shadows, young and lovely ghosts, or some other representation of the human frame, which it would be quite improper to notice otherwise than by this most freezing demeanour.

"Oh! my dear father," at last, said Hobbes Annesley, going up to his unexpected governor, as he was fond of calling him, "this is an unanticipated pleasure."

"So I conclude, sir."

"My dear mother," said Geraldine, rushing forward, and throwing herself on her mother's neck—

"You need not waste your affected enthusiasm on me, Miss Annesley."

"My dear, sir," said Hobbes, "I hope nothing has occurred that I am not acquainted with."

"I do not know, sir, what you are acquainted with; I wish, sir, you had acquainted me with a little more."

"Well, my dear father, we will discuss any matter as soon as we are private. For the present, allow me to introduce you to the young gentleman who saved the life of myself and my sister—Mr. Herbert."

"Mr. Herbert!—Mr. Herbert who? What other name does the gentleman bear besides Herbert?"

"I do not understand you, my dear father!—what do you mean?—his name is Herbert—this is Mr. Herbert! and I have great pleasure in introducing him; and must say that I did not expect, certainly, that he would meet such a welcome, after rendering such a service."

"I perceive, sir, you have not been honoured with the confidence of your preserver; that you have not been informed of this gentleman's whole name. It would rather become me to introduce him to you. This young gentleman, it seems, is Mr. Herbert Annesley."

"My cousin!" exclaimed Geraldine.

"Yes, Miss Annesley, if you have yet to learn—it is your cousin."

"I am so glad of it!" cried Geraldine, and, deliberately walking up to our hero, as he stood utterly confounded in the middle of the room, she put out both her hands to shake his.

Our hero at once discerned the whole future at a glance, and, determined not to be thus put down, coolly raised first one hand, and then the other, to his lips, and said—"Your cousin never can be too thankful for having rendered a service in that quarter, of all others, where he most desired to have offered it. Pray, Mr. Annesley," stepping forward to the father, "do me the favour to say in what mode I have been so unfortunate as to incur your displeasure?"

"My cousin!" exclaimed Hobbes Annesley, "can it be possible that you are the son of my father's brother?"

"There, sir, is not that sufficient for you to have enticed my children into your society under an assumed name?"

"You are this young lady's father, Mr. Annesley," said our hero, the blood mounting to his forehead, "and in that capacity you are safe; but very few men, who breathe upon this earth, should dare ever

to insinuate that I have taken any advantage of a false name. I gave no name whatever! I was never asked to give a name; and, hearing myself styled Mr. Herbert, by my host and cousin there, Mr. Hobbes Annesley, I did not care to inquire how he had either obtained that information, or whether he knew that, in addition to the name of Herbert, I bore the same name, and, let me add, the same blood as himself! But, let me ask again, what is the extraordinary offence which you allege against me, that the mere fact of my relationship to you should be brought forward as a crime?"

"I decline, sir, to enter into any explanation. I have not the honour of knowing you, sir, and it is an honour, I suppose, warlike young gentleman as you are, you must still permit me to decline in my own house."

"You need say no more," said Herbert. "I have no doubt what my crime is; it is the crime which has been perpetrated always against you by my father—the old crime of poverty; but I think you might have reserved this conduct for that moment when you found me seeking any favour at your hands. You may forget the past, but"—turning his back on all but Geraldine, and walking close up to her side—"while life is granted to me, I never shall be untrue to it."

Rapidly pressing Geraldine's hand once more to his lips, in a few more seconds our hero had regained the wood in front of the house, on his way to his abode.

When, however, he arrived at that point where the last view of the house could be obtained, he could not forbear sitting down upon the bank, and gazing steadily, for a few minutes, at the dwelling that contained one being dearer to him in life than all beside.

The moonlight fell brightly on the pile of building, throwing into deep shadow the portico, while, through several windows, danced the bright lights in succession, as servants hurried to and fro in the stillness of that midnight hour, when everything around looked so beautiful, so calm, and so happy. Herbert detected the distant wail of the human voice, with that sort of hysterical cry which denotes a woman's agony.

"Shall I turn back?" thought he; "but no, I cannot intrude myself into the house, or be of any use; and, if I am found outside, it will be supposed I am listening. Alas! what a melancholy interruption of a brilliant and delicious dream!"

Plunging once more into the wood, he soon gained the boat-house; and, putting off in one of the Greenaway boats to his own yacht, now riding at anchor on the distant shore, he jumped on deck, and sat down to consider what course he had better pursue.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"WHAT in the name of all the furies could so blind you, Hobbess, as not to see that this man must be no other than your cousin? The very man of all others that I should most have objected even to be introduced to your sister; and here have you been and thrown them in one another's way, morning, noon, and night, in the most intimate manner possible."

"Well, my dear father, now I look at it, I confess it is a piece of most grievous stupidity."

"Then why, in the name of fortune, did you commit it?"

"It never for a moment occurred to me, that this young fellow could be my own cousin. You know I had never seen him, and, in fact, I never thought about him. It was natural that I should feel very much obliged to him for saving my life at the risk of his own; and a precious narrow go it was, I assure you, as you will say when I show you the anchor-stone to-morrow."

"D—— the anchor-stone, and this place too! I wish you had never seen either one or the other. I sent you both down here because her lungs are delicate, and you must needs take her out boating, and expose her to the most excessive danger that she could possibly undergo."

"Well, but my dear father, what is a fellow to do in a lonely house like this? You see there are no neighbours—there is no society—nothing nearer than Torquay; you could not expect us to go out nibbling the grass like sheep, you know. I smoked as many cigars as I could, but a man cannot always smoke cigars. I got through two dozen a day; I thought that was pretty well; and then with the river running right under one's nose."

"It is always the way with you, Hobbess; you never think of anything but indulging yourself."

"Well, it is a very difficult thing to accomplish."

"But why, having escaped this peril, must you go out to sea in the man's yacht?"

"Well, I had a fancy to see the neighbourhood, you know. Geraldine never was better. The physicians in London, you know, recommended the sea breezes."

"Curse the sea breezes! And you must take her out to be cheek by jowl, for a week, with that poor beggar, a naval lieutenant. What chance, I should like to know, will Alderman Pursey have of making himself agreeable to her? And you know the alderman himself had arranged everything for their marriage. Nothing is wanting but the girl's consent."

"Well, as to that, I do not know that it is worth waiting for that."

Let the thing go forward, she will be sure to consent at the right time."

"You talk like a fool, and you have acted like a fool, and have totally upset every plan that I had for your sister's settlement in life. Even if this fellow had been an utter stranger to you, I wonder you could have been so thoughtless as to take her to sea in the yacht of a man of whom you know nothing."

"Why, as to that, let me tell you, if you were to get wrecked in a boat upon a rock in the dead of night, expecting every minute to go to Davy Jones's locker, as they say at sea, and any young fellow swam off from shore and saved you, I can tell you, governor, you would find your acquaintance with that young man improve at a marvellous quick rate; you must not measure such friendships by the ordinary rule; and as to going in the same yacht with him, you know I was there to prevent any flirtation."

"Of much use your presence would be, after the proof you have given me of what your vigilance amounts to. Do you hear the girl now in strong hysterics? But there, it is always the way when once a man is fool enough to get children, he fixes a set of blisters upon his back, that he never gets rid of for the rest of his life."

"Oh! sir, you look too seriously at it. Byron says, an 'eternal' attachment only lasts a fortnight; so that the worst of flirtation, even supposing my sister has got any notion of it, would not go on for more than a week or ten days."

"Hold your tongue, sir; every word you utter only makes me think you more and more of an ass."

"Very well, then I will say no more," said Hobbes, drawing out a cigar case, and lighting a cigar at a wax candle. Mixing himself a glass of hollands and water, and sticking his foot upon the fire-place, he was soon lost in a dense volume of tobacco smoke, while his baffled and disgusted father, crossing his right leg over his left knee, sat pulling the hairs out of his eyebrows.

After a silence of about half-an-hour, Hobbes was beginning to hope that his father's rage had mitigated, when the door opened, and in came Mrs. Annesley.

"Oh! my dear," said she, lifting up her hands, "this is a most dreadful piece of business—a dreadful state of affairs. Here is Geraldine still in hysterics, and the moment I mentioned the alderman, and begged her to remember her good looks, she only went off worse again. As for you, Hobbes, you have quite ruined your sister's prospects. Alderman Pursey is to be down here to-morrow morning. What shall we do with him?"

"Well, mother," said Hobbes, "I will persuade him to come in a boat with me, and I will give him a dose of the anchor-stone. Just let him pass an hour on the top of that rock at the turn of high tide, and my father there can swim off to his relief; then, if they do not both go to London with a very exalted notion of my cousin's courage, and the difficulties of the Dart, I am much mistaken."

"It is all very fine of you, sir, to make a joke of your wickedness, but your conduct is unpardonable. You know very well, if there was

a young man I detested in the world, it was this Herbert Annesley, and you have taken your sister and thrown her deliberately in his face."

"Well, my dear mother, you know your sex can love half-a-dozen people at once. Just allow her to cherish the idea of the gallant lieutenant in peace, and I dare say she will marry the alderman to please you."

"You know very well, sir, there is no chance of it. I am sure, if a poor woman knew when she watched over her children with unceasing parental care, what trouble they would give her in settling in life, especially the girls, she never would be able to get through with it. Mr. Annesley, do mix me some port wine negus. I really am quite exhausted."

"That is right, my dear mother, do take something short; I assure you, you are making more fuss of this than the thing deserves. If you had received young Annesley kindly, and thanked him for his services, you might easily have choked him off from paying any addresses to my sister, if that is what you are afraid of."

"Afraid of, Hobbes! You know the way in which we have always taken care of that child, and never allowed anything like a younger son, or a poor nobody, to come near her, and now you must put her in the way of this very cousin she has been always raving about, since she cut that paragraph out of the papers about him, and you must go through the farce of his saving her life, and, not content with that, but you must take her out to sea for ten days in his yacht."

"But, my dear mother, I had got a vague notion that he was a young man of large fortune, and perhaps some relation of Lord Pembroke. I found one of his handkerchiefs marked Herbert, and by his keeping a yacht and horses in the neighbourhood, it struck me that he was a very proper acquaintance for us. But how came you to hear of all this, and come down here in this sudden way?"

"Why, did not your father see the accident in the 'Morning Post,' copied from the 'Western Times.' When we wrote to you to know if it was true, we could get no answer to our letters, so, of course, your father and myself posted down here to see what was the matter in the meanwhile. There we found you again at sea with this very young man, who, of all others, we should have wished you to have avoided, and whom we believed to be safely up the Baltic or the Mediterranean, or some of those safe places."

"But, do you mean that Herbert Annesley's name found its way into the 'Morning Post?'"

"Of course it did, and everybody in the neighbourhood knew it was Herbert Annesley but you, who were most interested in knowing it."

"Well, my dear mother, it is very singular, certainly. If it had been a fall now in the price of currants, I should have known all about it."

"Ah! you will have to dabble in currants a long day, I can tell you, before you make up for this blunder."

"Well, then, mother, I suppose you consider this a speculation in plums."

"None of your coarse jokes. It is an unhappy thing for parents who ever know what it is to be troubled with children—they never know the last of it. Half a glass more negus, Mr. Annesley, if you please, not quite so strong as the last."

"Well, my dear mother, I am sorry you are so put out, but if I could only persuade you, now, to take one of these real havannahs with that second glass of negus of yours, I assure you you would look at the matter in a more philosophical spirit."

"Leave the room, sir," thundered the father, and Master Hobbes, in anticipation of this request, had already risen from his chair, and sauntered slowly out upon the terrace.

---

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"How will Hobbes Annesley act? Will he, like a base cur, side entirely with his father and turn his back upon me, and forget the hour when I helped him back to life," thought our hero, "or is there sufficient good feeling in him to stand my friend, and help me to a chance of occasionally seeing his sister? Surely, he cannot be quite so base as to forget the past; at any rate I will wait at this anchorage till to-morrow morning, about eleven o'clock, and then I will drop slowly down to Dartmouth. If Hobbes Annesley has any good feeling in him—he knows where the yacht is anchored—he will find his way on board her between this and then, and give me the cue how to proceed."

Having come to this resolution, Herbert descended to the cabin. On the table he still found the gloves that his divinity had so lately worn. There lay her sketch-book and pencils, with several of the sketches they had made in their voyage—flowers that he had gathered from the last spot where they had rambled on shore together and presented to her, and which she had placed in water. Gathering all these little mementoes with a lover's affection, he went and placed them on the pillow of the cabin she had so recently occupied, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Then going to rest in his own berth, he waited the events of the morrow.

Nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came, but no Hobbes Annesley.

Ordering his men to pull up the anchor, he now stood slowly down the river, anxiously scanning the woods of Greenaway as he passed, to see if he could detect among the trees the form which he most desired to see. He looked, however, in vain. There was the old boatman at the boathouse, who took his hat off as the yacht passed, and no other living object was discernible.

On arriving, however, in Dartmouth, he gave the necessary orders for the care of the yacht, and made the best of his way back to Rosedale.

How different in his eyes that lovely spot now appeared! The charm had flown, the spell was broken—the doubt, and distress, and perpetual hesitation of his own mind seemed to have thrown a veil over all its beauties, and they no longer delighted him.

In answer to the thousand and one questions of his parents, who very naturally endeavoured to gain from him all the particulars of his late services, he answered in an absent and distrait manner, wandering about from room to room, from the garden to the shore, from the shore once more to the garden, he felt himself unable to fix his mind on anything.

With all the lover's unreasonable expectations, he hoped that each post would bring him some letter from Hobbes Annesley, but nothing came; and unable to bear the suspense any longer, on the third day he hurried down to the harbour, and taking his boat, pulled to the neighbourhood of Greenaway.

Anxiously his eyes watched the appearance of his friends on the shore, but no one was to be seen.

At any rate, thought he, there can be no harm in just touching at the boathouse, and asking my old friend, Robert, for a glass of water.

Hearing the boat approach, Robert made his appearance from the inside of the boathouse.

"Glad to see your honour this morning," said Robert, carrying his finger up to his hat.

Robert spoke in a loud and hearty-toned voice, as if he cared not a straw who heard him.

This rather surprised Herbert, for fearful of old Annesley being in the woods, he was not particularly anxious that his visit should be known. Herbert looked again. There was something in the man's expression of face which struck him as ominous.

"Can you give me a glass of water, Robert?"

"Certainly, your honour," and the old man ran in to get it, while Herbert, stepping out upon the steps cut in the rock, made fast his little boat.

"How is your young master and mistress?" said Herbert, holding out his hand for the glass as the latter brought it out to him.

"Well, I hope, sir, they have made their voyage out all right, but they have gone away in a precious hurry."

"Gone!" said Herbert.

"Yes, your honour, they are gone, sure enough, every man jack of 'em."

"What! do you mean that the family has left Greenaway?"

"Yes, sir, that very night as you come home; about two in the morning there was a special messenger sent up to Totness for three sets of post-horses, and the old gentleman, and his wife, and the young master, and mistress, all set off from here by eight o'clock,

leaving the servants to pack up, behind them, and the servants set off with post-horses the next day, and now the old house is swept and empty, as clean as a whistle."

Herbert handed back the glass of water untasted, and staggering to a rustic seat, sat down.

"Is it possible, Robert, they are gone?"

"I thought your honour would be sorry to hear it," said Bob; "but cheer up, sir," he added, after a minute, with a knowing twinkle in his eye, "so long as the chase is worth making sail for, a good seaman is sure to overhaul it, sooner or later."

"And are they actually gone! gone! gone!" he repeated several times, as if trying to convince himself, and then he added, in an under voice, "they have gone, then, while I slept, and when I looked for her here, she must already have been miles away. I suppose they drove to a station?"

"Yes, your honour, straight to Totness. I understood the servants the next day to say they had gone back to London."

"Well, if that is so, I will just stroll up and look round the gardens."

"Anything your honour likes," said Robert: "I will look after your boat:" and our hero, full of the tenderest melancholy, slowly traced his way up those romantic walks, and stood upon the terrace where the front door of the house, now wide open, offered no impediment to his entering at leisure, and surveying those apartments where such a bright glimpse of happiness had been known to him. From the house he passed on through the court-yard into the gardens. There, slowly sauntering from bower to bower, now sitting on one spot, where he had twined roses for her hair, now loitering by another where he had helped her to feed her little finny favourites. At last he arrived at what she termed, *par excellence*, her garden—a small spot, entirely secluded by high evergreen hedges, with a delicate little fountain in the centre. Round this was ranged, in grottoes, several seats, surrounded by the sweetest flowers, and secluded from the heat.

There was the shrine, indeed, yet the divinity was not only absent, but, in all human probability, would not again return to these bowers. In a few weeks or days the owner of the house, or his agents, would return to take possession, and Herbert himself must this day go forth, perhaps never to visit the scene of such intense and short-lived happiness again.

Full of these thoughts, he felt himself unable to tear himself away, and spent the day in vainly endeavouring to devise some mode of action—some means of communicating with his stolen idol. This was not, however, so easy. Sunset soon found him lingering in the garden, and, it was not until he had pulled down to Dartmouth, that he had made his mind up to the course of action necessary to be pursued. In all human probability the family had gone back to their seat in Essex, but if our hero pursued them thither, to what purpose would it be? It was evident the great service he had rendered to the family was to be entirely overlooked, and he was to be carefully shunned, as one branded with the leprosy of poverty.

Should he go down to Annesley Park? To what purpose? It was quite clear that his uncle would not only refuse to see him, but that Geraldine would be kept carefully secluded from his gaze, and even if he saw her, what course should he take; for, beyond that natural instinct which, without a word, discloses to two people thus situated the attachment of their lives, no actual *éclaircissement* had occurred between them?

In this state of perplexity it occurred to Herbert that his own mind was in too great a state of excitement to see his path clearly, and that what he really wanted was the cool and unbiassed judgment of a third person. Drystick immediately occurred to him. "Yes," said our hero, "I will row down to Dartmouth, go home to-morrow morning, ride over to Torquay, and hold a council of war. Drystick, at 'a pinch,' must be the man."

---

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"Now, Herbert, my boy, listen to me," said old Drystick, after the usual flourish of hands, and a monstrous pinch of snuff,—

" 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.'

"Now, first of all, my good fellow, just determine this question. Of course you are head over heels in love with this girl—there, do not hang your head and look sheepish—no man ever admitted such a fact in his life, however often he has been in that awkward position. Now, suppose you get the lady's consent, are you ready to marry her?"

"Do you suppose, Dr. Drystick——"

"Now, my good Herbert, none of your heroics. Of course I suppose you mean everything that is honourable; but what I mean is—are you, a midshipman—absolutely a full midshipman—going to embark in matrimonial cares?"

"A fig for all cares, sir! When a man is in love he wants to be married."

"That is all very fine, but, unless he sees his way before him, it is merely leading himself and the lady into a monstrous scrape. If you were a Post Captain, now, and had a Post Captain's pay to support a wife, and the Lord knows how many children, I should, even then, think you ran a very great risk of your own happiness and hers too,

in plunging into this affair ; but I suppose your father has sufficient property to leave you independent ?”

“ Yes, but my father is not going to die just yet to make room for me, and, if he were willing to do so, I would not allow him. Of course, ultimately, the same property on which he now lives will all be mine.”

“ Well, well, that is enough, you know, because it is quite clear to my mind, that this old hunk of a father—how well I remember seeing him in his office—will never let you marry his daughter, or give you a farthing with her, if you marry her without his consent. Still, if you have enough to secure the independence of yourself and children, ultimately, that is all a man of honour need look to. Are you quite sure, now, Herbert, this is no passing whim caused by a beautiful face ?”

“ If you talk in that way, Dr. Drystick, I shall terminate the conversation.”

“ O, of course you will go up like a sky-rocket, no doubt. Well, I suppose I must take it for granted that this is one of the incurable attachments, so my advice to you is, to go down to Annesley Park, just pop the question to your lady-love, and see whether you are to be an accepted lover or not.”

“ O ! my dear doctor !—Do you think I require——”

“ Ah ! no, of course you do not require anything. Well, it is taken for granted then. So, supposing that at any rate you go down, and go through the form of arranging an engagement between you, and then go back to sea and get your promotion as fast as you can. Stay ; I have it. You and I, my boy, will set off together to Annesley Park. I will go as your ambassador, to that hard-hearted old brute of a father, and make your proposals in due form for the lady.”

“ Oh ! my dear doctor, what in the name of fortune will be the good of that ? The father will be sure to reject me immediately.”

“ To be sure he will, but then the chances are that when I call I may have previously seen him go off to his business in town. I may ask to see the mother—I may ask to see the young lady—I may carry a note from you with vows of unalterable attachment—I may get five minutes’ conversation perhaps to arrange some future line of operations. Who knows what I may be able to manage ? And even at the worst, if I only see the old buffer himself, it will be very hard if the great Mr. Wordsworth cannot worm out of him some intelligence as to his future movements, that may be very useful to you in the course of your true love, however unsmoothly it may run.”

“ Doctor, you are right ; that is the line of operation—I see it is bold, decided—I cannot say there is anything clandestine in it. I agree with you, the chances are you will be able to deliver a note to her, or at worst, you can arrange some initial for an advertisement in the ‘Times.’ When can you go ?”

“ Well, my dear fellow, I have got to receive some prize-money from the Admiralty ; what do you say to this day week ?”

“ This day week, Drystick ? Oh ! it is an eternity to a man in my position. You do not know what they may do with her in a week.”

"Well, to be sure, I forgot all about dungeons and inquisitions; but I suppose you are afraid the lady will forget you in a week. Well, then, I will set off with you the day after to-morrow. Meet me at the Torquay station, by the morning express train."

"Good," said Herbert; "we shall soon know the long and the short of this matter."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"For my part, my dear Herbert, I think there is nothing like taking—

‘ Mine ease at mine inn,’

whenever an opportunity offers. I have therefore ordered a bowl of bishop to follow a very good supper, and the landlord has promised not to keep us waiting more than twenty minutes. Considering we left Torquay at eleven this morning, we have made out this journey pretty well. Come, you young rascal, turn off that sofa, and let me lay my old bones there."

As Drystick said this, Herbert rose from his seat, at the Three Feathers at Saffron Waldron, and made room for his *Fidus Achates*.

"Now, Herbert," said the latter, "what would be the best line of operation to-morrow? Shall we try to catch the father, or shall we level our guns at the mother? If I see the mother I may perhaps see the daughter. The chicken, you know, generally runs with the hen."

"Ah! my dear doctor, do not allude to such a divine creature as Geraldine in such a familiar way."

"Well, my dear fellow, I can vary it you know, if you like; the calf generally runs with the cow. But to talk seriously, if we see the honourable member, I know, from the stiff manner of the old fellow, I shall have a dry discussion—perhaps get into an infernal rage with him; at any rate, it will come to a conclusion in no time, and I shall be able to get little or nothing out of him; but if we watch him off to town, and then drop down upon the old hen, she will be sure to like to hear herself talk, and if I just throw in a little pat of butter or two and some soft solder, I shall be able to draw her out nicely; whichever one of the two I may broach my proposals to, they are sure to give us a refusal; all we can hope, therefore, is in getting that refusal we may get the largest amount of information. My vote therefore is for the old lady."

"Well, perhaps it is wisest, Drystick; but I warn you there is very little of the sex about her, but the name. She will sell you before she has done with you."

"Well, I will take a receipt from her at any rate. Now the first

thing will be to find out whether the family are here at all. What a sell it will be if they have never come back to the park, but on reaching London, have taken this poor girl off to the continent. Perhaps now they are at Baden-Baden, on their way to Florence, Heliogoland, or some other outlandish place."

"I have no doubt of this—that if they are not already there, they are cogitating the propriety of going."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, it seems from what the brother told me, that they took the house at Greenaway from some notion that Geraldine's lungs were delicate, and that a Devonshire atmosphere would be useful. Now the Devonshire scheme being suddenly given up, it would not at all surprise me if they had recourse to some foreign climate to carry out the same view."

"Well, I think it is very lucky that we lost no time in coming up here. Now, let us see, how would that act? This girl was stuck up to her neck in cold water, on that rock in the Dart, so many hours."

"No, doctor, not hours—minutes."

"Well, it comes to the same thing in the long run. Did this show itself in any cough while you were with them afterwards?"

"The brother caught a little cold, but she did not; she appeared to have been uninjured."

"Well, some portion of that escape is due to the excitement of spirits, it was all *couleur de rose*, of course, with the young gentleman at her side, full of the most ardent attachment and admiring glances; then comes a cross,—well, that would produce a fall in the spirits. Let us see, you said something about hysterics the night you left."

"Yes, I am sure I heard them."

"Well, then, there would be agitation, hypochondriasis, reaction, excessive low spirits. As soon as they came down here, if they did come down, of course the first act was to send for their medical attendant to advise papa and mamma, and prescribe spirits of ammonia aromatica for the young lady. Now, there is my course, my boy."

"Where, sir, where is our course?"

"We must find out which practitioner at this town attends Annesley Park."

"Well, sir, and what then?"

"Well, then, sir, I shall be immediately seized with a violent pain in the bread-basket, and shall of course send off for my brother practitioner. I shall feel better immediately after he has prescribed for me, and insist upon his joining us in our bowl of bishop. Then, Herbert, my boy, if I do not pump him as dry as his own pumpkin-head, why, I am not the great Mr. Wordsworth, that is all. We shall learn all about it in a few minutes, I plainly perceive. Just ring the bell, will you."

"It is done, doctor."

"That's a good fellow."

"Waiter," said Drystick to the servant, as soon as he appeared, and pulling a most agonising face as he laid his hands over that vast

corporation which called him lord of the manor; "waiter, do you know I am afraid that all is not quite right here."

"Indeed, sir, I am very sorry to hear it;—the cholera has been expected in the town, sir, for some time past."

"Ah!" said Drystick, "I hope it does not 'come in such a questionable shape,'—but which is your best medical man in this town?"

"Oh, we have several, sir."

"Several—I do not want several, my good fellow; one is quite enough to plague anybody. Who is the best? Who has got the first practice?"

"Well, sir, there are several."

"So you said once before. Have you got a lord in your neighbourhood?"

"Oh, yes, sir; there is Lord Brawlbrook, sir, lives close to the town."

"I do not care what he is, provided he is only a lord. Now, who attends Lord Brawlbrook?"

"Mr. Rackum."

"Ominous dog! Have you got any other great man living in your neighbourhood,—any member of Parliament?"

"Yes, sir, there is Squire Annesley."

"What, the member for Truckvote?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, who attends the member for Truckvote?"

"The same man, sir,—Mr. Rackum."

"That is the man for me, then. Just run to him, quickly, waiter, and say a brother medical man, Dr. Drystick, is taken very queer in the abdominal regions, and wishes to see him immediately."

"Yes, sir, I will go directly."

"Stop, waiter, stop, you need not go directly. Let me give you a lesson of unselfishness. Urgent as my case may be, I could not possibly think of making my young friend here wait for supper. Bring up the supper first, and go for the doctor afterwards; and whenever you hear mention made of an unselfish man, think of Doctor Drystick."

"Yes, sir, I will bring up the supper directly, sir."

"Do, waiter, do. Do you think a little supper, waiter, would hurt me? Are you ever affected with the cholic?"

"Well, sir, I should think a good supper, sir, could hurt no man, sir."

"Well, you seem a sensible fellow, waiter. Bring it up quickly,—come. A man who is a good waiter must, to some extent, be a good doctor, and I will take your advice; but mind you run after Doctor Rackum the moment you have brought us up the bowl of bishop."

"Yes, sir, I will, sir."

The supper appeared and the bishop followed; and in a quarter of an hour afterwards the waiter came up to say that Doctor Rackum was in the room below.

"Show him up stairs. Now, Herbert, you dog, mind you command

your face. There, get off the sofa. Let me cock my legs up. A man who is sick should always have his legs on the sofa."

Scarcely had Drystick arranged his person in conformity with his malady, when he walked Mr. Rackum, a quiet gentlemanly old man, who as little suspected that he was to be the patient under the hands of another doctor, as he expected to meet the man in the moon.

"I understood that a gentleman sent for me who was poorly," said Mr. Rackum, looking round with some surprise, when he beheld the table charged with bishop and wine-glasses, and the only occupants of the apartment two men, who seemed in the utmost vigour of health.

"Ah! doctor," groaned Drystick, holding out his pulse, with the air of a man a perfect martyr to his fate, "you would not imagine what was the matter with me, I am sure. Do me the favour to take a chair, and tell me what you think of my pulse. I have something here, doctor, about which I have very great misgivings;" and Drystick drew his hand over his vast pile of omentum. "Herbert, my boy, just fill our worthy friend a small glass of wine. Mr. Rackum, I do not know if you agree with me, I do not think port wine very healthy, unless it is taken with a little spice."

"The fact is, I am not particular," said Rackum; and while he was pulling out his large old-fashioned repeater, Herbert filled him a wine-glass that held as much as a tumbler.

"What do you think of my pulse, sir?"

"Well, sir, upon my honour, perhaps I might say there is a little frequency in it, it touches eighty, but it is soft and compressible."

"Ah! that is the worst of my pulse—most deceitful pulse, sir. I am full of deceit—full of deceit. Ah! dear; ah! dear. I may tell you, Mr. Rackum, I am a medical man myself."

"Ah! sir, so I understood, and therefore I came to you directly. But you know that is the worst of our profession, sir. We often are a little hypochondriacal."

"Yes. No man, sir, is a good judge in his own case."

"But do you feel any pain, sir?"

"Well, I should say it is rather uneasiness than pain."

"Where is the seat of it, sir?"

"Well, it is all across here, sir."

"What is it like, sir?"

"Well, sir, a sense of fullness."

"Ah! *flatus*, I dare say."

"Oh! Mr. Rackum, it is more than flatus, depend upon it. Do you think it possible, Mr. Rackum, that I could be deluding you?"

"Well, sir, that is not very easy."

"Well, now tell me, Mr. Rackum, seriously, do you think it possible, sir, that I can be suffering from dropsy?"

"Well, sir, there is considerable size about the abdominal regions, but I suppose you have not observed anything tympanitic?"

"Well, I will not be sure, Mr. Rackum; I cannot be sure."

"Would you allow me, sir, just to put my ear to your thorax?"

"O certainly, certainly," and old Drystick, releasing one or two buttons of his waistcoat, the poor deluded Rackum, with the gravest possible face, knelt down on the ground by the side of the sufferer, and placing his ear on Drystick's chest, listened very attentively; while Drystick, catching Herbert's eye, fugged his fingers and thumb from his nose in a manner that Rackum would not have relished by any means if he could have seen it.

In a few minutes, with a very grave and puzzled air, Rackum rose from his knees, "Well, sir, I confess I do not hear anything which induces me to think there is any serious mischief going on there. Perhaps if you take a little *digitalis* for a day or two it might cure you of any mischief you are apprehensive of, and you might combine with it a little acetate of potas and some spirit of juniper. I think that would be all that is necessary."

"Ah! doctor, spirit of juniper. You are right, that is the very thing for my case, I am quite convinced. I will not drink any more bishop. Herbert, pull the bell. I have no doubt this landlord has got some genuine Hollands in his house."

"O! yes, excellent. It is a first-rate house, this is," added Rackum, "well supplied with everything. I think you are prudent while these symptoms last—the pain in that region—to put by port wine, and take a moderate quantity of Hollands and water."

"Thank you, Mr. Rackum, I am very much obliged to you for this visit. Now, pull your chair near to the table, and let us have the pleasure of a little conversation for a few moments. Do you think I shall be well enough to go out to-morrow?"

"O! I should think so."

"Ah! I am glad of that. I wanted to call upon a friend of mine who lives in this neighbourhood, Mr. Annesley, the member for Truckvote, at a place near here called Annesley Park, do you know it?"

"O! yes, sir, I know it very well," said Mr. Rackum, smiling; "I attend the family."

"O! you do—indeed! How is poor dear Geraldine now, after her dreadful accident in Devon?"

"Ah! sir, that was a very serious accident; and, poor girl, she is suffering very much, very much indeed."

"I was sure it must be so, but I think ultimately her case will do well."

"Well, sir, I hope so, I am sure. It was rather a fear of any affection of the lungs that led me to suggest Devon—but that untoward accident. And then there appears to be some attachment, which is very often the case with young ladies, and all things combined, it told very much against her; still I hope that a little careful nursing through this autumn and next winter will set her all right in the spring. If not, next year we must see about Madeira, which would do wonders."

"I have no doubt of it, Madeira will be very beneficial. Did you suggest Madeira, or was it the ——"

"Yes, yes, I suggested it; as soon as they came back they sent for me, and I found Miss Geraldine in a very low and depressed state; and as Devonshire, from some cause or other which they did not seem inclined to explain to me, was abandoned, the family were very anxious about her, and though I thought a sea voyage and the change of scenery to Madeira would be the wisest possible course, still this business in the City—her brother, who must accompany her, cannot go."

"Ah! still it was a very wise idea; but then, you know, of course some member of her family ought to go with her. I suppose poor Geraldine is not confined to her room?"

"O! dear no; she is low and hyppish, but I have very great doubts myself if the lungs are threatened. There is a great fat brute of an alderman teasing her to marry."

Some muttered exclamation here burst forth from Herbert, but Drystick seeing the danger, gave a loud cough and covered it.

"What would be the best time of catching old square-toes, the member, at home?"

"Why, sir, if you reach the house at any time before half-past eight o'clock, you will be sure to find him. He goes off every day by the quarter-past nine o'clock train from the station at Newcombe."

"Ah! but then I need not, surely, be so early now, because, zounds, the House is up and the member must be enjoying the vacation. Surely he must be down here for a little time without going up to business at this time of year."

"No, sir, he is one of those methodical men, I believe, if he stayed away two mornings from business, it would make him positively ill. He is a very active-minded man, very fond of money, always grubbing it up, and I know he is particularly busy in London just now, because he is preparing several large consignments to go out in a new ship, and I suspect from the interest he takes in her that he is a part owner. If you want to see him to-morrow, I would advise you not to be a minute after eight o'clock at Annesley Park."

"Very well, thank you. Do you think I shall be able to get out so early to-morrow morning?"

"O! yes; I should say certainly you would."

"Upon my life, I doubt it; but, however, if I do not feel quite well, I shall not attempt it."

"Well, I think there is every prospect of your being able to do so, and I will just make you up a little draught and send it over. And now, sir, I must wish you good evening, for to tell you the truth, I have a few friends at my house this evening; but as the waiter told me there was a brother medical man ill, of course I made a point of coming to you with as little delay as possible."

"Thank you, thank you," said Drystick. "I assure you, my dear sir, your visit has been of the utmost use to me, I feel better already. There is a sense of weight I have got rid of here," and Drystick patted his huge capacity.

"O! I know, sir, I know," said Rackum, "when a man is poorly, it is astonishing what even the sight of a medical man will do."

"Ah! there is the point, Mr. Rackum. If we could only persuade an ungrateful public to pay us for the very sight of us, what a charming thing it would be, would it not? We might put a whole town under contribution as we walked along, and mock at the profits of the wild beast man."

"Ah! sir, there are no such times as those coming for us, I fear; but, however, if you feel at all poorly to-morrow morning, if you will just send the waiter round to my house, I will be with you directly; and as I said before, I will send you the draught as soon as I get home; if you will just take a pill to-night, or perhaps I had better send you a pill to-night and a draught to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Rackum, one will be just as good as the other, I have no doubt. Here, waiter, light Mr. Rackum down stairs, will you?"

With mutual bows, the two doctors parted; and as soon as the door was closed on the worthy practitioner, Drystick jumped from the sofa exclaiming, "Well, my boy, if you get as much from me as I have from you, you are a lucky fellow."

---

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"My dear Drystick, I am infinitely indebted to you," said Herbert, clasping his friend's hand as Mr. Rackum went down the stairs of the hotel; "you see how necessary it was to come off here. What shall we do?"

"Softly, my boy, we must take a little time to consider over it. I hope you two fellows have not finished that bowl of bishop."

"Not quite, Drystick, here is another glass for you."

"What an unconscionable swallow you must have had to have finished it all but this little drop; but that is the way with these doctors—only give them a chance of swallowing, and however much they may interdict it to their patients, they are sure to stuff out their own unhallowed skins to the last gulp. Here, Herbert, my boy, here is 'Physic for ever.'"

"To which I beg to add the health of the great Mr. Wordsworth," said Herbert.

"Ah! my boy, that was a glorious night. I wonder what there is in the human mind that gives every one so much pleasure in humbugging another."

"Well, doctor, I suppose it is that natural wickedness which breaks out in us at every turn."

"I suppose it is, combined with a little love of drollery. But, now, what are we to do with regard to this girl? for that is the question. It strikes me that, if those symptoms are really present, and the girl

is depressed and pining, that if the father has any true affection for her, you stand a better chance of having your proposals accepted than you might have looked for under any other circumstances. How extraordinary it is, that this old fellow, rolling in wealth in this way, should make such a fuss about his daughter's marrying where her own taste and inclination lead her choice. Instead of this, he must choose for her, forsooth, some rich, muddle-pated fellow, old enough to be her father. I think that would be a very good ground to take up to-morrow."

"But you must not take it up to Geraldine."

"Oh, no! most likely I shall find the mother alone, and you can give me a note to slip into Geraldine's hands, if I come in her way."

"I am afraid," said Herbert, "to do that; she is a high-spirited girl, and she might take offence at it. I am almost certain she would not receive it."

"Well, you are the best judge of that. Now let us go to bed, and to-morrow morning I shall be decided as to what our future operations must be."

---

## CHAPTER XXX.

"WELL, doctor," said Herbert, as the latter entered the room on the following morning to breakfast, "have you resolved on the plan of battle for the day?"

"Yes, boy, perfectly; your charming uncle will evidently set off for London about nine o'clock. Well, we shall have got rid of him. Our friend, Dr. Rackum here, does not make a call at the house until about two o'clock—a nice comfortable hour to drop in to luncheon. Now, at any time between nine and two we may invade the enemy's quarters. I have, therefore, ordered a post-chaise and pair to be at the door at eleven o'clock. We shall be over at Annesley Park by twelve. You will sit in the corner of the chaise, ready to be drawn when wanted, and I will go in and battle the watch with the old damsel. I would not last night accept the offer of poor Rackum to drive me out. I thought that was unfair. Your uncle would never believe that he was an unwilling party, and it would only have ended in depriving him of a good patient, and done us no service."

"Oh, yes! precisely. I saw why you refused. It would have been a thousand pities to have involved him in the matter."

"Well, do you see any ground of objection to my proposals?"

"None, whatever."

"Well, now then, let us lay in a jolly good breakfast, and stand off for squalls."

In vain Herbert tried to follow the doctor's advice; the paleness of the cheek and the sadness of the brow bespoke far too much

engrossment of the mind to do much in the breakfast line, and after toying for a few minutes with a slice of toast, and a cup of tea, he announced himself ready to set out upon the expedition so momentous to his fate.

"Is Mr. Richard Annesley at home?" demanded Drystick, of a tall powdered menial who came to the door.

"No, he is not, sir."

"Perhaps I could see Mrs. Annesley?"

"Yes, sir. What name shall I give?"

"Will you give her that card?"

The servant took the card and looked at it, and then marched away, leaving in the hall Drystick, who remained quietly looking around at the various traces of wealth exhibited on every side of him.

In a few minutes the servant came back, with a marvellously altered demeanour.

"Mrs. Annesley, sir, is gone up to the schools in the village, but Miss Annesley will see you, sir, in the drawing-room, if you will follow me."

A beam of delight danced in the old doctor's eyes when he heard this message.

"Oh, very well," said he, "just wait a minute;" and stepping back to the post-chaise, the doctor opened the door, and putting in his head—"Herbert, my boy, now is your time, follow me."

Without asking a question, up jumped Herbert, and in a few seconds was close at the doctor's heels, walking down a long corridor that led to the drawing-room of Annesley Park.

The servant opened the door and said, "Miss Annesley will be with you in a few minutes, gentlemen."

"My dear doctor," said Herbert, trying to grasp the huge circumference of old Drystick's waist, "how in the name of fortune did you get this opportunity?"

"Glorious, my boy, is it not? It is as good as the Wordsworth lark over again. The old hen, it seems, has gone up to the village to look after the supplemental chicks in the school. I sent my card up, and, to my astonishment, received a message to say, Miss Annesley would come down. Does she know my name?"

"Lord, to be sure she does, as well as mine. Did not I tell her the endless larks we have had together?"

"Not the Wordsworth one, I hope, because that was always to be a profound secret."

"Yes, doctor, but you may trust her with that. Here she is."

As Herbert uttered these words, one of the double doors at the further end of the drawing-room opened, and Geraldine, beautiful as ever, though somewhat pale, appeared before them.

Drystick only looked at her for one moment, just enough to whet the curiosity of his admiration, and then slipped into the deep embrasure of a drawing-room window, while Herbert, bounding forward with a few rapid steps, clasped in his arms all that he held dearest upon earth.

"Well," thought the doctor, "this is an awkward position for a third party. What shall I do?" and as he was looking out of the drawing-room window, he beheld slowly sweeping down, through an avenue, a very majestic-looking old lady, followed by a page, covered with the usual eruption of brass buttons.

"Zounds," muttered Drystick, "here comes the old Marplot. If this window were open, I would just walk out of the house and interrupt her march, and while we are discussing pros and cons in the avenue, Herbert and Geraldine can finish their little vows in the drawing-room."

Putting his hands to the window, the doctor threw it up with very little effort. Turning round to the hall, he secured his hat, and with that usual boldness that marked all his proceedings, directed his steps towards Mrs. Annesley, who, little conscious of being tackled by any such a visitor in the full security of her husband's demesne, was, as we have said, slowly coming down the hill.

The moment she espied the stranger, she turned round to her page behind her, and said, "Watkins, do you know who this gentleman is who is coming?"

"He is a stranger in these parts, ma'am."

"Dear me! this is very awkward, and I with my gardening bonnet on! Who can it be who has the rudeness to come upon one in this way?"

She was not allowed long to doubt.

"I think, ma'am, I have the honour of addressing Mrs. Annesley," said the doctor, with a flourish of his snuff-box with one hand, and lifting his hat with the other.

"Yes, sir; what may be your business?"

"Madam," said the doctor, "I have the honour to bear to you proposals for the hand of that charming and elegant young lady, your daughter."

"Watkins," said Mrs. Annesley, to the page, "go into the house and order luncheon into the dining-room."

"Proposals for my daughter?" said Mrs. Annesley, very considerably muddled, not knowing what to make of such a singular announcement, and yet not wholly able to divest herself of a mother's notion, that something very grand and agreeable must be coming. "You are not, I presume, a friend of Alderman Pursey?"

"Oh, dear, no, ma'am! I have the honour to come to you from a gentleman, an infinitely more suitable match in every way than any alderman could ever be. A gentleman of the oldest blood, and most distinguished family."

"He cannot be of older blood than the Annesleys, sir."

"Precisely, madam; and therefore, when I tell you, that not even an Annesley can surpass my friend in these matters, I have said quite enough."

"Pray, sir, may I ask who is the gentleman who has sent you on this singular errand?" and Mrs. Annesley looked at the doctor as if she rather doubted whether he was quite in his right senses.

"A gentleman, ma'am, I assure you, most distinguished for every-

thing that adorns the human character, a gentleman of the highest honour and the most undaunted courage, a man who bids fair to rise to one of the very highest posts in his country's service."

"I do not know any gentleman of that sort. I wish you would explain yourself, I assure you, I must otherwise request——"

"In a word, madam," said the doctor, finding himself closely pushed. "I come to request from you, in the absence of your husband, Mr. Annesley, that you will give your sanction to my friend paying his addresses to your daughter, and allowing him——"

"What is your friend's name, sir? What is the meaning of all this? It is the most extraordinary conduct to address yourself to a lady in her own park in this way."

"Madam, unfortunately, family differences have induced you to look upon the name of my friend with prejudice."

"Why, sir, you do not dare to tell me that that good-for-nothing fellow, young Herbert Annesley, has sent you here on this fool's errand?"

"Madam, will you only allow me to explain?"

"Sir, the thing requires no explanation. Do you suppose that I, and my husband, are going to throw away a young lady of my daughter's fortune and beauty, upon a penniless beggar, like the young man I name?"

"Madam, I am surprised you should allow yourself to give utterance to such terms of disrespect towards a gentleman who holds an appointment in her Majesty's navy, and promises in the course of a very few years, to rise to a very distinguished rank in it."

"Sir, we would not hear of such a thing."

"But madam, allow me to point out to you that Mr. Annesley is the only heir of his father's property."

"A beggarly £500 a year."

"Your husband, madam, is a member of Parliament. His nephew has already distinguished himself. The young couple themselves are extremely attached. Under these circumstances, if Herbert Annesley were allowed to entertain fair hopes, there is no reason why he might not in the navy, and, with your husband's influence, speedily achieve every position that your just expectations and your daughter's merits induce you to desire."

"Sir, the thing is not to be heard of. My daughter's hand, sir, is already destined to a gentleman of fortune and position in the city of London, and I do not intend that any gentleman pauper, on the pretence of being her relation, shall interfere with the arrangements of myself and husband."

"Yes, madam, but you forget the young lady's inclinations must be in some degree respected in this matter. You will never get her to consent to such a union as that with Alderman Pursey."

"Just you mind your own affairs, sir, will you? Do not trouble yourself with my affairs, or anybody else's. It is quite enough for me to know that the errand upon which you came here is a mere wild goose chase, and has not the most distant prospect of success."

"Of course, madam, I can only bow to your decision, but, before you form it, allow me to call your attention to the fact, that this young lady went down into Devon for the sake of her health, from the apprehension of some pulmonary affection."

"That is no affair of yours, sir."

"Precisely, madam, but it is a great affair of yours; and, if you have any attachment for your daughter, allow me to tell you, as a medical man, that you cannot take any surer means of bringing on consumption, than to involve this young lady in the perpetual harass and distress of thwarting an attachment based on every fair ground of good feeling, and perfectly justified as far as worldly prudence requires it should be justified."

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for the expression of your advice, and I beg to wish you a good morning."

"But, surely, madam, you do not mean, in this cruel manner, to forbid all hope to this young man?"

"I forbid you, sir, ever to approach my doors, or my presence, again, with any such insulting proposals—and—I have to request that you will, at once, withdraw from my park, and leave me to the enjoyment of my own property."

"But, surely, madam, you do not include, amongst your property, the affections of your daughter?" continued Drystick, still walking at the lady's elbow.

"Never mind what I include—I beg to inform you that I shall not discuss this subject with you. Mr. Annesley and myself do not feel the necessity of your interference in our affairs—and my daughter knows her duty sufficiently to do exactly as I wish her—and I beg to tell you, that your young friend is quite mistaken in supposing she would ever bestow a second thought upon him."

"Well, but my dear madam, do you mean to tell me that if my friend, Mr. Herbert Annesley, came here, your daughter would not see him?"

"Certainly not, sir, my daughter knows herself too well; and, if that impertinent young man presumed to intrude himself here, my daughter would take no further notice of him than to order the servants to show him to the door."

"But, my dear madam, do you consider that you are speaking of a gentleman who; only the other day, risked his life to save your daughter's?"

"That has nothing to do with the question."

"Pardon me, madam—it has everything to do with the question; but for Herbert Annesley's gallantry, you would no longer have had a daughter, or a son either. Think of that."

"I shall think of nothing of the sort, sir. But I think it is a very great piece of rudeness and presumption, on your part, to come and beard me in this way on my own property. Why do you not go to your own property, sir? You can enjoy that as much as you like, if you have any. Why do you come here, and molest people of condition in this way?"

"But I wish you to consider, Mrs. Annesley, the great injustice you are doing."

"But I wish to consider nothing about the matter, sir! My husband and myself have made up our minds what to do, and we shall not allow ourselves to be deterred from it."

"Is it possible?—after the service your husband's nephew has rendered him and his children?"

"Service!—what service, sir? If you mean that affair of the upset of the boat, I suppose this promising young gentleman of yours would have done as much for any other man, woman, or child, in the dominion; and then, where is the obligation?"

"Why, that is for you to consider; the obligation is one you can scarcely repay."

"Then, sir, we had better not begin to make the attempt. In any case, I beg to tell you that neither Mr. Annesley, nor myself, nor my daughter, will ever entertain the slightest proposition you or your young friend may make to us, and you will be so good as to take this as our final answer."

As Mrs. Annesley said this, she saw the drawing-room window open, and walked to it as the nearest point of entrance.

Walking boldly into it with an air of one who should say, "You dare not follow me here," she no sooner gained the inside of the drawing-room, than the first objects that her eyes beheld, were her daughter and Herbert Annesley in some one of those tender attitudes in which lovers, unobserved, are apt to indulge.

Giving a loud shriek of surprise, she exclaimed—"Goodness, gracious! can I believe my eyes? Leave my house, sir!—leave my house, sir, this instant!" and ran towards the bell.

"Hurrah! Go it," cried Drystick, enjoying this positive contradiction to all her previous humbug.

"Fly!" whispered Geraldine, and extricating herself from Herbert's embrace, she vanished out of one of the doors, just as the footman made his appearance at the other.

"Turn!"—cried Mrs. Annesley, pointing with her hand to Herbert.

The doctor was quite certain what was coming, but he was quite resolved she should not finish her sentence. He rushed through the window into the drawing-room—he caught Herbert by the arm, and whispered in his ear, "All right, come with me;" and then shouted, "Good morning, Mrs. Annesley;" so that the finish of her sentence was completely drowned in the doctor's adieux.

Starting up with a jump, as the sudden sound roared through her ears, poor Mrs. Annesley hardly knew whether the house was about to fall or not, and in another second her troublesome visitors regained their post-chaise, and, to her infinite relief, rattled away across the park.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"How unfortunate, my dear doctor, that that old aunt of mine should have dropped in just at that moment!" said Herbert, as the post-chaise drove from the door once more.

"Oh, of course. And you would have thought it equally unfortunate, any time for the next hour; but I look upon it as very fortunate that you got an opportunity of fairly putting the question to Geraldine. I suppose you did that at any rate?"

"Why, of course," said Herbert, looking down, and blushing. "You could not expect less than that; but in such a hurried interview——"

"Hurried, man alive! why, I suppose, you had a good quarter of an hour; and, if you had only had two minutes, vows of inexpressible fidelity would have been exchanged. But now, the question is, what are you to do?"

"Precisely, doctor; that is just what I was going to ask you. Had you an opportunity of saying anything to the old mother?"

"To be sure I had. I made the opportunity, not only of saying anything, but of saying everything. I did not stand upon much ceremony and circumlocution; because, when you find yourself alongside of an enemy's frigate, the sooner you rattle a broadside into her the better."

"Well, what did she say?"

"Oh! the old harridan; precisely what you might have expected; a long rigmarole, which, when interpreted, amounts to this—that she and her husband would not think of you for a son-in-law, because you were not an alderman, with six thousand a-year. And what does your interview with Geraldine amount to?"

"Alas! not much," said Herbert, sighing. "I have the happiness of knowing that my affection is returned; but she candidly confessed to me that no feeling she might have in my favour would induce her to act in opposition to her father's wishes."

"Well, so far, that argues well for the girl; because, after all, the best part of a woman's affection to her husband must be the high-principled action out of a mingled love and duty. But did she promise you that they should not compel her to marry any one else?"

"Yes; she promised me that, but I was in hopes——"

"Nonsense, my boy! If she promised you that, it was quite the outside of anything you ought to expect. Remember you are, after all, only a mere boy; and, if the old woman had had the good sense to rest her objection upon that, it would have been impossible to gainsay it; though that is an objection which, every day, will tend to lessen. However, since the young lady has gone so far as to promise

you that she will not be forced into any engagement prejudicial to your hopes in your absence, I think your line of conduct is not only quite clear, but that you have achieved all you could have ventured to hope for by this interview."

"Well, doctor, I do not see that I have achieved much; but what line of conduct do you think is so clear?"

"Why, let us pay our bill at the inn, get into the train, and from the train do you drive straight to the house of Merton, the member; he is a true-hearted fine fellow. He has often expressed to your father a great sense of obligation for past support. Ask him to go and call with you on the First Lord—get afloat instantly in some new ship—do not get into one of the big liners, because there you will be lost sight of, but get appointed back again to the *Dasher*, if you can, or get appointed to some frigate, going either to the Baltic or the Mediterranean—distinguish yourself, as I know you cannot help doing the moment the chance comes to you—get a step or two in your profession, and then come and renew your proposals. If the girl holds true to you, as I have no doubt she will, the parents will at last see their interest in a truer light than they do at present, and, though the navy is not a money-making profession, yet still, you have interest, and connexions, and youth, and energy, and if you do not achieve a name and position in the service, no man ought to do so. Stick to it, and you will ultimately carry the day."

"I believe you are right, doctor; the only way with these worldly people is to give them a dose after their own fashion. I will go to Merton this very day, and get back to service as fast as I can. What hour will you leave for Torquay? When we get up to London, you will be steering for the Paddington railway. What hour do you want to get to Torquay?"

"O! my boy, I am in no hurry for Torquay. There is no particular pleasure in ordering Lady Stufframe a little sugar and water, with some colouring matter therein—that will do any day—she will keep safely for the next forty-eight hours. I shall stay in London to-night, and if, when you call on your friend, Merton, you can get an order for the Speaker's gallery, I should like just to go in and see how those fellows get through their business at the House."

"Then I will go to Merton, see what he says on this affair, and come back to you. Where shall I find you? I shall be sure to get an order because the House is very near its rising—it can only have a few more days to sit. It has been a tremendous long session already; the worst of it is, that you will hear nobody of any note when you get there. Dizzy, who is said to be one of the brightest stars of that firmament, is, I suppose, by this time, eating his way to the North by a series of agricultural dinners. Drummond, who is also a beautiful speaker, has gone off, I suppose, on some preaching expedition. In short, you will find nobody but the unfortunate Ministerialists, who have talked themselves hoarse, and are now intent on carrying sundry little jobs, about which the least said is soonest mended; therefore, there will be few or no names on the Speaker's list, and his gallery nearly empty."

"Well, it is hot weather, and I shall have so much more breathing-room; and, you know, a man of my fat requires space."

"Truly, a plane of your magnitude requires a large orbit."

"Thank you, Herbert, my boy, I must crib that speech of yours the next time I talk of my whereabouts; but, here we are at the inn."

"Then, when I return from Merton's, where shall I find you?"

"O! let us dine together at the Ship Hotel. You will find me there at four o'clock, on the right-hand corner of the fire-place, reading the 'Times' newspaper—that is, if alive, seeing that we must go to town by rail."

"I hope nothing will happen to us between this and then. When we arrive at the railway station at Shoreditch, we can take a cab together to the West End, and, *en passant*, we will call at Merton's counting-house, and see if we are in time to catch him there. If not, I will drop you at the Ship Hotel, and drive on to his house in Eaton-square."

"Very well, my boy, that is arranged; now, here we are, in sight of the hotel."

---

## CHAPTER XXXII.

"Is Mr. Merton within?" said Herbert, presenting his card to one of the army of clerks who filled a large counting-house in Fenchurch-street, so thickly that the mind of the novice almost wondered what in the name of fortune they could all be writing about—whether they were making some intricate calculation with respect to the National Debt, or basing some gigantic tables upon the population of China, or what other herculean operations they were engaged in, Herbert could not conceive; but, however, they all appeared very busy, most of them young, and apparently well-pleased with their labours.

"Mr. Merton, sir, has just this instant gone west."

"Shall I find him in Eaton-square?"

"You are safe to find him there, sir, if you drive direct. He always goes home before he takes his ride."

"Thank you," said Herbert, and, going back to the cab, away they rattled, over London Bridge, along the Surrey side of the Thames, and over Westminster Bridge, by Birdcage-walk to Eaton-square.

"Holloa, Herbert, my boy," said Drystick, "why you have taken me out of my latitude for the Ship Hotel; however, as we are so far, I will drive up with you to Merton's door, and, if he is not at home, let us drive together down to see the Crystal Palace. I will stand the racket."

"Well, I suppose, old Lady Stufframe's mixture of sugar and water, and a little colouring matter, does add to the account at the banker's, does it not?"

"Lord deliver you, sir! there is no better assistant than a doctor can require, than an active cook in the kitchen. If the rich only lived half their time upon bread and water, and the poor, on those off days, could get a cut at the butcher's meat, doctors would become an extinct class—mere matters of history. But, however, I confess, with a good dinner set before me, it is not so easy to be philosophical."

"Ah! doctor, practice is one thing, theory is another."

"Very true. Is this Merton's house? It is a good large one. Has he many children?"

"Children, my dear sir, he is a bachelor."

"Oh, oh! Well, now I suppose we shall find at his door one of those liveried, insolent, pampered menials, with enough powder on his head to make starch for a laundry, fellows who affect to feel it the utmost condescension to open the door by which they get their bread. It is a disgusting thing to think that there are enough fellows of this description kept in idleness in London to form a decent army. I should think there must be something like forty thousand of them, there or thereabouts; however, we shall soon see."

The cabman having duly knocked, the door was instantly opened, and, instead of livery, powder, and pomposity, the butler, Mr. Davis, in plain black clothes, appeared in the hall—a fine, tall, portly fellow, it is true, who looked like a guardsman out of uniform, but whose civility formed as strong a contrast to Drystick's expectation as it was possible to conceive.

"Is Mr. Merton at home?" said Herbert.

"Yes, he is, sir. Will you walk into the library? My master will be with you directly."

"Just give him that card," said Herbert, on taking a chair; but he had hardly time to look around him when he walked Mr. Merton.

"Ah! my good fellow, I am so glad to see you; when did you come to town?" said the honourable member, holding out his hand in that frank hearty way which to a voter is so pre-eminently winning.

"Well, sir, I came to town only a few hours ago from the west."

"I hope you left your father and mother quite well. Can I do anything for you in London?"

"Well, as usual with all your western friends, I have come with my little petition."

"What is it?"

"Not long ago, I came home from South America, after five years' absence, and I have just passed my examination."

"Well, then, I suppose you want your promotion as lieutenant?"

"O! I cannot look for that yet, for I have done nothing to distinguish myself; and, with the exception of any kindness you may show me, I have no interest whatever at the Admiralty; but I did come to ask if you would be kind enough to call with me on the First Lord, and back my request to be appointed to some frigate likely to see service in the Black Sea. From reasons I need not explain, it becomes a matter of great importance to me to get on rapidly in the navy, and if I can only get put in the way to win my promotion, I will try hard for it."

"Well, you deserve your promotion, if it is only for your modesty. With regard to calling on the First Lord, there is a little etiquette about that. His time, you know, is very much occupied, and members of parliament do not like to intrude upon it (although they may be supporters of government) more than they can possibly help; but, if you will come and dine with me this evening at seven o'clock, I will take you down to the House, and it is very possible I may be able to give you an introduction to the First Lord in one of the lobbies; he is sure to be there, and I may drop upon him in a disengaged moment."

"I am exceedingly indebted to you, sir, for your kindness. I will meet you at the House; but unfortunately, with regard to dinner, I have a friend in the cab—an old shipmate—with whom I promised to dine."

"An old shipmate; but does he live in London?"

"No, sir, he is only passing through, like myself."

"Well, perhaps, he can come and dine at seven. Just go out and bring him in," said Merton, opening the library door.

Herbert stepped out to the cab, and in a few seconds re-appeared, ushering in the Esculapian Falstaff.

Herbert having done the honours by introducing his friend,—

"Doctor Drystick, I am glad to make your acquaintance," said Merton. "Can you join our young friend here in dining with me this evening at seven?"

"I should like it of all things, Mr. Merton. As a doctor, I condemn all dinners; and as a man, I do execution on those I condemn."

"I am very glad to hear it, doctor. We must run away a little early, for Mr. Annesley wishes to go down to the House to-night."

"With all my heart, and I want to go down and have a peep at your fine new Palace of Westminster, also."

"O! would you—then perhaps you would like an order for the Speaker's gallery?"

"The very thing, Mr. Merton, I was going to ask for. There is one man I have a great curiosity to see. I do not know if he happens to be in town still; and that is the celebrated Richard Cosmos. There is a man, sir, whom I honour from my heart."

"Well, I am very glad you do, Doctor Drystick, for he dines with me this evening. You shall be placed next to him, and fill your soul full with the waters of Cosmos, drawn from their parent spring."

"That will be a great treat," as a friend of mine once said, "an intellectual treat, sir. And now, Mr. Merton, as we know you are going out to take a ride, we will not trespass further upon your time, but remembering the hour, say, in the words of the poet—

'Till then, farewell.'"

Merton's hand was laid on the bell, and in another second or two, our two friends were in the hall. The butler opened the door, and as Drystick stepped out, the butler, in a most polite way, leaned forward to Drystick, and said, "Will you forgive me, sir, for telling

you that your handkerchief is leaning a little way out of your pocket?"

Drystick stopped short, and looking round, adjusted his handkerchief:—"That is very civil and very considerate of you, my friend. Will you allow me the pleasure of offering you a pinch of snuff?"

"Thank you, sir," said the butler, putting his fingers into Drystick's box, and making a profound bow.

As he did so, Drystick muttered to himself,—

"I owe him this, for partly that I did his sire some wrong."

"Ah! sir," said Mr. Davis, "that is a beautiful line you have quoted from 'Childe Harold.'"

"'Childe Harold,' my friend,—do you read 'Childe Harold'?"

"Every one reads 'Childe Harold,' sir, who has any judgment in poetry;—'Childe Harold,' sir, and Shakespeare."

"What edition of Shakespeare do you prefer?"

"Well, I am sorry to say, sir, I lent my copy to a young woman, who has forgotten to return it."

"Ah, butler, my boy, you are in the same scrape with the rest of us. Those young women! Who escapes them? But, however, I dare say you will get your copy of Shakspeare back again, some day, and be sure you look and tell me whose edition it is."

The butler melancholily shook his head, and replied,— "Ah! I am sorry to say, sir, it is one of the most prevalent sins of mankind,—and womankind into the bargain. Nobody ever thinks of returning a borrowed book. There are some of the best sets in my master's library spoiled from that very thing."

As the butler said this, he closed the door, and Herbert and his friend rattled off.

"What a curious world this is!" said Drystick; "nobody does turn out as you expect him to turn out. That butler, now, instead of being a pompous, liveried jackass, turns out to be a discreet and remarkably sensible fellow, with a literary taste,—of all things in the world, the very last thing I should have looked for in a man-servant. But there is truth in the saying, 'Like master like man.' I suppose our domestics do catch our habits. It is certainly a great stimulus to good breeding and kindheartedness to recollect that those below us reflect the glorious hues of such bright luminaries. I will tell you what I will do, Herbert."

"What, sir?"

"I will go and buy that butler a copy of Shakspeare, to replace the one he has lost, and when we go back to dinner we will give it to the old fellow. That done, you and I will turn into the Royal Academy. It must be pretty well empty by this time; and we shall see the pictures at our leisure."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

EVERY one who has the pleasure to know the kind-hearted and hospitable Mr. Merton knows how charmingly at his dinners are mingled all that can amuse the mind and minister to the senses. On the day when Drystick and Herbert dined with him, the destinies of that genial hearth and board over which Merton presides seemed more than usually bright; and after a very pleasant merry meeting the host and his two naval guests drove down to Westminster, when the honourable member's brougham drew up at the noble Gothic doorway of Westminster Hall, and, all three alighting, they entered beneath that magnificently-carved roof of William Rufus.

Scarcely had they done so when Drystick came to a dead halt. "By my honour, this is magnificent! Without exception, this is the very finest sight I have seen in London," said the doctor. "I did not think there was anything at all to compare with this in England."

"Ah! this is a very fine idea of Barry's, is it not, to light up this beautiful old hall, and make it the vestibule to the two Houses of Parliament?"

"It is sublime," said Drystick. "I did not think it was possible to improve Westminster Hall, but Barry has done it. That flight of steps at the end to the new window, adding length, and light to the masses of sculpture, and leading the imagination to follow where the vanishing passenger is seen under a strong light to turn away on the left,—heard but viewed no more,—is a climax of beauty. By Jove, Mr. Merton, if your new Houses of Parliament do not bring to light some orators of deathless fame, it is a great disgrace to you. No man ought to be able to pass through such a hall as this to his work without being deeply stirred, if he has anything like a mind within him."

"Well, we shall see—we shall see, Doctor Drystick. Now, then, we will come on."

Merton, leading his two friends away to the members' private entrance, they turned out of the hall in the middle at the left, and bearing away to the right, found themselves in the beautifully-carved cloisters, where, in various groups, some smoking cigars, and some chatting on the proceedings of the House, they found various friends they knew.

"Is Sir James Gresham in the House?" said Merton, leaving his two friends outside the door of the Commons chamber.

"He has just gone across there, sir, to the writing-room, to write a note."

"Is any one with him?"

"No one, sir."

"All right. Now then, come along, Mr. Ammesley—this is our

moment. Come along, Doctor Drystick ;” and turning back into the entrance for members on the right-hand side of the lobby, and then again to the left, all three found themselves in a low-roofed sort of gallery, with two fire-places, near the farthest one of which was writing a tall fine-looking man, from whose forehead Time had stripped a few locks, but who still seemed to hold up a handsome nasal front to the adversary.

“All right,” whispered Merton to Herbert, and, going to the nearest fire-place, all three commenced talking with a low *sotto voce* conversation, so as not to disturb the party writing at the end of the gallery.

In about two minutes the latter’s note was finished and sealed, and, as he came down towards the lower fire-place, he recognised Merton.

“Ah! Mr. Merton, how do you do this evening? I thought you had gone off with the rest of the boys for the holidays. You thought of going to Russia this year, did you not?”

“Well, I did think of it, Sir James, but I am afraid matters are a little too perturbed in that district; I think I shall spend the autumn in America instead. Would you allow me to introduce to you the son of a highly esteemed constituent, Mr. Herbert Annesley? He has just come home from the South American station in the *Albania*. He says his soul will never be happy until he has knocked a lieutenant’s commission out of the Russians in the East, and he wishes you would be kind enough to appoint him to any ship that is likely to see the sharpest service.”

“That is a good account of you, Mr. Annesley,” said Sir James, “that is the stuff, you know, that young Nelsons should be made of. But, Mr. Annesley, both your name and your face are familiar to me. We have met before.”

“I had the honour, Sir James, to be presented to you by my late captain. That is some years ago now.”

“Let me see, you did something, did you not? Did not they give you the medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving a life in the Channel?”

“Yes, Sir James, it is very kind of you to remember such a trifling incident, when you must have so much to recollect.”

“Yes, Mr. Annesley, but kings and ministers of state, you know are bound to have long memories.”

“Yes, Sir James, but history says they are bound to have short memories too, sometimes.”

“Well, that is well put. But I hope I shall always have a long memory for you. This very letter is in reference to the fitting out of one of the finest frigates in the navy, and I will take care that she bears you on her books. It is the *Dasher*. She is a screw frigate which we are about to send out with troops for the East in a few days from Spithead, and, if your time is completed, you had better try and pass your examination before she leaves England.”

“I have passed it, Sir James, not many weeks ago.”

“All right. In that ship I have no doubt you will find, or make

some opportunity of knocking out your promotion; and you may depend, too, Mr. Merton, that your friend shall not be forgotten at the Admiralty."

With a gracious bow, off vanished the First Lord. At the door he turned back for a moment—"Mr. Annesley, come down to the Admiralty to-morrow morning, and you will find your appointment made out."

---

## CHAPTER XXXIV

"BEFORE I join my ship, sir, shall I have time to run down to my home at Dartmouth, and get my traps together?" said Herbert, next morning, at the Admiralty, to the subordinate official, from whom he learned that his appointment to the *Dasher* had been made out.

"Well, it is as much as ever you will, but, as you are going on service, and your parents are living, it seems hard not to bid them good bye; therefore, I will take upon myself to get your order made out for you to join at Plymouth."

"Oh!" said Herbert, "the ship is stationed at Portsmouth, is she?"

"Yes, but she touches at Plymouth, and takes out some troops in addition to those she gets at Portsmouth."

"I shall esteem it a great favour," said Herbert, "if you will allow me to join at Plymouth, because, as I am going to Dartmouth, I shall be already so much on my way."

"Very well, then, leave that to me, I will get it done; only you contrive to be at Plymouth to join the ship in forty-eight hours from this time."

With many thanks, our hero made haste to get back to Drystick, whom he left in the waiting-room of the Admiralty, and, having received the congratulations of the latter, they paid their bill at the hotel, and hastened off to the Great Western Railway station for Torquay.

Here Drystick made a great effort to detain our hero to dinner, but, on the urgent representation of the latter that he must be at Plymouth on the following night, the kind-hearted doctor agreed to share his post-chaise with him and go on to Rosedale at once, and pay his respects to the old couple.

Great was the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Annesley on hearing that their son was once more ordered on service. After so long an absence they had been fondly hoping to enjoy his society for some little time; but, admitting the necessity of serving in his profession before all things, they endeavoured to avail themselves of any consolation in their power, and with what resignation they could summon, submit to a loss that was quite irreparable.

On the following day, at noon, Herbert and Drystick set out for

Fotness, and at the station they parted—the doctor to go back to Torquay by one train, our hero to go on to Plymouth by another; the doctor going east in order to remain in the west, and Herbert going west in order to gain the east.

With many sincere adieux, and strict injunctions as to correspondence, the friends parted.

It was late at night when Herbert arrived at Plymouth. Taking up his quarters at the Royal Hotel, he walked to the Yacht Club, and finding one or two naval officers in the house, satisfied himself that his frigate had not arrived in the Sound.

His mind thus put at ease, he prepared to take what might prove his last quiet slumbers on shore.

As he sat musing by the fire in the coffee-room, he had time to reflect on his present position—the depressing melancholy of parting with his friends—and the gloomy and threatening future that rose on his view. “How often,” thought he, “my mind will recur to these quiet moments, when I shall be surrounded by all the horrors of war, wounds, bloodshed, misery, very probably pestilence, all sorts of hardships and disasters—perhaps never again to tread the soil of Old England! Never to see those eyes for the sake of which I must press to the very front of the battle on all possible occasions—never to hear her voice—never to see the trace of her handwriting; and then, if all this is in vain, some chance shot gives me the fate of thousands—to lie on the soil of Turkey, or feed the fishes of the Black Sea. How, in that unknown world beyond, shall I look back to my present position? What shall I think of my motives? what judgment shall I pass on my conduct?”

Alas! poor man, how little is your vision suited to embrace—and even of what it does embrace, how little resolution have you to act up to your perceptions!

“Take tea or coffee, sir?”

“Tea, waiter.”

“Chops, steaks, cold meat?”

“Oh! anything.”

“Very nice mutton-chop, sir, in a few minutes.”

And, in an instant, from the purple light of love and the shadowy confines of a future world, poor Herbert fell back to the stern realities of a mutton-chop.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

EARLY on the following morning Herbert arose, hastened over to Devonport, and reported himself at the admiral's office within the forty-eight hours granted to him at the Admiralty.

"You had better go on board and join your frigate," said the secretary.

"I was told last night, sir, she had not arrived."

"That was true; but at daylight this morning she saluted the admiral, and there she lies just inside the breakwater."

In another hour our hero, with all his traps, stood on the quarter-deck. As he came up the side, he found a group of military officers, in undress, chatting, near the entry port. Of course he was going to pass by them, as men of whom he could know nothing, when to his surprise, one of them thrust out a hand, and grasped his tightly.

Herbert looked up, and there stood Charley Spicer.

"What, my dear fellow!"

"You, Charley, in a red jacket?"

"Oh! hang it, yes; I could not stay out of the service when all this fighting was going on, so on my return from South America, my governor purchased me a commission in the Coldstream Guards."

"Well, I am delighted to think you are going out in our ship."

"Well, so am I, for the matter of that. But how is it I never ran against you before? I came on board at Portsmouth. Where have you been all the time?"

"I had leave from the Admiralty to join at Plymouth, and I have just come on board to report myself."

"Well, that is right, I am glad of that. I will introduce you to two friends of mine. Thompson, my boy, here is that old brother officer of mine, who I have often mentioned to you as my great chum. Mr. Thompson—Mr. Annesley. This is another friend of mine in the same regiment—Sir Robert Nyman."

As Annesley looked on these gallant officers—all of them fine handsome young fellows, especially Thompson—he thought to himself, what a melancholy thing it is to think that either of these fellows should be lopped and chopped about by these rascally Russians, mere ignorant serfs as they are, scarcely human."

At this moment the first lieutenant approached to where they were standing, and our hero touching his hat, reported himself as come on board to join.

"Very good," said the lieutenant; and handing Herbert over to the midshipman of the watch, his traps were taken down and himself introduced to the mess.

It was not until the afternoon of that day Herbert got time to look around him, and note what sort of ship he was on board. He

expected that he would have found himself in a fine frigate, but he had not imagined anything so complete and magnificent as the *Dasher* turned out to be. In size, she was close upon 2,000 tons. She carried fifty guns upon her two decks, all of the same heavy calibre—thirty-two pounds. The guns of her main-deck had nearly all been put in her hold, in order to make accommodation for her passengers and crew—about 500 people—and in addition to these, 1,250 military officers and troops.

Several men of distinguished services and high rank in the army were on board, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and full spirits with which, two days after Herbert's joining, the *Dasher* weighed anchor, fired a salute to the admiral from her upper deck guns, and stood off to sea under all sails set, reserving her coal and machinery for adverse gales or calm weather.

Successively she made the harbour of Gibraltar, Malta, and at length the Dardanelles, with a sequence of prosperous trips, and by this time the naval and military officers on board had become so accustomed to one another, the distinction between soldier and sailor was almost lost.

Among the military officers on board, was Brigadier-General Sir Percy Maxwell. He had just returned from a most successful command in another portion of the globe. He was a man who had seen considerable service in the Peninsular war, and at Waterloo and elsewhere, and few men were esteemed more highly in his profession; and the general belief was, that he was destined some day or other to rise to the very top of the tree. Sir Percy was very fond of chess; he was also very fond of a cigar, and on the voyage out one night, he came to the fore part of the main-deck to enjoy his cloud of tobacco, and finding Herbert Annesley there with Thompson and Spicer, the two latter introduced Herbert to the general, and they began chatting on various subjects connected with the expedition. Incidentally it came out that Herbert was the best chess-player in the midshipmen's mess, and the general challenged him that evening to a game in the cabin of the captain, who, with great kindness had given up his fore-cabin to the accommodation of the general and his staff.

"Now, Mr. Herbert," said the general, "I propose that we both of us play the dashing game, for life is too short on board a ship to make a long game of it."

"Certainly," said our hero, and accordingly, a dashing game they played, occupying on an average but half-an-hour a game, playing so evenly that only one game a-head was won by either party, and that party was Herbert.

"To-morrow night," said the general, "I shall have my revenge for this game of you."

"Very well," said Herbert, and on the following evening, faithful to his appointment, the general sought out Herbert again.

This time the general won the first game. That made them just even, but the next two games Herbert won. This made the general still more anxious on the third night, and thus they went on, night

after night, Herbert never going more than two games a-head, and the general never able to catch him quite up to his liking.

By the time, therefore, they had reached Gallipoli, and the troops were disembarked, Herbert and the general were great allies, and the latter gave our hero a very warm invitation to come on shore to his quarters at all practicable times, and to be sure to bring his portable chess-board with him, for the general, in the hurry of leaving England, had left his behind.

---

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN our hero parted from Drystick, the last injunction the latter gave him was to be sure to tell him who was appointed surgeon on board the *Dasher* frigate,—

“Let me know, my boy, by return of post, and I will send you a letter of introduction to him.”

As soon as Herbert found out the surgeon's name, on the very first day of being in the Sound, he wrote to Drystick, and by the next day's post, Drystick sent him back a note of introduction to his brother medical officer, of whom he happened to have some knowledge when assistant-surgeon.

On the way out the surgeon showed Herbert every kindness in his power, and allowed him occasionally to come and read a book in his cabin, a luxury Herbert prized very much, for such was the crowded state of the ship it was difficult to get a corner in which either to read or write.

At Gibraltar the assistant-surgeon of the *Dasher* had been borrowed, at the pressing instance of another man-of-war, whose surgeon was ill, and although the surgeon of the *Dasher* remonstrated, and refused his consent, the captain felt himself obliged to part with his assistant-surgeon, telling Doctor Frobisher not to concern himself about this loss, inasmuch as there were three army medical officers on board with the troops, and as soon as the frigate arrived in Gallipoli, he would apply to the admiral to have further medical assistance.

Doctor Frobisher knew very well that, when a captain of a man-of-war indicates a particular course, all the resistance is in vain; therefore, with what good grace he could put on, he resigned himself to this affliction.

No sooner, however, were the military surgeons landed, than he found the whole duty of the ship coming upon him with great severity, and on his applying to the captain to make good his promise, the captain applied to the admiral, it is true, but there was not a super-numerary assistant-surgeon to be had on the station.

“Now,” said Doctor Frobisher to Herbert, “here is a pretty state of affairs in this magnificent frigate. Here am I left to do the whole

of the medical service of the frigate : if we go into action, it is utterly impossible I can discharge the duties that are imperatively required at my hands, even with the ordinary sick, and if, as I fear, cholera breaks out in Turkish waters, I shall hardly know where to turn."

"But, doctor," said Herbert, "what is the reason there is such a dearth of assistant-surgeons now in the navy?"

"Well, my boy, I think it simply arises from this—education and progress have been going on everywhere but in government offices, and the medical department of the navy especially: and here they still expect you will submit, as you did forty years ago, to step down from the occupations and the society of grown-up people, to put up with the treatment of boys. Is it likely that a man of sense, who has been passing the last two or three years of his life at the bed-sides of various patients, directing his seniors, grown-up men and women, what they should do in the most urgent matters of life and death, should willingly put themselves in the position of assistant-surgeons in the navy, where, from the hour they come on board a ship, they are popped into a midshipmen's mess, to associate with youngsters of all ages, some of them mere children of thirteen years of age, all of them naturally fond of larking, playing tricks, and making the most infernal noise, and that every assistant-surgeon should be, to a certain extent, looked down upon by these youngsters as a civilian?"

"Well, sir," said Herbert, "it is a very anomalous position for a man whose previous occupations have been so wholly at variance with such a life."

"Precisely; and men of sense are getting very shy of putting themselves in such a berth. For my part, I think it a very absurd thing that there should be any assistant-surgeons in the navy at all. On shore, every medical practitioner stands on an equality with every other medical practitioner of the same class. Surgeons are all equal with surgeons, though one took out his diploma last year and the other ten years before. So it ought to be in the navy. The medical officers of each ship ought to be simply naval surgeons, just as so many lieutenants, and the one with greatest seniority ought to be the superior officer of the two. After a certain time, they might increase the pay of the senior officers, and call them as they do in the army, surgeons of the first class; and, certainly, if a man has sufficient science and learning to be entrusted with the lives of men and officers when sick, and to perform operations upon them when wounded, no man ought to dream of giving him a less rank in the service than is now held by the lieutenant, who may be a boy of nineteen, and very frequently is. Nothing can exceed the bad taste, and the gross injustice, with which England has always tried to treat her medical officers, both in the army and navy. I am not surprised that medical men should kick at it, and it would serve the English nation and government quite right, if they could not get a single medical officer to embark in either service at all. They have not only been treated scandalously ill when in service, but their widows have been villanously robbed of their pensions as soon as their husbands were dead; and I say it, without fear of contradiction, no class of officers, in either service, as a class, are so well educated as,

or more deserving than, the medical officers of both services. What I am to do now with this ship I cannot tell. Supposing I am taken ill, how can I attend the medical requirements of officers and crew—five hundred people,—and we may be in action any day, at an hour's notice?"

"Well, sir," said Herbert, "if that is so, I think it would be a very good thing if two or three of the midshipmen were to volunteer to take a few lessons from you as to the putting on of tourniquets, attending to wounds, mixing a few simple medicines, and so forth."

"Indeed, I wish they would—it is quite horrible to have to depend entirely upon an ignorant, uneducated, loblolly-boy; and that the surgeon of such a ship as this should have some assistance is most imperative, but I doubt whether a midshipman would volunteer."

"Oh! I think they would, sir; at any rate, I will volunteer for one, and be very thankful to get the knowledge, if you will ask the captain's leave; for, though we must not encroach upon the hours of duty, still it would not do for a midshipman to make up medicine without his authority."

"Oh! of course not, I will ask the captain to-day."

Accordingly, the surgeon laid the case before the captain and obtained his consent, and two other midshipmen volunteered their services; and every day, after the doctor had made his report of the sick list, he gave a sort of clinical lecture to his three new pupils, instructing them in such little matters as might be readily learned, and likely to prove most useful, in case of unforeseen calamity.

---

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

On the following morning, about eleven o'clock, Herbert was surprised by seeing a boat pull alongside, and in the stern sheets of it Sir Percy Maxwell, who, having come on board for a few minutes, and having had a little chat with the captain, asked leave for Herbert to come and take a walk with him on shore.

Leave was immediately granted, and, as they were chatting about various matters, Sir Percy suddenly turned round to Herbert, and said, "By-the-bye, so good a draughtsman as you ought to contrive to distinguish yourself in this war. I have heard—do not ask me where I heard it,—I heard that there was a beautiful little merchant craft, fitted with a steam screw, going to take a run down into the Black Sea with some silks and dry fruit for Odessa, to bring back corn. Now, supposing that you went on board this vessel."

"Well, but, Sir Percy——"

"No, no, no, just hear me out. Supposing now, by some accident or other, you know, it does not signify what the chance is, the

machinery gets wrong, or the wind blows the wrong way, you know, some little accident brings you to Sebastopol instead of Odessa; and now when the nights are dark, suppose you happen, by the merest accident in the world, to find your way into the harbour of Sebastopol as far as you could, some little time before daybreak, while they are busy taking a shot at you, you might be busy taking a sketch of them. Well, then, of course, as soon as they began to fire, you would set your screw to work and get out."

"And suppose we are sunk."

"Oh! that of course comes in the way of duty, but I do not suppose that—I suppose you succeed in getting out with a very good sketch of the harbour and fortifications, which you bring to me, and I take care to hand over, with many commendations, to the commander-in-chief—one copy to the admiral, and one copy to the commander-in-chief."

"Ha!" said Herbert, laughing, "it sounds very well on paper, but I should never get leave of my captain at such a moment as this, to go off on such a cock and bull chase."

"On the contrary, I am quite sure the captain would thoroughly appreciate the necessity of your taking care of your health and amusing your mind, if you were to ask his leave to go off on a little excursion or ramble; do not say anything about sketches, you know; leave would be granted you directly;" and Sir Percy fixed a very knowing and steady glance on Herbert, and, although no smile was visible on Sir Percy's countenance to tell that he was joking, yet there was an expression about the mouth which conveyed a great deal to the eye that it was intended to inform.

"I understand," said Herbert; "where is the vessel?"

"Well, we will pull on board of her."

In a few minutes the Turkish rowers brought their bark alongside a small merchant schooner, bearing the American flag. It was difficult to say for what purpose she had been built. She was sufficiently beautiful in her lines for a yacht, and sufficiently strong in her build for a man-of-war, slaver, merchantman, or, in short, anything.

Having gone on board when the captain was absent, they were shown over the vessel, and found that she was propelled by a steam screw, the machinery of which, small and compact, was almost below water-line, in case of her being hit with shot.

"Where is your vessel going?" said Sir Percy.

"Odessa, I guess," said the mate.

"When do you sail?"

"Well, I calculate to-night or to-morrow morning; there is just a notion or two coming on board first."

"And whose cabin is this?" said Sir Percy, walking into one beside the captain's, in which everything was set out in very nice order.

"A friend coming from the shore, I calculate."

"A passenger, is it?" said Herbert.

"Yes—you, for anything I know to the contrary," looking at

Herbert with a quickness and intelligence that was not easily defeated.

"I should like it very much," said Herbert.

"Hope you will," said the mate.

"Good morning to you," said Sir Percy, as if this remark was anything but pleasant, and in a few minutes they were pulling in shore.

"Now, what do you say to a cruise in her?" said Sir Percy.

"I say it is of all things what I should like, and as soon as ever I get on board I will ask the captain's leave."

"Very well, then," said Sir Percy; "we will pull back at once to the *Dasher*, because, if you do go, there are a few things you might perhaps like to bring on shore before starting on your journey."

"Very likely," said our hero, laughing. "Of all the funny expeditions I ever went on, this is the funniest."

"Ah! but," said Sir Percy, "remember you set out with a possibility of doing a public service, and the possession of a large amount of faith."

"Well, my faith is very great, certainly," answered the midshipman; and running up the side of the *Dasher*, he walked straight into the captain's cabin, first sending in the sentry to know if the captain could see him.

"Will you be good enough, sir, to allow me a week's leave of absence?" said the midshipman.

"A week, Mr. Annesley?" said the captain. "Dear me! I suppose you want to go and have a little peep at the country."

"Yes, sir," said Herbert; "the scenery is so beautiful and the weather so fine, and there is nothing going on at present against the Russians, I thought I might not get an opportunity again."

"Ah! true, yes—take a week—but as you are going some distance, you need not confine yourself to a day or two."

And Herbert thought he perceived a slight smile on the face of the gallant officer.

Running up on deck and down the side once more, he jumped into the boat to Sir Percy, and the two shoved off together into the stream of the Bosphorus.

"Well, has the captain refused you your leave?"

"No," said Herbert, laughing. "In all the years I have been in the navy, I never saw a post-captain in such a leave-granting state of mind."

"Now, then, we will pull in shore, and get what you want. You take an early dinner with me; and I dare say, in the course of our rambles, you will have an opportunity of stumbling against the worthy captain of that screw steam-boat, and persuading him to take you on board with his other notions."

"I have a notion that I may," said Herbert; "but now I have got on shore, I hardly know whether I want to purchase anything; what had I better do?"

"Well, there is only one thing that you had better do that I

can see, and that is, keep to your own lips the object for which you are setting out."

"Clearly," said Herbert, "or else every midshipman in the fleet would be asking leave of his captain to go and look at the scenery, and enjoy the weather."

"Precisely," said Sir Percy; "and thinking that you might like to go, here is a list of the few things you ought to have;" and the general drew from his pocket a little memoranda, which he slipped into Herbert's hand. "When I was in Canada, commanding my regiment," said the general, "the —— Royal Dragoons, many an expedition have I made, not precisely like the one you are going upon, but something not far from it. There was a good fellow—one of my captains—Captain Parole—we used to set off together in the depth of winter, on a shooting expedition—shooting wild deer, antelopes, and anything we could get a pop at, and sleep every night in the snow."

"Zounds! how did you manage that?"

"Oh, admirably! I never enjoyed anything better in my life; we used to make a hut for ourselves—the fire in the middle—sleep on our buffalo skins, and enjoy it amazingly."

"But how did you make your hut?"

"Oh, it is the simplest thing in the world. We used to take a couple of Canadian servants with us—fellows up to the work, to clear away a space in the snow; we then drove in, at each extremity of the space, an upright pole, with fork branches at the top, from one to the other we laid a small tree across, and then we thatched the whole with the branches of the fir tree, spruce, and other firs: we left a hole in the top for the smoke to go through, in the style of the Irish cabins; and this being done, we used to choose some old, decayed hemlock, and just tap him with a hole at the bottom; in that little hole we made our fire; then the hollow tree served as a chimney for the smoke, and away it went up roaring and burning, until at last the whole of the old tree was on fire; then down it fell, with a tremendous crash—and magnificent it was; then we used to gather up the fragments, pile them together, and, after we had roasted our venison, and dined heartily, we gathered the clear burning wood into the middle of our hut, made a bed for each man, of the branches of the trees we had cut down, until it was as soft and as springy as if it had been a most delicious hair mattress; on that we used to pile our blankets of various kinds; and then, well wrapped in our buffalo robes, lie down with our feet towards the fire. Ah! alas! those were joyous days of youth and energy, never to come again."

"I can fancy it," said Herbert; "though at first, it seems, that the cold in Canada, through so many months in the year, must be a severe punishment."

"On the contrary," said the general, "it is one of the most delicious climates I was ever in; but here we are on shore, so come along."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A FEW days after the event detailed in our last chapter, Herbert might have been found, in the first grey light of coming day, busy sketching the fortifications and harbours of Sebastopol.

The sketches, however, were not quite finished, when symptoms were observed, in one of the batteries of firing upon the schooner; and the steam being put upon her screw, she quietly backed out of the harbour, without altering the position of her bow, and thus, as it were, by a sort of magic, disappeared from before the eyes of the gunners, as if a strong tide was carrying her out to sea.

By the time, therefore, that the first gun opened fire, it fell short of the mark; and, before the day was fairly established, the vessel was beyond reach of the hostile batteries.

She now made the best of her way back, as Herbert thought, to the Dardanelles.

But scarcely had the schooner got clear of Sebastopol, ere the Yankee said to Herbert—"I guess, Mr., you are not going to Odessa?"

"No, certainly not!" said Herbert.

"I calculate I am, then," said the Yankee.

"But, surely," said Herbert, "you will take me back to the Dardanelles, first—won't you?"

"I guess not!"

"Then, what do you intend to do with me?"

"Well, then, you must either go with me to Odessa, or else you must get aboard the first ship we fall in with going back to Constantinople."

There was something in the captain's expression of countenance, and general bearing, that made Herbert very unwilling to trust himself with him into the port of Odessa. The fate of Major André crossed Herbert's memory with sufficient strength to suggest the remote possibility of being apprehended as a spy, and hung for that virtue.

"It is out of the question my going into Odessa," said Herbert; "therefore, if you cannot take me back to Constantinople, you must allow me to buy one of your boats, and set me adrift, and I will take my chance, with a keg of water, of making my way back to Constantinople by myself. You can run me down as close as you can."

Luckily for Herbert he was not driven to this dire extremity; for, on the following day, a merchant vessel was discovered struggling against a strong breeze from the north-west, with her ensign hoisted, union downwards.

"Here! here, Mister!" said the Yankee, "here is a chance of getting yourself home. Take the jolly boat and a boy, and pull down

to leeward, to that merchantman, and help her into the Dardanelles, where I've no doubt she'd go if she could."

"Agreed," said our hero, glad to get from the schooner at any price; and stepping into the boat with his few traps, without making the slightest change of dress, away he pulled to the distressed merchantman to leeward.

On approaching the vessel, she proved to be an English trader laden with corn, and sailing from Odessa to Constantinople.

On the previous night she had been caught in a heavy squall which carried away her foretopmast, thrown on her beam ends, and, either from the shifting of the cargo, or the striking of the wreck against her side, had injured some of her planking, and was now suffering from a severe leak.

The first thing Herbert did was to help in getting a sail quickly thrummed, and to lash it under the ship's bows. This immediately decreased the leak, and relieved the crew of the excessive labour of pumping, enabling them to turn their attention to the rigging of a jury foretopmast, which they did, and crossed it with a spare maintop-gallant-yard in lieu of her foretopsail.

The wind, however, shifting round more to the north-west as night drew on, her captain thought it wisest to drop an anchor in a port that lay under his lee, where there was very little protection, it is true, but where he was informed there was still the remains of a Turkish fortress and good holding anchorage—the name of the port was Sinope. It was about eleven o'clock when he came to an anchor at this place, and found some Turkish frigates, and a double-banked Turkish ship lying there, with a convoy, which he understood contained troops and munitions of war, going to supply some of the small Turkish garrisons along the coast of the Euxine.

Thankful to have got his ship into some kind of port, and fully intending, on the following morning, to weigh and put out to sea, get a good offing to the eastward, and so stand down for the Dardanelles on the next day—the master of the merchantman according to the custom of merchant vessels in harbour—allowed all hands to turn in, leaving only one seaman to keep watch, and sound the pumps from time to time, in order to see that the leak did not gain upon them.

On the following morning, at day-break, when our hero got up, he went to look for the captain, to suggest that they should at once put to sea. He found, however, that the captain had gone on shore on some private business of his own, and taken his boat's crew with him, and everything was hung up waiting for his return.

Herbert felt very angry at this trick being played him; still it never, of course, occurred to him to put to sea without the captain of the craft he had come to assist, and, as he got tired of walking up and down the decks of the merchant vessel, he remembered to have seen a case full of books in the cabin. He left orders on deck to be called the moment the captain's boat appeared in sight, and went down to while away the hours with the chance pages thrown in his way.

Presently the whole waters of the bay were overspread with one of

those dense dark misty fogs which we occasionally see rising from the surface of the ocean, and drifting leisurely away with as little purpose as origin, as far as man's discernment goes.

In a few minutes Herbert heard some very hasty steps running down the companion-ladder leading to the cabin, and in rushed one of the crew.

"By the Lord Harry, sir!" cried the seaman, "do come on deck. Here is a Russian squadron, looming out of the fog, close upon us. They cannot be come here for no good."

Scarcely were the words out of the seaman's mouth, when bang went a terrific broadside, sounding close to Herbert's ship, and, as he ran on deck, he found a Russian line-of-battle ship in full sail inside him, just beginning to open fire upon the Turkish men-of-war.

As Herbert stood on the deck, he counted ship after ship of the Russian squadron sailing in, apparently out-numbering the Turks, not only as three to one, but also with an equal preponderance of weight of metal.

The moment Herbert saw the disproportionate magnitude of the ships that made this cowardly attack, he perceived the impossibility of anything like a successful resistance, and his mind was quite made up what to do.

Calling what remained of the merchant crew to his side, where he could scarcely be heard from the roar of the firing, he said:—

"As soon as the last ship has passed inside us, quietly let fall the fore and maintop sails, sheet them gently home, then quietly cut the cables, and let the ship drift out to sea."

"You won't wait for the captain, then, sir?"

"Not a minute! he'll never come through this fire. These scoundrels of Russians, who could be guilty of the cowardice of coming in to attack these poor wretched Turks with a force of ten to one, are just the poltroons who would fire into an unarmed merchant vessel."

The sailors having agreed to follow this command, Herbert endeavoured to make out how affairs were going on with his friends the Turks, but, at the time the Russian squadron came in, the Turks were all taking "their ease in their inns"—that is, they were swarming and climbing about their ships, as they generally are, sitting on the hammock nettings with their legs hanging over, and standing lounging at the entrance ports, not one of them remembering as they might have done, that they were within a few hours' sail of a powerful, treacherous, and remorseless foe. Still, all the fight that could be expected to be made by men, desperate, though surprised, they were evidently making.

Very soon Herbert perceived one of the Turkish ships on fire, and, as the flames roared up astern, they reached absolutely to her maintop mast in a direct sheet of fire; still she went on cannonading away out of her bow guns, as if nothing was the matter; and there flew the unfortunate crescent, in the midst of the flame, as if it bore a charmed life, fluttering, and doomed, but unhurt

In the meantime, the Russians poured their tremendous broadsides into, not only the insignificant Turkish squadron, but also the wretched ruins of the town; and several merchant ships, that were lying inside the Turkish squadron, came in for the same indiscriminate slaughter.

As soon as Herbert saw his sails set, he gave the order, "Cut away the cable," and gradually his ship drifted out of the reach of shot to sea, without having had more than one or two of those iron ministers of death pass through her. But whether they came from the Turkish or Russian combatants it was hard to say.

When the ship began to feel the breeze, he put her helm up hard a-port, and stood right down towards Batoum; then, as soon as the fog obscured the contending slaughterers from his sight, he wore his ship round, and came up to the wind upon the larboard tack, standing right away for Sebastopol until he had got sufficiently up to windward to make a long leg for the Bosphorus.

What with the fog, what with the gale, and what with the confusion of being obliged to leave the captain of the merchant vessel ashore at Sinope, it was late on the second day before he once more entered the narrow strait dividing Constantinople from Asia.

Here he found the whole of the allied fleets quietly riding at anchor, little imagining what had been perpetrated under their noses, or what a magnificent prey had just escaped them.

Coming to an anchor, he hastened on shore to Sir Percy Maxwell, and they together went on board the commander-in-chief's ship, and made a report of what he had seen at Sinope.

Nothing could exceed the surprise and indignation with which this attack was received by the officers of the allied fleets; but, as it was done, it was a matter not then to be mended, at any rate by Herbert—all that he could do was to hasten on board the *Dasher*, and report himself to his captain.

When Captain Western heard how near the enemy had been, he wrung his hands, and something very like a tear started in his eye.

"To think that, with this fine ship under my orders, I should lie idly here!"

Herbert had scarcely entered the captain's cabin, before half a dozen officers of the fleet, hearing what he had witnessed, came to question him; and all sorts of rumours speedily gained ground as to what the allied admirals would do.

However, their hands were bound, or were supposed to be bound, by diplomatic difficulties, and nothing was done.

Herbert was sent on shore to find out the commercial house to which this merchant vessel, the *Mary Ann* of Southampton, belonged; and, having given up her papers to the agents of her owners, he received their letter of thanks for the services he had rendered, and they promised they would do all they could in their power to represent to the parties at home how much they were indebted to Herbert's assistance.

As for their unfortunate captain, they could offer no explanation of

his extraordinary absence at Sinope, nor had they any very strong belief in his return.

In the evening, on going back to the *Dasher* he found the mails had arrived, and among other letters from home, the following characteristic one from Drystick.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

"MY DEAR HERBERT,—After I saw you off, it occurred to me that it might be agreeable to your kind parents at Rosedale, if I took an early opportunity of riding over to them, and making a last report of the hero on his way to the wars. Accordingly, I yesterday took advantage of an outlying case, which I had to visit at Paignton, pressed my steed a little, rattled down for the floating bridge at Dartmouth, and got there in time for dinner.

"I found the worthy pair very well—a little depressed, &c. at having seen so little of you, but quite agreeing that when a man is in love, nobody is likely to see much of him except the lady.

"We talked over your present prospects at the seat of war, and we all agreed that you would be sure to have a severe touch of the cholera before long. I was then sounded as to what I thought was a remedy, but I blankly confessed my ignorance; I was then asked how I should treat myself, and any man under my charge, and I was obliged to admit that I should treat them very badly in all probability; but that I had a strong conviction that my remedy for the cholera, to be efficacious, must be some remedy which comes from the same quarter of the globe as the disease, namely, the East; for I have a strong conviction of the perfect judgment and justice by which all things are arranged in this world, and felt sure, in my own mind, that no disease is allowed to spring up without its remedy lying close at hand, if man would be only sufficiently industrious and observant to discover it.

"To cut a long story short, they asked me to write to you, and give you my best advice as to what you should do if you were attacked; I promised to do so. You will, of course, not expect that my remedies should be like those of any other persons, but after you have tried them, let me know what you think of them—particularly if you are alive. You can do so by letter. Do not let things go too far with that dreadful epidemic. The moment you can detect the slightest approaches of this frightful malady, take as much rhubarb as will lie on a sixpence, and a tea-spoonful of powdered black pepper. Do not take more than two doses of the rhubarb, but double the amount of the pepper, and if this does not set you up, take a piece of camphor about the size of a common pea, and take a second, if necessary, within two hours. If the attack does not yield to any of these

remedies, make your will, and seek for a doctor, for in my opinion he will either kill or cure you.

"And now, my dear fellow, as you may not be alive when you receive my next letter—to use a phrase in the county Cork—I wish just to mention a little matter that I had no opportunity of bringing under your notice when we were last together.

"Soon after I began practice here, my partner told me that he wished me to go and see 'a very peculiar case—one entirely upon the nerves.' The patient had been under his hands for some months; she would get no better, and he could make her no worse. I at once concluded this was a curious case, and accordingly went to see it.

"Judge of the surprise of my partner, the lady, and myself, when she jumped up in her chair, and putting out her hand, exclaimed—

"My dear Mr. Wordsworth, how delighted I am to see you! But what could be the meaning of the report in all the newspapers of your death? I am sure I saw it."

"Mr. Wordsworth!" said my partner, looking at me with surprise.

"Why," said I, coughing, and taking time to reflect—then turning round to him with what I conceived to be wonderful presence of mind, I whispered behind my hand, 'this is evidently a fresh delusion of the patient—I will humour it. She must be of some literary turn.'

"Yes," said my partner, 'decidedly a literary woman.'

"My dear madam," said I, 'I was just visiting Torquay.'

"But I understood that you were the partner of Mr. Dimsdale. Surely you have not given up all your literary pursuits, and your great poetic fame, to come and settle at Torquay as a practitioner in medicine?"

"My dear madam," said I, taking her pulse very tenderly, and stooping over her, 'your nerves are in a very delicate state—do not agitate yourself to discuss that question at present; it is a long tale to inform you by what means I became possessed of a therapeutic knowledge—at another time we will go into that, but for the present, let us confine ourselves to your case; your health, you know, my dear madam, is of the last importance.'

"Oh! my dear Mr. Wordsworth, I feel it to be so; and if you have any skill in nervous disorders, I shall be so indebted to you if you can soothe my shattered system.'

"Why you see, madam, all literary minds are greatly open to be attacked in this kind of way. Just now detail to me your symptoms.'

"Well, my boy, I need not give you all the ins-and-outs of the fair Miss Gentianella Smith; for it was our old acquaintance of that memorable evening, when you remember she drove us home in her carriage. I need not say she went into her distresses at full length, and I might almost have repeated the first act of Hamlet while I sat at the fire, looking at the coals, and saying, Ah! Indeed! Oh! Yes! Indeed! Yes! Indeed! Sure! Oh!

"At length I prescribed for her, and in a visit or two afterwards

contrived, I am sure I hardly know how, to summon courage to let her into the secret of our joke, and to inform her that my claims to the high and palmy glories of Wordsworth had no better foundation than the ancient ballad of 'My eye and Betty Martin.' At first, I was afraid that she would have resented our prank as an attack upon her dignity. She presently, however, came to take a very sensible view of the matter, and added, with more shrewdness than I should have imagined, 'At any rate, I have this advantage—if you had been the real Mr. Wordsworth, you would have been dead and buried, whereas, I still have the benefit of your advice.'

"In this view I of course most readily concurred; and as she really was suffering a great deal from nervous affection, I endeavoured to be as attentive as I could. Judge of my horror, therefore, when, one morning, my partner went to see how she was getting on, and she took that opportunity, with a great deal of *empressement*, to inform him, in confidence, that we were engaged to be married.

"'Indeed, ma'am!' said my cousin, 'my partner has been very silent upon the matter. I should have expected he would have mentioned it to me, but he has not done so.'

"'Well, you know, my dear sir, these matters are very delicate; and I thought it would be advisable that you should know it, as a member of the firm.'

"'Pray, ma'am, when did my cousin propose to you?'

"'Well,' said she, 'I cannot tell you exactly.'

"'He thought this very queer, and so determined to sound her a little. 'Was it by letter?'

"'Oh, no! certainly not by letter. Dr. Drystick is much too wise a man to make an offer by letter.'

"'Ah!' said he, 'then by word of mouth, I suppose?'

"'Well,' said she, 'not exactly.'

"'Dear me, ma'am, is there any other mode of making an offer? I should never have thought there was any third mode of proceeding.'

"'Certainly there is, sir,' said she, with a great deal of dignity.

"'What, in the name of fortune, ma'am, can be the third mode?'

"'With the eye! sir. With the eye! sir.'

"'Oh! I beg your pardon, ma'am. Certainly, that had escaped me,' and taking his leave of our fair friend, he lost no time in searching me out, and congratulating me on my approaching marriage.

"For a long time I thought he was joking, but when he told me the whole facts, we both burst into a roar of laughter. But here began and ended the joke of the business. For the sake of our patient, it was mighty difficult to undeceive her, and after many consultations between my partner and myself, we hesitated and hesitated, and knew not what to do. We were afraid that, if we attempted to terminate this violent assumption on the poor invalid's part, the contradiction might prove prejudicial to her health; while, on the other hand, every day that it remained undisturbed, the more firmly it became rooted in her conviction, and the more difficult became the task of undeceiving her.

"Well, in this state of precious confusion and dilemma, you made your appearance the other day, and I went off with you on your matters. I had half a design to break the subject to you while we were journeying, but I thought you were so full of love, and parting, and all sorts of odds and ends, that you could not enter into the case properly, and I determined to write you if it went on.

"When, however, I returned from bidding you good bye at Totness, I found that a very unexpected and sad conclusion had been put to the whole affair by an unfortunate accident which happened to the poor invalid.

"The cook, in making her soup, had omitted to strain off a small portion of bone, and this, by some convulsive action of the throat, had, in the act of swallowing, got into the larynx, and before my partner could be summoned, all was over. This unfortunate accident happened the day before yesterday, and we go to the funeral the day after to-morrow.

"I certainly have been released from a most awkward matrimonial dilemma: but I have lost a good patient, as well as a kind, amiable friend.

"How little we imagined, my dear fellow, on the memorable evening that we passed with so much fun, the fair Gentianella's story was to have so tragic a conclusion.

"I shall be very anxious to hear from you whenever you can give me a line, but I shall not expect too much, because I know the difficulty men on service have in writing. At the same time I will indulge you with a stave whenever I can, and I am certain you will have a very trying campaign of it in the Black Sea, first and last; and nothing cheers the heart of the distant knight like news from home.

"I wish I could give you any information as to your lady-love. If any opportunity should occur of establishing a communication in that quarter, you may rely upon my not failing to seize it.

"With every kind wish,

"Your attached friend,

"I. DRYSTICK."

## CHAPTER XL.

DRYSTICK's homely prescription for the cholera came to hand in time, for very soon after its receipt, some portion of the troops were moved down to Varna on board the *Dasher*, and that frightful disease began to show itself both on board and on shore.

Every man had his recipe—some two or three.

Herbert was content to stick to his friend's; and without saying anything to the surgeon of this private piece of quackery, he laid in a stock of the three ingredients, and whenever he fancied the emergency was likely to arise, had recourse to them with very great benefit.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the country where the troops were encamped, and nothing had then exceeded the trials which they underwent. Hope deferred—the miseries of idleness and delay—the gradual approach of an awful pestilence which seemed to defy all knowledge and all care—the contrast between the glorious brilliancy of the sky—the magnificence of the park-like fields and woods—the exquisite valley which lay stretched before them—the vast extent of wood and water there displayed—all rejoicing in the glory of the Oriental beams;—these, contrasted with the subtle and malignant pestilence, that, like a remorseless enemy, stabbed them from below, invisible and resistless, all had a most depressing effect.

With great delight the *Dasher* received orders, with some other ships, to conduct an expedition against the fort at Redoubt Kaleh.

On entering the bay, at the head of which Redoubt Kaleh is situated, Herbert found a large low fort, with a tower in the centre at the back, and as the *Dasher* had the honour of leading in, she received a pretty smart fire before she was in a position to do much damage.

As soon, however, as the squadron got fairly within close range they dropped their anchors, with springs on their cables, and having brought their broadsides to bear, threw in a very successful cannonade; and among the rest, a shell, which exploded the magazine of the tower, on which the commanding officer of the squadron threw out the signal—“Well done, *Dasher*!”

Scarcely had this signal been answered by three cheers from the seamen of the *Dasher*, when one of the enemy's shells pitched right on the quarter-deck.

The involuntary act of every man who sees a shell drop near him, is, of course, to give it a wide berth, and, on board a ship, the bursting of a shell is always a most serious affair.

Herbert, with great presence of mind, when he saw the arrival of the unwelcome stranger, ran up to it, although its fusee seemed burning to the last point, put his hands under it, and directing the fire

of the fusee before him, sang out, "Make way there!" but it was unnecessary; everybody got out of his way naturally enough, and the question was very doubtful whether, before he could throw the shell overboard, it would not burst in pieces and leave, in mangled shreds, the heroic form that dared to carry this awful missile of destruction towards the entry port.

The moment Herbert got it fairly in his hands, he found the weight of it was so great, he could scarcely stagger under it, and in his mind, he gave himself up for a lost man; still, in that awful moment, the resolution of courage, the thoughts of home and promotion, and of Geraldine, were all present to his heart, and gave him strength to face the grim king of terrors.

A few more steps, and the deed would be done.

Staggering along these steps with the utmost possible rapidity, he reached the entry port.

"Hurrah!"

Overboard he hurled the shell, and full of delight he saw its dark and fiery projection strike the blue surface of the wave.\*

Scarcely had it disappeared, when the explosion shook the *Dasher* from stem to stern.

It burst beneath the surface, and sent up a water-spout of foam.

"That was nobly done, by George!" cried the captain of the *Dasher*, jumping forward, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, seizing both Herbert's hands, "never was promotion more fairly earned."

A terrific cheer rose fore and aft on the decks of the *Dasher* as this scene took place, and Herbert was in the very act of faltering out his thanks to his captain, when one of the enemy's round shot, striking the boats amidstops, had drove a splinter into poor Herbert's back; he struggled a step or two with intense pain, everything swam around him, and all consciousness of the present faded from his mind.

Nothing could exceed the sorrow and grief of every one who beheld this unfortunate splinter wound. Half-a-dozen hardy tars jumped from their guns in an instant, and bore him tenderly down to the

\* The public will not forget that a gentleman, of the name of Lucas, was returned in the *Gazettes*, for having performed a similar heroic act of daring at Redoubt Kaleb.

There is only one other instance on record, though several may have happened in previous wars, and that is, in the case of the late Captain Hanchett, C.B., only in the case of this gallant officer it was not an enemy's shell, but a loaded shell lit by mistake which he threw overboard, while several of the most distinguished men of the day were standing around it, on Captain Hanchett's quarter-deck, the celebrated Mr. Pitt and some friends having gone aboard the Captain's vessel off Deal. The sergeant of artillery brought up by mistake a loaded shell instead of an empty one. Sir Sidney Smith was among the officers present watching the burning of the fusee. The junior officer, who held the shell in his hands, happened to lift his thumb, and there he beheld the round spot of paint, which distinguished the loaded shells from the uncharged ones. Overwhelmed by the danger, the junior officer knew not what to do. Happily, Captain Hanchett observed him changing colour, suspected the cause, looked over his shoulder, saw the spot, and then seizing the shell out of his hands, walked with it to the gangway, and threw it overboard. The explosion took place immediately under water with such violence, that every one expected the sides of the vessel had been blown in.

surgeon, the captain holding his hand as far as the hatchway, and ordering one of the men to come back with a report as to the nature of the wound.

On undressing Herbert, with as little delay as possible, in the back, just on the left of the spine, was found a large and jagged wound, and how far it had penetrated near the cavity of the heart, or what might be the final termination of such a serious injury, was beyond all human power to say at present.

With redoubled energy and vigour the seamen plied their guns, and not in vain.

In a short space of time, the English colours floated triumphantly over Redoubt Kaleh, but among the heroic hearts that paid the penalty of success, it was more than doubtful whether our hero would not be numbered.

---

## CHAPTER XLI.

WHEN Herbert awoke to consciousness, after his wound, he was suffering under an agony of pain, and all the symptoms indicated the existence in his back of some considerable amount of splinter, though none was perceptible, either to the eye or to the probe.

This made the surgeon hesitate to subject him to the torture of an operation, but Herbert insisted that it should be done, and was quite positive as to the presence of some foreign body in his back.

At last the surgeon, seeing that his patient must sink if no change for the better took place, consented to perform the operation, and cut down to the spot indicated by Herbert's finger, through the deep muscles, and there, as Herbert had indicated, was found a piece of oak, half the size of his thumb, driven by the force of the shot through the flesh, and over which the muscular fascia had once more closed.

The extraction of this foreign body immediately gave our hero relief, and at his special request, and in consideration of the gallantry he had displayed, the captain granted his prayer, of not sending him down to Constantinople with the rest of the wounded.

It was a considerable time, however, before he was enabled to return to his duty, and then so weakened and enfeebled, that he was still prohibited from night work.

The duty on which the *Dasher* was employed, was in carrying communications from one point to another of the Black Sea,—sometimes bringing down troops from Constantinople, sometimes carrying sick and wounded thither, and frequently bringing supplies to Varna.

Every now and then Herbert was allowed to take a little run on

shore, to see his military friends and acquaintance, and nothing could be more melancholy than these trips.

At Gallipoli he had naturally made a large speaking acquaintance with numerous fine fellows, and constantly, when he inquired for them on his shore trips at Varna, a shake of the head, "Poor fellow, he has gone," was all the account that remained of him.

So fearful, at last, became the pestilence, that every night, fatigue parties were ordered out from the troops to dig a long grave upon the side of the hill, of some sixty feet long and from ten to twenty feet broad, ready to bury in the morning men who were most of them alive at the time the grave was dug.

Nothing could exceed the depressing influence of such scenes; to be mowed down by the enemy's fire, to be cut up by steel, even to be murdered by the bayonet wounds of the Czar's assassin troops when wounded on the ground—all these kinds of death seemed preferable to the fearfully rapid fall of the young, the generous, and the brave, before the unseen arm of the destroying angel—that in a country, smiling with beauty, and all the apparent joyfulness of nature's exquisite grace, struck down its fifties in a single night.

All this time preparations were going on by the army for active service, drilling and forming the various departments.

Slowly and awfully the summer wore away, and at last, to the infinite joy of the survivors, it was positively announced that an invasion of the Crimea was at hand, and in spite of endless rumours to the contrary, unmistakable signs were seen of the truth of this report, and the *Dasher* was one of the ships ordered down to Eupatoria to conduct the necessary operations of sounding, &c., in advance.

---

## CHAPTER XLII.

No pen can over-describe the joy and delight that filled the hearts of both officers and men, when they at length found themselves under weigh for the shores of the Crimea.

Every eye that looked upon the terrible array of that tremendous armament, seemed to feel that it was impossible anything could resist its might, if once fairly landed, and all who composed its gallant ranks had, apparently, dedicated themselves by a vow, that no human efforts should be successful in beating them off from the shore which they destined for their prey.

As Herbert, with an eye sparkling with delight, and cheeks on which the return of health was already beginning to mantle with a rosy hue, stood gazing on the glorious panoply spread out before and behind him, where, amidst the endless forests of masts some forty thousand troops, towed in some six hundred and odd ships, and

guarded by a fleet of five-and-twenty sail, covered a space of the ocean seven miles long, by three miles deep; a signal went up aboard the ship of the commander in chief. Herbert, who had always taken great delight in signals, and in one part of his life had been signal-midshipman, employed his eye-glass in concert with several of his brother midshipmen, in seeing what the signal was.

"Our pendant," said the signal-midshipman, "The *Dasher*," directing the signal-man to answer the signal.

"Our pennant!" said the captain, who stood on the quarter-deck. "What is coming now?"

The preliminary signal having been answered, with great impatience the rest of the signal was spelled:—"Send on board Mr. H. Annesley."

"Ah! ah!" said the captain, "Here is a wiggling coming for you, Mr. Annesley. Well, answer the signal, lower one of the gigs, and get on board as fast as you can."

A vague and delicious fluttering at Herbert's heart almost suggested to him what was the cause of this unusual message, and yet he dared not trust to his own hopes.

At last he was shown into the admiral's cabin, which he reached at eight o'clock, and found the kind-hearted and amiable Dundas just sitting down to breakfast.

"Mr. Herbert Annesley, sir, of the *Dasher*," said the officer of the watch ushering in our hero.

"Mr. Annesley," said the admiral, "that chair is placed for you. Just sit down a moment, and take some breakfast with me. I have sent for you to communicate the pleasing news, that you are promoted to your lieutenantancy for your gallant conduct in throwing that shell overboard; and, as in sharp days like these, an admiral never knows when he will see his best officers again, I wish to have this opportunity of thanking you personally for that most gallant act of yours, and inquiring how you are after your wound?"

"This is a cure for everything, admiral," said Herbert, holding the commission which the admiral's secretary had placed in his hand. "I have forgotten that I ever had a wound, and I hope soon, admiral, to be in the way of getting half-a-dozen others. I can never sufficiently thank you, sir, for the kind manner in which you have communicated this intelligence."

"Well, if wounds you want, I have no doubt you will soon be in the way of getting plenty; but, to tell you the truth, I am quite content to have your services without your wounds. I assure you, young gentleman, that it forms no small part of an admiral's anxiety, to witness how many noble men are stricken down around him, and what a price must be paid for every advantage. You will find when you see the papers which came out last night with the mail, that your exploit has been trumpeted, as it deserved to be, throughout the land. Your parents are still alive, Mr. Annesley, are they not?"

"Yes, admiral, I am happy to say they are."

"Well, it is some reward in their old age for the risk you are undergoing, to see how gallantly you have behaved yourself, and I am

right glad the Admiralty have shewn such a speedy appreciation of it. Now you have got your lieutenantancy, I have no doubt you will soon win the next step; but, however, let us get some breakfast."

It was in vain that the admiral pressed our hero to do justice to the good things around him. Delighted at his promotion, thoughts of Geraldine and recollections of home deprived him of all appetite, and in half-an-hour he returned to the *Dasher*, carrying a bag full of letters; the admiral having told him at parting, that for the present he would remain supernumerary-lieutenant on board the *Dasher*, and as soon as the landing of the troops had been effected, he would be appointed to some fresh ship.

---

## CHAPTER XLIII.

As the tremendous armada of the allies swept steadily on, to roll the tide of war upon the devoted Crimea, endless conjectures naturally arose among the officers and men what would be the nature of their reception. Would the weather still hold out calm, or would some unhappy diversion—some touch of the temper of the Euxine—break in upon their progress? Would the enemy resist manfully from the first the slightest approach to their inhospitable coast, or would they be allowed to land in peace, and their subsequent progress disputed?

No one seemed to think it possible that Russian tactics could adopt this latter course, or pass over the tremendous opportunity afforded by the confusion inseparable from getting so large a mass of troops, horses, and artillery, from ships to land.

As is constantly the case, however, it was the improbable event that turned up.

Great as was the surprise of the allies, they found it actually true that the Russians did not intend to dispute their progress, but would actually allow the Russian soil to be insulted with impunity.

The warmest auguries of success were immediately hazarded, and full of exultation and delight beat every heart of the allied forces, as on the afternoon of the memorable Friday, the 15th of September, the beach at Eupatoria was seen crowded with every description of warrior the allied forces possessed.

Soon, however, it was found that no tents were forthcoming, and the first hardship of the invading army was felt that very night, when, under a heavy rain, the hardy and the delicate, the seasoned and the tender, were alike compelled to pick for the softest mound, and sleep in the torrent as they best might.

Early on the following morning, the results of this sad bivouac were deplored in the death of several men recently recovered from attacks of cholera and diarrhoea at Varna; but, alas! in the terrible march of

war, it is not the death of one, or of one dozen, or of one score, or of one hundred victims, that can impede the rolling of the gory Juggernaut. On goes the terrific car of carnage—a sigh, or at most a tear, is given to the group of victims; the mass press on—glory, and patriotism, and honour, are the watchwords, and death, and wounds, and blood, the dread accompaniment.

As soon as the landing had been completed, Herbert naturally expected to be appointed to some ship; but instead of this, an order arrived from the admiral to lend him temporarily to the *Spitflame*, a small steamer, one of whose lieutenants was suffering under what was hoped would be only a temporary attack of the prevailing malady.

On joining this ship, he was most kindly received by the first lieutenant, Ithuriel Jackson, one of those deserving officers who had passed his whole life in the service of his country with little or no reward for it. The son of a deserving officer himself, the great portion of his pay had always gone to contribute to the comforts and luxuries of those who had the greatest claim on him, and he himself, a true specimen of the English officer, was as steady as old time, and as true as steel, for everything went on like clockwork under him; he had an eye for everything; he was never known to forget anything, or to omit anything, and never lost an opportunity of doing a good turn to any one.

He inquired very kindly for Herbert's wound; hoped he would not feel the return to night duty, and did everything in his power to make our hero comfortable.

There was little time, however, for thought about individuals, for the whole heart of the fleet was with the army, as it marched onward to attack the strong post of the Russians, on the heights of the river Alma.

On the morning of the 20th of September, soon after nine o'clock, was heard the sound of guns on shore, which gave promise of the dreadful issue soon to be joined by the romantic sides of Alma's gentle stream.

As the fleet lay off the shore, with a perfect view of the distant battle-field, every ship was crowded with men clustering to the mast-head, and the officers in the tops, and rigging; and, at one o'clock, when the battle began in earnest, anything to exceed the enthusiasm of the fleet was impossible.

The same language might be, however, applied to the army on shore; and, though a small portion of the fleet only could be of use in throwing shells, the hearts of army and navy on that day were one.

At last the glorious charge of all was made—the heights of Alma were carried—the allied flags flaunted triumphantly on the spot where the Russians had so lately entrenched themselves, and the legions of that imperial barbarian Czar were in full retreat.

Now, when it was quite clear that the English had won a glorious victory, and that the highest powers of the fleet could only enable them to succour the wounded, Jackson asked leave of the captain to make a huge cauldron of tea and gruel, and to equip the boats of the *Spitflame* with blankets and stretchers, and to go on shore to bring

the wounded down from the field of battle to the beach, rendering them that assistance which their thirst and agony would so soon require.

It was a noble thought of Jackson, and at once received the commendation of his superior.

The ship's cauldrons were filled with water, huge quantities of tea and gruel made, some clean breakers from the ship's hold filled, with this desirable supply: in addition to these comforts, abundance of blankets, pannikins, and small oars, with spare hammocks nailed with an oar on each side, a light and easy kind of stretcher, Jackson and Herbert, and three boats, full of officers and men, set off to the field of battle.

What a sight was there presented!

Herbert's brave heart sank within him, and his eyes scarcely kept from tears, as he beheld all the various forms of horror, misery, bloodshed, wounds, and death, presented, at every step they took, on the ground so lately contested.

In some places were little knots of men, their various mingled limbs so mangled, you could scarcely say to whom they belonged; or, at a little distance, whether they were human beings at all, or merely large heaps of red rags rudely tossed together. In other places, the wounded Russians were piled one upon another; some poor wretch, not so badly hurt as the rest, struggling, under the weight of more fearfully mutilated beings above him, to extricate himself from the terribly crushing mass, and get a little more of that air so vital for his wants.

Even, already, parties were busy on the field stripping and plundering the dead. Men, in every conceivable attitude, were found arrested by the hand of the fell destroyer; men, with every conceivable injury, surviving there, as evening fell, to linger through the horrible approach of mortality; while, in every direction, cries for water and drink sounded dismally upon the ear, and contrasted with those cheers and exultations, which, throughout the morning, had been heard applauding the deeds of those very heroes now expiring on the battle-field of their glory.

Nothing could exceed the gratitude with which the poor fellows received the assistance that Jackson's kindness and forethought had provided for them.

Here and there a few wretches of the Czar returned with brutality and murder the goodness of those who relieved them, but "Jack" very soon dealt with such offenders; the officers turned away their eyes from the capital punishment inflicted by the off-hand equity of the men and privates on all those demons, who requited with such ingratitude the tenderness by which it was sought to assuage their wounds.

Having distributed all the tea they had brought to the field, the men commenced removing the sick down to the beach.

"When I look around upon this awful scene," said Jackson to our hero, "my heart bleeds to think how little I can do to relieve this immense mass of misery."

"Alas!" said Annesley, "one cannot make war with rose water."

"No, truly," said Jackson. "All I wish is, that the Czar of Russia might be compelled to carry every wounded man from the field before he sleeps this night. I think we should have peace before to-morrow morning."

"*You* might have peace," said Annesley, "but I doubt whether the Czar would have any."

In this way they fagged on until night put an end to their labours, and still the air seemed resonant, in every quarter, with cries of anguish and despair.

"We can never sufficiently thank you, gentlemen of the navy," said a strong, hearty voice, "for your kindness and succour to us this afternoon."

The words were uttered by some officer on horseback, and Herbert, on looking up, recognised his old friend the general.

"Ah! Sir Percy Maxwell," said Herbert, "I am so glad to see you are all right. What a terrific day you have had! but surely a more decisive and glorious victory could not be imagined."

"Ah! ah! Mr. Annesley, *you* should have been here this morning. You who are so fond of hard fighting, that nothing less than catching the enemy's shells in your hand will do."

"Ah! general, you laugh at us poor sailors, because you contrive to grow all the fruit in your own garden. You only coax our admiral to let us get inside those forts at Sebastopol—see if we do not give you a specimen of what naval boys can be up to."

"I wish you would, with all my heart; but I suspect the Lords of the Admiralty at home are forbidding the attempt. I hope it is true, Mr. Annesley, that I may congratulate you upon your promotion."

"Yes, Sir Percy, it is quite true—I got it a day or two ago, and, as there is a report in the fleet that a squadron of the sailors are to serve with the troops on shore, you will do me a very great favour if you will go to the admiral, and beg me as your naval aide-de-camp. Artillery is my delight."

"O! you need not tell us that in the army. We all know that you have introduced a new defensive weapon into the service. We call you the shell-catcher at head-quarters. I shall be delighted to have you, if the admiral will spare you, and you are willing to come."

"Nothing I desire more."

"And nothing I desire less," said Jackson; "but, however, if it please you, I have not a word to say."

"Allow me, Sir Percy, to introduce you to my esteemed first lieutenant, Mr. Ithuriel Jackson; and I hope you will take care to tell your commander-in-chief, that it is to Mr. Jackson, and his forethought and kindness, the wounded are indebted for the tea and gruel that have been brought to them from the fleet this evening."

"I shall be delighted with an opportunity, Mr. Jackson," said Sir Percy, shaking hands, "and I hope the merit of this action will be publicly accorded to you. No man can estimate such a deed of true charity, unless, like myself, he has lain all night wounded, and almost dying with thirst, on a field of battle. Now, I must ride off to the commander-in-chief, and I will mention to him at once this kindness

to the wounded, and, as soon as ever I see Dundas, I will make the application about the aide-de-camp."

With these words Sir Percy rode away towards head-quarters; Jackson and Annesley walked back to some of their seamen on the beach.

Here all Jackson's patients were collected, some in the hospital tent, and others taken on board the fleet, and it was late at night when this work of charity was concluded.

On the following morning the flag-captain came on board the *Spit-flame*, and publicly thanked Mr. Jackson for the tenderness and care he had bestowed on the previous night on the wounded allies, saying, in conclusion, that "such conduct reflected the highest honour upon the navy."

That afternoon an order arrived for the fleet to sail round from Eupatoria to Balaklava, on the other side of Sebastopol, and the following day permission was granted Herbert from the admiral to serve temporarily on the staff of Sir Percy Maxwell.

Nothing could be more beneficial for the health of our hero than this change.

The escape from the confinement of shipboard to the occupations of military life offered a change so perfect, that this, combined with the amount of horse exercise which his new duty required, seemed rapidly to restore him to all his old strength.

Everything now looked *couleur de rose*: the Russian army beaten and in full retreat—the allies flushed with victory and confident of the future—the immediate prospect of Sebastopol stormed and taken—all tended to produce an intoxicating feeling of success in which every one was too ready to indulge; still, when Herbert, for the first time, beheld from the land that vast congeries of fortifications, bristling with guns, ramparts, bastions, ditches, towers, redoubts, casemated batteries, and line-of-battle ships, that formed the military panorama of Sebastopol, much as he wished to believe that the whole was immediately to fall into the hands of the allies, he could not help some misgivings that the task would prove a more tough one than was expected, and that the price to be paid for such a prize must be in proportion.

As our hero gazed upon this formidable scene, and mused upon the terrific future which it might yet open, he beheld, with surprise, a line-of-battle ship moored across the north-west part of the harbour from Fort Constantine towards Cape Alexander.

"What," said he, to young Thomson, of the 17th Lancers, "can that be for now? Are they going to contest the entrance of our fleets? Do they conceive we are likely to get in very shortly, or what is the meaning of it?"

"Well, I suppose it is to make assurance doubly sure," said Thomson.

"But I should have thought they would rather have left that channel open than have contested it with ships, because, in case of a general action, and our fleets attempting to force the harbour, surely their own vessels there would be rather in the way."

"They would have to fire upon their own ships as well as ours," said poor Thompson, little imagining, that within a few days, Russian cannon would be deliberately levelled at Russian cavalry in order to slaughter him and his brother Englishmen.

"Yes," said Herbert, "that is the thing which puzzles me so extremely. If they left that opening uncontested, except by the batteries on either side, they would have a much greater chance of cutting up our shipping, one would think, and that makes me puzzle a little as to what their motive can be. They are a very deep, cunning foe, and I am certain they do not take a step like this without having some very sufficient motive in the background."

"Yet what can be the motive, except to act as a barrier against our ships coming in?"

"That is one motive," said Herbert, "but I am not quite satisfied that is all."

"Which is the Star fort?" said Thompson, calling off Herbert's attention from the line-of-battle ship.

"That is, yonder—right over against us on the other side of the harbour;" and, directing their glasses upon this concentration of engineering skill, they soon became lost in a discussion of the obstacles to taking the northern side of the harbour.

After an interval of some time, and discussion connected with the various detached fortresses around them, Herbert's eye happened casually to alight again upon the line-of battle ship moored across the entrance of the bay.

"Holloa!" said Herbert, "why, what the deuce has occurred?"

"Occurred where? Occurred where?" said Thompson.

"Why, look at those Russian ships. Since we looked at them some time ago some alteration has taken place in them, and I cannot make out what it is."

"Well," said Thompson, turning his glass upon them, "it strikes me they are altered, too."

"Surely," said Herbert, "they sink lower in the water."

"I have it, my boy! they are sinking. Those boats that we have seen going backwards and forwards loaded with men, have been taking their crews on shore. The Russians are sinking them in the middle of the deep channel."

"Confound the rascals! I do believe that is the most knowing step they have yet taken for their defence."

"What, destroying their own ships?"

"Yes, my boy, but it is destroying them so as to form a sort of naval *chevaux de frise*. It will be quite impossible our line-of-battle ships can ever venture to go through that narrow strait with all the masts of those liners sticking up ready to run through their timbers."

"What, is it possible that the mast of a sunken ship will go through the bottom of another ship of the same size?"

"Yes, like a rock. Few things are more dangerous."

"Well, you are right in your conjecture—now they begin to sink rapidly. Look, there they go, gradually deeper and deeper. Now

the water is close to the lower port line. How largely they must have scuttled them!"

"In a nautical way, this is a similar trick to the burning of Moscow in order to save Russia. Confound the fellows! How provoking it is to see them perpetrating this before our eyes, and we unable to stop them!"

As Herbert said this, the two friends remained gazing until the last of the Russian ships had sunk down into the deep water where she had been previously moored, the points of her masts just remaining to give a confused indication of their whereabouts, and a more complete barrier being thus established to the entrance of the allied fleets than could have been devised by any other method.

Various were the debates which were maintained, at this time, in the allied fleets and armies, as to the wisest course of operation. Herbert, and many with him, maintained that we were losing valuable time by throwing up fortifications, and approaching, by what was called the regular mode of siege; that if the army had poured pell mell to the assault of Sebastopol, two days after the battle of Alma, and the fleets had run the gauntlet of the batteries, and gone into her harbours before the ships were sunk, however great our loss may have been, we should have lost fewer men than would now be consumed in making more regular approaches.

All the older and more experienced men denied this theory—said that it was too venturous—that a regular siege was a mere question of time, and that with sufficient strength every city must fall.

As Herbert watched the enemy, day after day, building earthworks outside their regular fortifications, and strengthening themselves in every possible direction, his conviction hourly increased that the mode of attacking, least destructive to human life, would have been that of the boldest at first, and from the north side. However, hard as the enemy worked at his batteries, we continued to work with equal or more vigour.

A brigade of upwards of one thousand men and officers was landed from the English fleet, and, under the command of Captain Lushington, some very formidable works were speedily set in hand. Still the Russians seemed to keep pace with us very closely; and, at last, fearful, from their greater supply of artillery, that they might absolutely profit more by the delay than we should, it was resolved to open the bombardment of Sebastopol on Tuesday, the 17th of October.

For some days rumours had been afloat that the allied fleets were to make a demonstration, even if they could effect nothing more outside the entrance of the harbour.

This was again contradicted, and most absurd notions were propagated as to the strength of the Russian seaward forts, and the impossibility of shipping standing against them. At last Monday, the 16th of October, arrived.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

As Herbert was just finishing his cigar before Sir Percy Maxwell's tent, and wondering what could keep him so late, Forsyth, of the 55th, passed by and told him that, at the last hour, it had been positively resolved by the council, that the combined fleets should, on the following morning, stand in to the batteries and open a combined attack on those formidable defences, while the allied armies opened their batteries from the land.

Scarcely had Forsyth done communicating this intelligence to Herbert, when up came Sir Percy Maxwell himself.

"Ah! my boy," said he, in his usual kind and hearty way, "you had better get on board the fleet to-morrow morning early, or else you may lose some chance of promotion."

"What, then, Sir Percy, is it really true that all parties have consented to attack the batteries?"

"Yes, it is done at last, after many pros and cons; and my own impression is, that the ships will not be damaged half so much as they expect."

"Well, I do not know how that may be, but this is certain—all naval men have, in general, a strong reluctance to engage a stone work."

"That is natural enough, because during the war time, whenever a frigate has engaged a battery, the battery has, of course, proved more than a match for the twenty-four pounders of the frigate—but remember, how very different the case is when a ship carries forty-two pounders, and there are a sufficient number of guns answering the batteries to distract their attention, and throw a great weight of metal upon the granite face. After all, if you remember, in Lord Howe's action of the 1st of June, the most tremendous contest ever known between two-line-of-battle ships was fought between the *Brunswick* and the *Vengeur*. They made a perfect duel of it, if my recollection serves me rightly, and, broadside to broadside, they ran to leeward of the fleet, pouring in the most destructive fire on one another for many hours. It is true that both of them lost a terrific quantity of men. Poor Harvey, of the *Brunswick*, was killed; but although he ordered his men to reduce their charges of powder by one half, in order to give their shot a more splintering effect, and by turns to depress the muzzles of the guns so as to reach the Frenchman's hold, and then to elevate them so as to cut up his decks, yet still after all those hours of hard fire, close aboard one another, the *Vengeur* did not go down till late at night; and you may depend upon it, that it is very easy to talk of sinking a seventy-four gun ship, but it is a very difficult matter to effect; and you will see to-morrow, that gallant fellow Lyons will pick out the hottest berth

there, see if he does not; and, if no accident happens to him, I will take an even bet that he will get close into the batteries, in the first place, and in the second, that he will bring his ship out safe, and the casualties will not amount to anything like the loss some anticipate."

"Well, Sir Percy," said Herbert, "I think there is a great deal in what you say; and I know myself, from having watched the effect of firing into a large ship, how slowly she is sunk, and I attribute it chiefly to the enormous elasticity of the wood, which closes up the shot-holes to a great degree, almost as soon as they are made; but, as far as regards Admiral Lyons, I will take your bet, though I believe you will win it—I never bet more than a guinea, and, as you say he will be in the hottest berth, I will go on board to-morrow morning, tell him I am unattached in the fleet, and ask him to let me act as one of his aides-de-camp."

"Do, my boy; I know he will find a berth for you. And, now I think of it, just come into my tent, while I have a moment to spare, and I will write you a line to Lyons, though that is unnecessary, for he is as sound-hearted as he is brave, and is the friend of every man."

"That is true, Sir Percy. Still I think it relieves the awkwardness of presenting oneself and saying, 'I am Mr. Snooks,' when a man has a letter of introduction. As for me, Sir Percy, I feel as much intoxicated as a boy who is going home for the holidays. Upon my life, it will do me all the good in the world to take five minutes hurrahing."

"Well, a general's tent, you know, is not quite the place for it, so you must check your ardour; though it is very natural that you men of the navy should be grieved and cut up at having your splendid force with nothing to do. You will miss, though, to-morrow on board your ships the detachment you have sent on shore."

"That is true, Sir Percy; but then on the other hand, knowing fellows like myself, who get an opportunity of going back to the fleet, will stand all the better chance of promotion from so many naval men being in the naval brigade."

"Yes, master sly boots, that is true enough."

As Sir Percy said this, he took out the little note-case in which he kept his writing materials, and having transcribed three lines, handed it to Herbert.

After a prolonged conversation as to the effect anticipated from the opening of the cannonade, followed by another cigar, all hands turned in.

Early the following morning Herbert presented himself on board the *Agamemnon*, but Sir Edmund was so busy giving orders, that our hero did not choose to intrude on his notice until a seasonable moment arrived.

At last, about twelve o'clock, when the fleet had fully formed, and the *Napoleon* took the lead as the French went in, and the *Agamemnon* stood onward in her proper place, Herbert watched his opportunity, when Sir Edmund was pacing the deck alone for a few seconds, to step over to him.

"Sir Percy Maxwell, admiral, intrusted me with these few lines to present to you."

Sir Edmund took the note and run his eye over it.

"Dear Lyons,—My friend the bearer, Herbert Annesley, is the young hero of Redoubt Kaleh, who threw overboard the live shell. I borrowed him from your commander in chief as a naval aide-de-camp; but the young duck, on bursting the shell, will run into the water, and the moment he heard you were going to attack the batteries, I could keep him no longer on shore. He asks for nothing but to be near you, and useful. Grant him this, and I will answer for it that there will be no post of greater honour or glory. With every prayer for your success and safety,

"I am, my dear admiral, yours,

"PERCY MAXWELL."

"I will not forget you," returned the admiral, with a kind glance, and a nod, as much as to say, "when the time comes to remember you, you shall see, and now for the present I have plenty to think of."

Herbert read the brief salutation as it was meant, and retiring to the other side of the quarter-deck, his heart beating with excitement, his spirits buoyed up with that terrible enthusiasm which fired every eye around him, he looked steadily round to gaze on such a scene as few men ever lived to see, and as he might never see again.

War is a horrible and a detestable thing. No man from his soul abhorred it more than Herbert did; but, alas! Herbert felt, like others drawn into its dreadful vortex, that in the presence of Bellona's brow there was a witchery, and a magic, and a spell of death, to which the more devilish part of man responds.

How splendid looked the magnificent French fleet! The sky was clear, but the breeze, though light, was fresh upon the water; the waves curled crisply under the foot of each terrible and magnificent floating citadel, as she rushed on over the deep dark blue ocean, speedily to crimson it with the bravest blood on board, to darken it with the thunder-cloud of battle, or to burnish it with the fires of death.

Onwards rushed the vast *Napoleon* three-decker, in her wake followed the magnificent *Henri Quatre*, lashed to a steamer. After the French ships came the Turkish ships, and the English brought up the rear-guard.

Every line-of-battle ship not possessed of steam-power had lashed on her larboard, or left side, a steam-ship, to insure her getting into the right spot; the *Vesuvius* was lashed to the *Queen*—the *Highflyer* was lashed to the *Vengeance*—the *Firebrand* was lashed to the *Albion*—the *Fury* was lashed to the *Britannia*—the commander-in-chief's flag-ship, the *Niger*, was lashed to the *London*—the *Triton* was lashed to the *Arethusa*—the *Cyclops* was lashed to the *Bellerophon*—the

*Spitflame* was lashed to the *Rodney*—and the *Retribution* was lashed to the *Trafalgar*. This left several ships on detached service; namely, the *Agamemnon*, which having a steam screw, was both a line-of battle ship and a steamer, so also was the *Sanspareil*; and to this squadron were joined the *Terrible*, the *Samson*, and the *Sphinx* gun-boat.

This arrangement was rendered necessary by the wind, which, blowing off from the land, not only rendered it impossible for the sailing vessels to get in without steam assistance, but obscured the sight of the sternmost ships by the smoke of those firing a-head of them, and as the ships approached the forts, of course, all the smoke of the Russian forts blew out to sea; though this was not of much consequence to the great majority of the fleet, the order being to keep the ships off twelve hundred yards away from the fort.

Looking from the fleet, as Herbert's eyes fixed themselves upon the shore, there frowned those noble stately batteries, tier above tier, and in each porthole was seen the round dark circle of the gun, loaded with everything that could send wounds and destruction far and wide; and as his eyeglass enabled him to scan those massive and tremendous batteries, he expected every moment to see the livid flame shoot forth the round and rapidly extending curl of white smoke, and then to hear the roar and hiss of the iron storm that would come rushing after, selecting, possibly, for its first victim, the young full bright eyes that gazed upon them.

Here, then, was about to commence that terrible passage of arms which had presented a problem of so much difficulty for so many weeks to all the ablest veterans of Europe. How would the combined fleets of France and England stand up against the impregnable and almost unassailable batteries of the Czar? Would they be able to sink us in running in, or any one of us? That was the question.

Oh! with how many a wish was assailed that envious line of sunken ships that blocked up the entrance to the harbour, and said in effect to both French and English, "Thus far shall you come, and no farther."

"Now that we are going at it," said Herbert to a naval officer who stood near him, "we might just as well have done this weeks ago, and gone bang into the place, and then every ship would have been able to get close enough to make her guns effective."

At this moment a flash from Fort Constantine, was seen to run the whole round of the fort. Up went the white smoke into the air, whizz were heard the cannon-shot as they came dancing onward to the fleet; now they dashed into the sea, and sent up little columns of spray to the bright sky, then upward they came over the sea, then down they went again, until at last they spent themselves.

"Do not waste your shot so soon," Sir Edmund was heard to mutter to himself as the storm came onwards, and as if addressing the Russian batteries.

Then presently the *Napoleon* opened her fire.

"Ah! that is too far off to be of use"—turning round—"Mr. Annesley."

Herbert ran up to him, and found his flag captain standing by his side.

"Will you let Mr. Annesley go down," said Sir Edmund, turning to his captain, "and carry my orders to every officer, that the men shall all lie down at their guns till we come to close quarters. Not an ounce of powder should be wasted at these long ranges. To do any good we must get close in."

The flag captain nodded his head, and away darted Annesley with the message.

By the time he came up again, the *Agamemnon* was standing on towards the forts, followed by the *Sanspareil*, and other detached steamers.

The forts of the harbour had all opened fire, and one continuous blaze, and roar, and smoke, was going on a-head; the sea seemed literally ploughed up, wherever you could see it, with shot, and to this incessantly answered French, Turkish, and English. Still the *Agamemnon* held on; in she went, all her men lying down at her quarters until far in shore of the whole squadron; then, when she had gained a distance of some eight hundred yards, Sir Edmund, who had been attentively watching the forts with his glass, turned round to his flag-captain—

"Now, you order them to open fire."

"Aye, aye, Sir Edmund," said the captain; then turning to several midshipmen, standing near him for the purpose, "Pass the word below to fire."

Almost like an electric shock, the words "Fire! fire! fire!" were heard, and away went the broadsides of the old *Agamemnon*, rattling bang in on the granite face of Fort Constantine.

At this moment, Sir Edmund Lyons turned round to Annesley, and lifted a finger; the roar of the cannonade was now too tremendous to hear anything unless the ear of the listener was close to the lips of the speaker.

Herbert ran up to the gallant admiral, who, laying his two fingers gently on Herbert's shoulder, said, "Here is a glorious opportunity for you. Go on board that little steam-boat, the *Beagle*, which is following in our wake. Her commanding officer is on shore in the naval brigade. Take command of her; go ahead of the *Agamemnon*, and sound as you go in. Here"—putting in his hand a card, with a few figures written on it in pencil—"so long as you can get that water, keep advancing, and I will follow you; the moment you fail in that, heave to, and fire a rocket in on the batteries. I need not tell you to be cool and steady, and if you live to come out, you shall return either a hero or a commander." Sir Edmund put out his hand as he said this, and Herbert grasping it heartily, while drops of joy sprang to his eyes, replied—

"With God's blessing, Sir Edmund, I hope to return both."

"Well done, my boy," said Sir Edmund.

And Herbert, springing down below to the entry port, where one or two boats were being towed, jumped into one of them, took with him a couple of the ship's boys, and pulled off for the *Beagle*, which was

steaming slowly in under the shelter of the *Agamemnon*, and on her quarter.

As soon as he got on board, he found the ship in command of a mate.

"The admiral has sent me on board," said Herbert, "to take command of this craft, and to steam ahead of the *Agamemnon*, and to sound for him. Put a couple of your best leadsmen in the mizen-chains, and I will stand by the helm and steer her. Order up, if you please, a couple of your largest rockets."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the mate. "Aft here, a seaman in each of these mizen-chains. Where is John Robinson, captain of the foretop?"

"Here, sir."

"You take the starboard chains, Robinson."

"Where is James Martin, captain of the forecastle?"

"Here, sir."

"You take the larboard chains, Martin."

"Quartermaster, run down below to the gunner, and tell him to send me up a couple of his largest rockets. Boy, down to the engine-room, and tell the engineer below to clap on all steam, and go ahead."

"Aye, aye, sir."

In a few seconds, round went the paddles of the little steamer, and to the delight and admiration of every one on board, she shot ahead of the vast bulk of the *Agamemnon*.

As she did so, a tremendous cheer burst forth from every one that saw her.

"Ah! sir, this is something like a plucky move," said the mate, running up to Herbert's side, and rubbing his hands; "it is something to serve under a fellow like Sir Edmund Lyons. To think of the little *Beagle* going in nearest to the enemy after all. Huzzah, my boys!"

And then as if the uncontrollable spirit of the man burst through all barriers of etiquette, the mate took off his hat, and setting the example, "Hurrah, my boys!" the whole crew of the little steamer answered with a cheer of their own to the complimentary cheer that burst from the *Agamemnon*, the *Sanspareil*, and *Sampson*.

"I hope, my friend," said Herbert to the mate, "this day secures your promotion."

"Oh! hang promotion, sir! I shall be right glad of it if it comes, but we must never look to get out of such a position as this. I should think we must soon be knocked to atoms every man Jack of us, but they cannot deprive us of this delight—the little *Beagle*, sir, is the ship nearest to the enemy."

"You are a gallant fellow," said Herbert, "and if I live ever to return to Sir Edmund Lyons, you may depend upon it no words of mine shall be wanting to report your readiness and bravery. The only drawback to my service is, that I come to take the command out of your hands."

"Ah! never mind that, sir; who have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"My name is Herbert Annesley."

"And mine is Tom Howell. I hope we may all live to get through this day; but until the sun sets, it will be very hard to say who has taken the command out of another's hands."

"That is true," said Herbert, "and the best philosophy on such an occasion."

"By the deep nine"—sung out the leadsman in the starboard chains.

On went the little *Beagle*—on stood the magnificent *Agamemnon* in her wake, pouring from her splendid sides burst after burst of flame. Not a gun could the poor little *Beagle* return; but, as Howell said, "for all that she was nearest to the enemy."

Before her—behind her—round her—above her—and some through her—on roared, and rushed, and hissed, and banged the enemy's terrific storm of shot and shell. Every second Herbert expected to see his funnel cut to pieces, and the flame starting up through the deck; but no—some beneficent care protected her, and on she went. Presently the larboard leadsman marked the rapid shoaling of the water—

"By the mark seven."

"Look sharp there, my lads, in the starboard chains—heave the lead quick. Gunner, be ready there below with your rocket."

"Aye, aye, sir!" sang out the leadsman.

"Aye, aye, sir!" sang out the gunner.

On stood the little craft.

"By the deep six," cried the leadsman in the larboard chains.

"There, she shoals again!"

"Look sharp there, leadsman, in the starboard chains."

"And a half five."

"Gunner, with the rocket, stand by to fire."

"All ready, sir."

"Fire away!"

In an instant a match was applied to the tail of the rocket, and away it mounted, with a vast arch through the air, adding, by the singularity of its appearance, to all the other deadly pyrotechnic displays of the afternoon.

"Now, Mr. Howell, run to the engineers, there—Ease her! Stop her! Turn astern!"

"Aye, aye, sir! Ease her! Stop her! Turn astern!"

In a few minutes the engines and paddles, which had previously been revolving so rapidly, dropped in their motion—then stopped—then went backwards.

"Now, then, look sharp, my boys!" said Herbert, "let go your stream anchor."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Let go the stream anchor forward,"—a slight noise and splash was heard—away went the stream anchor, and the little buoy attached to it was just seen bobbing half in the water and half out.

"That is capital," said Herbert. "Now, Mr. Howell, we will just remain here a moment or two, to see that the old *Agamemnon* has

observed my signal, and is stopping her way, and then I will back this gallant little *Beagle* of yours as far as I can out of shot—I should be quite grieved if she was damaged now she has done such a noble service—and then I will go on board to Sir Edmund for further orders.

For a few minutes Herbert remained with his eye steadfastly fixed on the cutwater of the *Agamemnon*, astern of him. The magnificent ship came close up to the little *Beagle*, and then by slow degrees her motion stopped, and at last became stationary, when just about a bowsprit's length astern, when her anchor dropped.

"All right," said Herbert. "Now, then, Mr. Howell, pass the order to the engineer to back astern. We will bring the *Beagle* under the disengaged side of the *Agamemnon*. It will spare her a little from the fire, and I will go on board for further orders."

Round went the wheels of the *Beagle*, out-veered, and she backed rapidly astern, until she lay on the disengaged quarter of the admiral's ship; when Herbert, once more jumping into his gig with his two boys, proceeded to row on board the flag-ship.

"Oh! sir, look there!" said one of the boys, "my eye! I declare if a shot has not gone through our boat—right through—there is a hole on both sides you might put your head through."

"Never mind, my boys; it is above water-mark, and a miss is as good as a mile. We have got our boat yet."

The boys were very much amused at the gig being shot through in this manner, and it certainly cut a very singular figure rowing through the water in this state.

Herbert having reached the entry port, gained the quarter-deck of the *Agamemnon*, and, in an instant, Sir Edmund came up, and, seizing his hand, said—

"Most gallantly and ably done."

"I am delighted to have your approval, Sir Edmund. I thought it wisest to drop the stream anchor with a buoy, just within five and a half fathoms, because that is a mark that will not be influenced by any current, and it will not signify losing the anchor; whereas, if I had kept the *Beagle* there, I might have had the ship disabled, and lost my men."

"Very well and wisely thought of. You have gained your promotion."

"I hope, Sir Edmund, you will be kind enough to think of the gallant mate of the *Beagle* from whom I took the command. Of course it must have been a great disappointment to him, and it was impossible that any one could have carried out your orders with more admirable coolness, or with greater spirit than he did."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Howell."

"He shall be all right. You stay on board here; I may want to send you with some message in the course of the day. Could you mark how our shot were telling?"

"Well, Sir Edmund, the smoke is very thick, and I think it is to that we owe the fact of the *Beagle* being allowed to float on the water

in such a terrific storm of shot; but I think, as far as I could make out, you are damaging the big fort considerably; but those horrid little mud forts on the hill there—that battery that fired on the *Wasp* yonder—I am afraid that will do us a great deal of injury; but we shall soon see what impression we make.”

The admiral now turned round to receive some report from his flag-captain, and Herbert returned to the other side of the quarter-deck, to render any service in his power as the action went on.

Just at this moment a stern reminder came across him, in a twitch which he felt at his shoulder, and, looking back, he saw that a round shot had cut away the whole of his right epaulette, leaving nothing but the strap and a few shreds. It would have been well if the injury had stopped there, but a tall marine, who was lending a hand to pull out a gun just behind him, received the shot full through his breast, and, as the seamen stooped down to gather up the mangled remains of their unfortunate comrade, Herbert saw, amidst the bruised and gory flesh, the bright bullion of his epaulette shining out amidst the still warm and bubbling fluid, that had so lately borne the soul of a fellow-creature.

During the whole of the time that he remained on board, scenes like this were constantly occurring, until at last it was impossible to walk the quarter-deck dry-shod from the blood and carnage which flowed over it; and, whenever it was practicable to do so, Herbert stood on any little coil of rope, or the combings of the hatchways, in order to keep the gory fluid from penetrating to his feet.

For some time, the *Sanspareil* had been close to the *Agamemnon*, sharing the fire and distracting the aim of the enemy. The *Queen* also came in close to hand, but a red-hot shot having obliged her to retire, and the *Sanspareil* having drifted further out to sea, the *Agamemnon* alone supported the terrific fire of the forts.

For some time Sir Edmund was anxiously looking out to watch if no other ship approached him. Seeing that he was left quite alone, almost unsupported, he beckoned Herbert once more to his side.

“Go on board the *Queen*, and tell her to come back if she can. Say that the admiral is determined not to leave this position, and that if unsupported the forts will sink him.”

Once more Herbert ran off to deliver this message, which having done, he thought it wisest to go with the same message to one or two other of the nearest ships, including the *Rodney*. That noble and gallant vessel immediately moved in to the support of the rear-admiral; and Herbert’s message having been delivered, he ran down into the *Spitflame*, which was the steamer towing her alongside, and there shook hands with his old acquaintance the first lieutenant Jackson.

“What is doing, my boy? what is going on? where have you come from? what an age it is since I saw you!” said honest Jackson, delighted to see the face of his old shipmate.

In a few words, Herbert told him what had been his share of the action, and received his congratulations.

After a little time spent on board the *Spitflame*, Herbert once more

pulled back to the *Agamemnon*, and remained there until the approach of night; and the signal, "Cease firing," compelled the daring rear-admiral to retreat from his position of honour, and report to his commander-in-chief his share in the events of the day.

---

## CHAPTER XLV

THE hour of enthusiasm, excitement, and triumph was past—the hour for mourning and lamentation had arrived. The first inquiry that was now made through the fleet was as to the casualties. It was expected that this would be very large, and in the *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, and some other ships, this was true; but, on the whole, the loss was much less severe, both in ships and men, than had been anticipated.

The *Queen* and the *Arethusa* had been unlucky in getting severely hit, and it was understood that they would be sent to Constantinople; but with regard to the other ships, they appeared to have come out of this action with a less amount of loss than could have been imagined under all the circumstances they had to endure, and though the loss was cut down by the fact of so many of their shipmates serving in the Naval Brigade on shore, still, on the whole, there was great reason for thankfulness.

The bombardment over, nothing could exceed the delight of Herbert, in his own mind, at the conviction that he had now secured his promotion as commander.

On the day following the bombardment, the admiral called Herbert to his cabin, and told him that a special mention would be made of him in the dispatch, and that he might rely upon his promotion. The admiral also kindly informed him that the mate of the *Beagle*, whom he had so warmly mentioned, should also be promoted.

Herbert then received permission to return to the staff of Sir Percy Maxwell, which he did accordingly.

Great was the kindness and warmth with which his military friends received him. His conduct in the bombardment had already preceded him throughout the camp, and every one was loud in his praise.

This was one of Herbert's most agreeable passages in the whole war—the weather was still fine and open, and the commissariat was well supplied.

Hope whispered warmly in the hearts of all those who were not wounded, and everything wore a joyous and blooming tint.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

Soon after Herbert's re-appointment, as aide-de-camp to Sir Percy Maxwell, Captain Lushington sent him with a note on service to Admiral Dundas, and in order to deliver this note, our hero had to ride to Balaklava, and then take a boat for the flag-ship, which was lying with a good offing out at anchor.

The note required no answer, and the officers of the ward-room were only too glad to get some intelligence of their friends on shore. Our hero, therefore, having received a hospitable invitation to dinner, and the night having set in wet and miserable, he was glad to accept the offer of an empty cot, and postpone till the following morning his return to the lines.

Immediately after breakfast he went on shore in an early boat, and as he drew near to Balaklava, the increasing reports first of artillery and then of musketry, told him that something more than an ordinary affair of outposts was going on.

"Confound it," said Herbert, turning to another ward-room officer who was steering the boat, "how unfortunate I am to have missed this—that is always the way—if a man stays at his post twenty-nine days in a month, and takes a liberty with it on the thirtieth, he is sure to be out of the way when some good thing occurs."

"Oh! of that you may take your 'davey,'" said the other; "but, however, if we look sharp, we may still be in time for our share of it."

"Give way, my boys, as hard as you can," addressing the men.

Accordingly, the seamen bent to their oars, and sending the boat along with considerable speed, they soon neared the narrow and rocky entrance of Balaklava, which reminded Herbert very much, on a small and inferior scale, of the harbour of his own place, Dartmouth.

As soon as the boat got inside, it was evident, from the commotion in the town, that the enemy had made a reconnaissance in force, and had approached very near to our lines.

On landing, this proved to be the case. Herbert flew off to where he had left his horse, and, of course, he found that gone; but, in an adjoining shed, which proved to be a stable, he found some other man's steed, sadly inferior to his own, both as regarded the horseflesh and the equipments—a couple of broken knees, and ribs that showed in every direction, spoke of reckless riding and hard fare. The holsters also were pistolless, but Herbert had taken the precaution to have both his revolvers at his waist; and taking it as a matter of course that the owner of this steed had departed with his, he immediately wished his naval comrade "good bye;" and jumping on the sorry hack, which was the best he could get, away he spurred in the direction of the fight.

At every step he rode, sad evidences of the fray came to his eye—first, in a herd of unhappy Turks, bearded and hooted at by the women and followers of the English army; next came, few and far between, one or two gallant but staggering Highlanders, just able to drag themselves along, from the severity of the wounds they had received; then came a rude temporary litter, bearing an unhappy ensign, knocked almost to atoms, his pale, delicate hand, hanging on the outside, and showing by its almost feminine beauty of form, how little it had been accustomed to the hard work of war.

Herbert stopped for a moment, in pity, to gaze on that pallid and youthful face, death speaking from it, as it was borne past him, the wounded officer's crimson silk sash dripping with gore at every step of the men who bore him, and as the light flaxen hair waved in the breeze, Herbert thought how many tears, what long years of sorrowing would be given to his memory by some devoted mother or fond sister.

It was but the thought of a moment—"It may be my turn next"—was the suggestion in his mind, and pressing his heels to his sorry steed, away he spurred forward over the rough and dirty way.

At last Herbert gained a spot which, elevated on the road to the allied camp, enabled him to perceive the masses of the enemy, and to form a notion how the battle at present stood. The Russians were just then retreating from the attack they had made on the Highland regiment that guarded Balaklava, and by the roar of cannon in the direction of Sebastopol, he could tell that the thick of the fight had rolled further to the north.

Riding as hard as he possibly could, he at last reached his own division, and drew his bridle for a moment to see what evolutions were going on around him.

The first object upon which he looked was the staff of Lord Raglan, and as this met his eye, he beheld some officer ride away whom he in an instant recognised as the gallant and high-spirited Captain Nolan.

Following the course of Nolan's charger, he saw him ride on, until he reached the small, but brilliant lot of officers and men that formed the light cavalry column.

A brief pause followed, and then one or two officers were seen riding to their places at the head of the troops, and the whole column, such as it was, dashed into a gallop.

It was now seen to be formed in three lines. In the first line was the 17th Lancers and 13th Light Dragoons; the second line was composed of the 11th Hussars; the third line was composed of the 4th Light Dragoons and the 8th Hussars—making, in all, about some six hundred men, or two-thirds of a regiment. For a moment Herbert could scarcely believe his eyesight. He could perceive no enemy in front of them, that he thought it likely they could be going to attack.

At a very considerable distance were a number of heavy guns, and the masses of the enemy behind them—masses of Russians thronged the hills on either side.

"Surely," thought Herbert, "these men are never going to rush into

the jaws of destruction in that way? Who are going to support them? The heavy cavalry?"—but they remained immovable. He looked round at our own infantry, but no order seemed to have reached them. Friend and foe, all alike, seemed gazing as from a vast and gory amphitheatre, at some matchless prodigy of heroism and bravery, which, while it froze the hearts of all by its daring, enchained them with the spell of its fearful influence.

On, on rolled the small but impetuous column of horse. Half-a-mile was passed in no time. Still, away they went. They left the open land. Already they were enfiladed between two hills. The artillery of the enemy played on them from either side with an oblique fire, the shot of which crossed each other in the ranks with terrific effect. Nothing checked their career—away they went, too truly, indeed, like a thunderbolt of war! Herbert remained gazing at them with suspended breath and open mouth, wondering in his own mind how little he could know of military tactics, and fairly bewildered to conceive why they were sent—what was their object—or, how they could be anything but lost!

"There go the gallant 17th Lancers, and poor Thomson in them. Who can return from such a charge as that?"

Incredible as it appeared to our hero, on, on flashed the light cavalry, every moment lessening and lessening in size and number. Now, started away one horse, riderless; now, two or three more fell beneath the relentless artillery; now, one bounded to the right, made a wild spring, and then fell impotent and struggling upon the plain; now, to the left, started away some wounded steed, his rider drooping for a moment in the saddle, then falling headlong to the plain, the reins catching for a second with his horse's hoof—then dashing asunder, and streaming away on each side of him like tiny pennons in the air.

"There goes poor Nolan!" said some officer, near Herbert.

"There is Cardigan down!" said another. "No, he is not!"

"There go more empty saddles."

"Ah! on they all go, poor, devoted, noble fellows!" said some other, looking on.

And on they did go.

"Not all! not all!" cried Herbert, who had got them in the field of his glass. "Now, they are up to the guns! What a murderous fire upon them! Nothing keeps them back! How they are cutting those Russians down! Now, they are through the battery!—the Russian cavalry come up behind!—they are through the cavalry! Now, they wheel about!—here they come back again! Hurrah!—hurrah! Old England for ever!"

Alas! they did, indeed, come back, but what a shred, compared to those that went!

A thousand exclamations of admiration, horror, pity, surprise, and other emotions, rent the air around Herbert.

Seeing, at this instant, the plume of Sir Percy Maxwell in the distance, our hero rode up to him, to ask the meaning of this most extraordinary and melancholy tournament of Balaklava.

All, however, that he could receive in explanation of it was, a

shrug of the shoulders, and the assertion, "it is as much a mystery to me as to you."

By degrees the enemy slowly retired with their guns, and with them some of ours which they had taken; and we were enabled, that afternoon, to descend to the melancholy spot where this encounter had taken place, and search for the dead.

On that bloody spot, before those fatal guns, some of the best, bravest, and noblest blood of England had been poured out like water.

There Herbert found, still warm, but lifeless, the handsome body of his young friend, Thomson, with a smile on his face,

"His back to the earth, and his feet to the foe,"

with a pistol ball apparently through the brain; and, if a man's fate were to fall upon the battle-field, he could scarcely perish in an encounter showing such desperate valour, or with less personal suffering.

On the following day, Herbert attended the funeral obsequies of these gallant men, and, as night fell, and he sat with one or two other brother officers, smoking their cigars over a camp fire, he could scarcely reconcile himself, though in the midst of war, to the melancholy fact that so many fine and noble fellows, whom he had seen in life and spirits constantly around him for days and days together, showing him the utmost hospitality and kindness that their situation permitted, were now lifeless portions of the melancholy valley beneath them, while the desolate wind, that whispered over their graves, met with no record, however frail and humble, to tell even their names.

Out of those six hundred noble fellows, whom Herbert beheld thundering along the plain, with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," not two hundred returned from that fatal passage of twenty minutes—and all for what? That was the most melancholy consideration of all.

---

## CHAPTER XLVII.

THE numerous duties of soldiers and sailors, in war time, oblige them not only to fight with the utmost possible energy while fighting is going on, but, when the hour of action is passed, and the melancholy results of victory present themselves, they must, as well as they can, banish from their minds the depressing and melancholy effects produced by bloodshed, the sight of wounded and mutilated men, and the burying of others, who have long fed at the same board, and shared all the enjoyments of friendship.

In this arduous task, the very duties that fall to the combatant's lot assist him. It is impossible to go through the constantly exciting events of a single day, upon the field of battle, without having everything

banished from your mind, except that which is immediately before it; digging trenches, riding with despatches, mounting guns, firing incessantly at a distant enemy, watching for a shell falling on yourself, providing ammunition, and carrying on the endless duties of the field, so engross and absorb the mind, that at last you forget not only that your friends are being slaughtered around you, but that even you, yourself, are liable to the same fate every moment.

The feeling that generally animated every breast on the heights before Sebastopol, after the loss of the 25th, was a desire to punish the enemy for the brutality and inhuman barbarity of firing on their own men, in order the more severely to wound ours.

Day after day the seamen continued to drag fresh guns into position;—battery after battery was being increased, enlarged, and armed; and from the first blush of morn to the last glimpse of daylight, the roar of cannon was incessant from the vast semicircle which girded the southern side of Sebastopol.

In this way affairs continued, with every now and then a sortie at night from the Russian camp, which was victoriously repulsed.

At last the first of November arrived, and Herbert began to have many misgivings as to what would be the progress of the siege, when all the storms for which the Euxine is so celebrated swept over the elevated land on which the allies were encamped, armed, as they would be, no doubt, with all the sleet, and hail, and frost, and snow of winter.

Still, there lay the foe, and before them the combined forces of the two most civilised and powerful nations on the earth. Humanly speaking, it was quite clear that retreat was impossible on our side, and whatever the foe might dare, or whatever the elements might do to succour them, Herbert felt that the lot of the allies was fixed to brave it all.

Various were the rumours of reinforcements vigorously pressed forward into the Crimea, and some of the sons of the grand duke on the road to inspirit the troops with their presence.

At last the 4th of November arrived, and though the weather was still open, it still continued to be very cloudy, with occasional heavy rain.

On the afternoon of that day Herbert beheld with some surprise the movement of various bodies of the enemy's troops along the valley of the Tchernaya, extending for several miles between Sebastopol and Balaklava; and, according to the estimates of military men around him, numbering not less than eighty thousand men, including a strong body of cavalry and vast quantities of artillery.

Towards evening these troops seemed to be formed into two encampments of about equal numbers, one taking up their position so as to threaten Balaklava, and the other encamping on the banks of the Tchernaya, opposite the right of our position.

"What do these fellows mean by this demonstration,—what mischief are they going to be up to?" said Herbert, to his old friend Charley Spicer, who had asked him that day to dine with him in his tent.

"Well," said Charley, "of course there must be some mischief afloat; but, as far as I can learn, it is not thought they intend to make any fight to-day, at any rate; whether to-morrow, being a Sunday, these gentlemen, who are such stout advocates of the Church, intend to honour the day of rest by cutting our throats or not I do not know."

"Why, Charley, my boy, I am convinced in my own mind that these fellows have not turned out this way for nothing. Either they are going to attract our attention while some grand sortie is made from Sebastopol, or else they are going to make an attack themselves. Just ride with me over to the extreme right of our position, and let us see how it is defended."

"Oh! my boy," said Spicer, turning his nag's head, "I will ride with you; but I can tell you already, there are no defences on the extreme right; there is only that little two-gun battery, but there are no guns put in it. I heard Sir De Lacy Evans say, he thought it would be merely tempting the enemy to take it, unless it was properly supported; and it is so strongly placed, the hill is so steep below, it is impossible for troops to come up in the face of those rough cliffs."

"Ah! Charley, my boy, it does not do to talk of things being impossible in war time. It is always that impossible thing which lazy people are talking about, which active people achieve. Do you mean to tell me," said Herbert, as they halted their horses close to this earth redoubt, "that if Russians held this hill and we had to take it, we should make any bones of scaling this height?"

"Well, I do not know that we should."

"And what would prevent us, I should like to know, from getting guns on the hill opposite there, just above the ruins of Inkerman? It is much higher than the ground on which we stand."

"Yes, I see it is,—it commands this entirely; but we have had several debates as to whether it is ever likely to be armed against us, and all our authorities seem to agree that it is out of the question."

"Well, it may be; all I can say is, it would not be out of the question if we were in the valley and the Russians on these heights, and we ought not to think it out of the question merely because the situation is reversed. It is not more impossible to plant those heights with artillery than many things we did in the last war: nor is this two-gun battery more difficult to scale than the position of the Russians was at Alma, and you saw how the Zouaves went up those rocks."

"Well, certainly, it does appear to be careless to leave matters open in this way; but I suppose if general officers are good for anything, they ought to attend to affairs like these. What can we poor subs do? Our only duty is to see the blunders of our betters, and be sacrificed to them in a quiet gentlemanly manner."

"That is all very well; but as I do not belong to your steady, orderly, military authorities, and am only a naval interloper, I will go and sound my old chief, Sir Percy Maxwell, about the state of things here. I see no reason why we should not get a couple of guns clapped in this battery even now. In the course of this evening, as

soon as it becomes dark, a couple of regiments would soon cut a trench along the brow of that hill, and clear all the brushwood. My mind misgives me; what the deuce can these fellows come out here in this enormous force for without some very mischievous intentions?"

"Yes, it is queer; what the dickens they are at."

"Not only that, but look at the quantity of the blackguards. I should think there are twice as many men as you thrashed at Alma."

"Well, I should say that there are about that, and I have no doubt there are 20,000 men still left in Sebastopol."

"Well, if I could get my advice taken, I would cut down the whole of this brushwood to-night; I would dig a jolly big trench of four hundred yards on each side of this battery, two yards wide, and a yard deep, and I would throw all the earth up with the brushwood on this side of the trench; I would then get a couple of guns in the battery, and finish it with the *banquette*, and that ought to run round it, because, just see, supposing you and I had to defend it, why there is no place for our men to fire from—the walls are seven feet high—of course we cannot fire over these. Then there are only the two empty embrasures, and although you might fire through those, yet nothing is more easy than to get out of the line of fire from embrasures; and if those thieves in the valley are allowed to come up here in force, by any accident or oversight, and establish themselves in this position, what would be the consequences in our camp?"

"I am afraid it would be all over with us. I do not see what we could do."

"Why, of course not; we could do nothing; they would have us in flank. We should have to retreat to Balaklava, fighting like devils all the way; and the chances are, we should be so pushed down the hill, we should hardly be able even to embark."

"Ah! but then you see we argue in this way, knowing the weakness of our position. Now these fellows in the valley below there, have not got you to tell them all this."

"I do not know that, Charley, my boy; two or three deserters have left us, and the spy system is a part of the Russian nation; they never do anything without it, and it would not at all surprise me to find they know our weak points a great deal better than we do ourselves."

"However that may be, Herbert, I see my servant, Kennedy, very busy in my tent, pretending to lay a table-cloth, so come in, and let us have some dinner."

"Well, I will just see if I can find out Sir Percy, and sound him as to what he thinks of our undefended right flank, and whether anything can be done in the matter."

"Oh! nonsense, man, these general officers will only give us a snubbing, and ask you what can boys know? Perhaps, after all, we may be merely blundering and over frightened, and then they will laugh at us, and think we are timid and alarmed, and what not."

"They may think what they please, my boy. There is no mistake so fatal as that of underrating your enemy and overrating yourself. I

shall not keep the dinner long, I will be back in a few minutes;" then putting spurs to his horse, which he had with some difficulty recovered from the brother tar who had borrowed the loan of it without licence, away galloped Herbert to the tent of Sir Percy Maxwell.

On reaching the door, he found that the general had been summoned by Lord Raglan, and was not expected back for an hour.

"Well," thought Herbert, "in all probability they are debating about the very matter I wished to speak about; at any rate, I cannot intrude on him now, so I may as well go back to my dinner."

---

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

"WELL, my boy," said Charley, as Herbert rode up to his tent door, "here is a fine tender piece of horse, my man Kennedy has done into a steak, and with a little touch of French mustard, which my grandmother sent me yesterday in a hamper of delicacies, it will make us a most magnificent repast; there is still a bottle of porter left, and that jolly old fellow, Kennedy, has managed to beg, borrow, or steal, a piece of cheese as big as your fist; it is true, we have no soft tack coming to-day, but you can rough it on biscuit. Do come in, my dear fellow, for I am famishing. There, sit yourself in my chair, and I will bring myself to an anchor on this barrel."

"Fried horse! eh!" said Herbert; "I suppose your man Kennedy proposes this as a luxury for us, to tune us gradually into the coming necessities of the siege."

"Well, I think that is his notion; but, however, there is a beef-steak forthcoming too, so you may take your choice; Kennedy vows and protests the horse will be far the best of the two, but Kennedy has his little romances like the rest of us. Well, what success have you had with Sir Percy Maxwell? Did he tell you that you are playing the character of Sir Dugald Dalgetty, of Drumthwacket?"

"Ah! that is well thought of, Charley. How often I have laughed at that fellow worrying that unfortunate Highlander about that seonce. No; I escaped being likened to Sir Dugald Dalgetty, for to say the truth, Sir Percy Maxwell is attending a council of war with the commander-in-chief: but after dinner, when we have smoked our cigar in peace, I will see if I can beat up Sir Percy's quarters, and carry my object."

"After dinner, my boy, you may do whatever you like, but now let us sit down to our ration of beef and *entrée* of horse, and let us suppose we are in the coffee-room of the Rag and Famish in Pall-mall."

"Come along," said Herbert, moving to the table, and saying a short grace; "I say, Kennedy, my boy, stand out of the light there, and do not darken the entrance of the tent."

"Faith, then, it is not I, your honour, nor is it my ghost," said Kennedy.

Both Charley and Herbert looked up as the Irishman said this, and glanced towards the doorway of the tent.

"This is very like roughing it, indeed," said a well-known voice in Herbert's ear.

"Charley Spicer looked rather surprised, but our hero, jumping from his seat, exclaimed—"My dear Drystick, I am so glad to see you. Who, the dickens, thought of seeing you here? Can I believe my eyes? Are you the veritable flesh and blood of Drystick, or are you gone to join the immortal Wordsworth, and so re-visit the lines of Sebastopol in a ghost-like shape?"

" 'Be thou a vision of health?'"

as Hamlet said."

"Well, if know myself, I am," said Drystick, fumbling with a hand in each pocket of his shooting-coat, which, extended by his enormous dimensions, seemed as if there was no end to its breadth; "I believe I am quite a spirit of health—

" 'I do remember an apothecary, and hereabouts he dwells.'"

"Yes, my dear doctor, but you cannot say—

" 'Sharp misery had worn him to the bones ;"

so come in and sit you down."

"No, my dear fellow, no! But I can say, with honest Jack Falstaff—

" 'That grief blows a man up like a bladder.'"

"Grief, doctor; is it grief, then, that has transported you to the siege of Sebastopol? You certainly have on a black handkerchief, and a black pair of breeches. Oh! ah! and there is a piece of crape round your hatband. But, beyond the general impression that many a man comes to grief in time of war, I hope nothing worse will happen, or has happened, to you. Here, take my chair, and I will make shift to sit upon that brace of saddles, one stuck upon the other. But do tell me what has brought you here?"

"Well, after dinner I will tell you all about it; and now, give me the corkscrew, and I will draw you a couple of bottles of jolly Guinness's stout, for, knowing I was coming out to you to-day, I thought over what would please you best, and I put a bottle in each pocket, and now, unfortunately, the heavy work of getting through the mud has given one such a consuming thirst, that, instead of two bottles, I think I could drink two dozen: however, here goes, and, first of all, you must know that you behold before you a gentleman thoroughly independent of her Majesty's service."

"I am delighted to hear it, doctor; but to what circumstances do you owe that independent position?"

"Well, you remember that my last letter told you that a certain fair lady had departed this life very suddenly."

"Yes, I remember that."

"Well, of course I was very much shocked at the poor soul's death, as I should have been at the death of any of my patients, but, beyond that impression, I, of course, thought no more about it. Judge of my astonishment, when, the day after the funeral, I received a note from a solicitor in London, telling me that I was left sole legatee under the lady's will—that the property amounted to five hundred a year, and that he should be obliged to me to come up to London to go through the necessary forms for taking possession of the stock. I, first of all, thought the fellow was joking me, and then, again, I remembered that lawyers are not fond of jokes, unless they are in their own favour, so I wrote to my agent in town, asking him to go and see if the thing was a humbug or not. In the meantime, I resolved that it must be a humbug, and could be nothing else. By Jove, sir, presently back came the letter from my agent, filling me with more astonishment than ever, saying the affair was quite smooth, straightforward, and regular—all right, and no mistake! Bless her dear little heart! I never began to think so highly of the great Mr. Wordsworth before. What a pity it was, that the real bard had not fallen in with this poetical genius, and received this touching proof of the power of his lines. Well, I made some inquiries as to what relations the lady had left behind, because I did not want to do an unhandsome thing by them, and step in between their relation and what they might fairly look to as their own inheritance, particularly as I had my own sma' peculiar, as Rob Roy says. However, I found the lady had outlived all her relations, except one or two distant cousins, who were very well off, and, in my opinion, wanted nothing, whatever they may think of it. So, to cut the matter short, I paid the necessary visit to Doctors' Commons, walked down one morning to Throgmorton-street, crossed with the worthy stockbroker into the square stone jug, that holds all the tin in Threadneedle-street, and then they quietly transferred to me a nice little matter in the three per cents., which just brings me in £500 a year within a fraction. What magnificent beef this is you get out here! I am sorry, my dear Herbert, to pause in my recital, and express so vulgar an admiration, but, whether it is the beef, or whether it is the mustard, or whether it is the joy of seeing an old acquaintance again—bless your dear little heart—but I must say this is a bit of the finest beef I ever closed my teeth on!"

"There, my friend, you are entirely wrong," said Charley Spicer, "for that beef happens to be horse."

"Horse is it?" said Drystick, helping himself to another slice. "Let me ask, now, is this Russian horse, or is it some of our own horse that were sent to the shambles at Balaklava? I heard of that charge as I came through Constantinople. What a magnificent thing, sir. Herbert, my boy, just pass me the porter bottle, like a Christian, and, if you have quite finished drinking out of that tin mug I will thank you for it."

"Here it is, my dear Drystick; and now, about yourself. You have got as far, you know, as the five hundred a year, and, like a

sensible man, you have stuck to it. How did you come out here, I should like to know?"

"Well, I will tell you, sir. When I went back to Torquay, after settling that little matter of the £500 a year, I do not know how it was, whether from some curious and indefinable philosophy of the human system which we have not yet arrived at—but the night-bell—you know the night-bell, sir?"

"Oh! perfectly doctor."

"Confound that night-bell, the tone of it had altered very considerably for the worse."

"Ah! ah! said Herbert, I can imagine that."

"Can you though, but I could not; at one time I used to think it had a very finely arranged mellifluous silver tone, but when I came back from town, to my surprise, the night-bell sounded like "sweet bells jangled out of tune." In the morning I found myself debating at six o'clock whether I should get up and shave by candle-light, calling myself a fool for doing it, and asking myself what the deuce I meant by doing it? why I should do it any longer? and all that sort of thing. Well, I soon had some queer suspicions that my friend Miss Gentianella Smith, in making a handsome legatee, had spoiled a remarkably zealous doctor. Another symptom very speedily showed itself—that infernal 'Times' newspaper seemed to possess a charm for me that I never knew it possess before. It was Sebastopol. Sebastopol, and nothing but Sebastopol. However, I very soon found I was thinking a great deal more of the siege of Sebastopol than the state of my own patients, and, one morning, calling on old General Mocqueur, who had come to Torquay straight from Bombay, in order to pass the winter with his mouth in a respirator—I say, talking to the old general, he told me that a young friend of his, Lord Lindon, was determined to go out in his yacht to Balaklava, and give an extensive series of winter dinners to the heroes of the Alma, and that he had written to him, the general, to ask if he knew any experienced man who would go out with him as surgeon. The old general, knowing that I was in a large practice at Torquay, asked me if I knew such a person. Well, you know I took half-a-pound of snuff, or so, in the course of a few minutes. I told him I thought I knew a man of considerable experience as a naval surgeon, and who would like the berth very well. Well, he said, if you will give me your friend's name I will send it to my friend, but I suppose you can vouch for him to Lord Lindon."

"What sort of a young man is he, asked the old buffer."

"Well, general, I will vouch for him to any extent, but not a very young man. As to the sort of man, here he sits."

"Bless my soul, would you give up your practice and go out to the Crimea?"

"Yes," said I; "I will, for I conclude if Lord Lindon is a friend of yours, he must be a prince of fellows."

"Oh! he is, Doctor Drystick, I can assure you he is a most magnificent fellow, if he only gives himself a fair chance, and does not work too hard, or get his brains knocked out, or his limbs cut off, or does not go down at sea in his yacht, or go to old Harry in a balloon, or

get lost in exploring the North Pole, or consume himself amid some of these little odds and ends, my opinion is, he will be one of the first men in the country."

"Well, general," said I, "I think, myself, he is a young man of considerable promise."

"You do," said the general, "what the devil do you know about him?"

"Well, I do not know much; I have dined with him once in town at a friend's house."

"Oh! you have met him, have you; all the better; he will remember you; he never saw a man once in his life that he forgot, and you know doctor you are not a man easily to be forgotten."

"Why, no; I think I am not a man to slip easily out of remembrance. Well, to cut the matter short, here I am. We had a little spirt of wind which threw the yacht on her beam ends, but nothing more. We brought out no end of nick-nackeries, everything that is good and nice for you jolly boys in red jackets, and Lindon intends never to dine less than the cabin will hold, and all those fellows who come self-invited will take their seats with him on the companion stairs. However, I told him I had a very intimate old friend, a shipmate, out here, and that I must come out to congratulate him upon having got his promotion."

"Well, my dear Drystick, I am delighted to see you."

"And so should I be," said Charley, "if you did not behave so ungratefully, Doctor Drystick."

"Ungrateful!" said Doctor Drystick, staring very hard; "why who the dickens are you? Spicer? Why, bless your dear little heart, you are not that little cock-of-my-thumb chap that I remember on board of the *Albania*, Charley Spicer? Why, yes, you are, now I look at your eyes. Confound you, you rogue, what the devil do you grow all that hair and moustache for to cheat an honest man from knowing his old friends;" and Drystick, thrusting out his huge paw, shook hands with Charley across the table.

"Well, I was wondering," said Spicer, "how long you would be before you found a man out behind his pro-macassars."

"Well, how you have grown. How the dickens did you come to recruit? But, however, I remember I heard something about your leaving the service."

"Yet, tell me, Drystick, how did you know where I was dining to-day?"

"Well, let me see; how was it I found that out? As I came along I met an old shipmate of mine, Monckton of the *Britannia*, who is on shore with the Naval Brigade. I asked him."

"Ah! yes. I told him this morning I was going to dine here."

"Well, now doctor, have you had enough horse? Here is a little bit of cheese for you. I can give you a good weed and a jolly glass of rum. I can assure you in the Crimea these things pass for great dainties."

"Thank you, my boy. Anything is a dainty to a man resolved to be pleased with whatever he gets, so light your 'bacca, and I will follow

in a moment. Ah! As I am no Dutchman, there goes my old friend, Sir Horace Fulton, of the Grenadiers. Herbert, my boy, just let me bring him in here; he is a Devonshire man, like you, and if you do not know him now, you ought to do so." Drystick dashed out of the tent and reappeared, bringing back Sir Horace; introducing him and Herbert as two Devonians who ought to be acquainted, seeing that they were not only fighting in the same cause, but came from the same county.

This announcement soon thawed the two parties thus made known to each other.

In a few minutes the tent was filled with a powerful blast of the Havannah fragrance.

"Now, Sir Horace," said Drystick, "I have been making these boys tell me all they have been about. Just let me know what you have been doing, will you, since you came on shore here, and when this infernal hole, Sebastopol, is going to knock under, or knock out, or be knocked down, or whatever fate is to happen to it."

"Ah! my dear fellow," said Sir Horace, "I think it is mighty difficult to say what the fate of Sebastopol will be. To give the devil his due, these barbarians are making as stiff a defence as possible, and they have so many men at command, they care so little for the loss of life, and have such a vast reserve of all the material of war, I see no assignable limit for the fall of the place. But, however, I hope it will happen one of these days, and that one of those days may be before all the besiegers die of the rot. How is it, doctor, you are ordered out here?"

"I have just been explaining to my friends, I am not ordered at all. I have come out just for the fun of seeing the siege."

"What, do you mean to say you have come out here for the luxury of the thing?"

"Yes; precisely for the sheer luxury of it."

"Well, the Lord deliver me, there is no accounting for a man's taste. I should think, as far as the luxury of the thing goes, you will very soon have enough of that, doctor, particularly if you will come and serve a night or two in the trenches."

"Ah! tell me about those trenches; how do you pass away your time, and yet there is no night bell?"

"Night bell, doctor? Why, you sit, sir, up to your knees in water, reposing upon a soft and sticky bank of mud. If you venture to sit upright, the whole of your head is knocked off. If you sit in a stooping position, then you only get half of it knocked off, but if you lie flat you keep your head on, it is true, but it gets stuck so fast in the mud that you cannot raise it up again, and as to smoking, it rains in such a way sometimes, that it has thoroughly put my pipe out."

"Well then, from all this, Sir Horace, I gather you will be glad when the day comes for assaulting."

"Assault! Let me tell you, those fellows who think the forlorn hope the worst part of an army make a mistake. I would rather lead three forlorn hopes than pass one night in the trenches."

"Well, altogether, I suppose you have had enough of soldiering?"

"Oh! not at all; I would stick to this fun for fifty lives if I had them, rather than let that barbarian, the Czar, have it all his own way."

"Well, then, Sir Horace, I suppose you are well pleased at having resigned all the comforts and luxuries of life for your present fare?"

"Yes, my boy, I would do it again to-morrow, and life into the bargain."

"Ah! dear me! Then you and I after all do not differ so much upon the question of the luxury of the place."

"Well, I suppose we do not either, doctor, but soldiering is one of those luxuries which seems, when you first look at it, an acquired taste after all."

"Oh! very much so; and on an average, how many tons of shot a day do you throw in for the amusement of the besieged?"

"Oh! Lord knows; the calculation has been made that the allies throw something like ten thousand a day into the town, but I think I would back the Russians for giving us a large interest. They throw us back double the number, whatever it may be. Hurrah! Here's Hanley of Ours. And who is that you have got with you, Hanley? By Jove it is your cousin, Romford Smythe, of the forty-third. Well, Smythe, my boy, how are you? Bring that little body of yours to an anchor, if you can be still for a moment, and take a weed."

---

## CHAPTER XLIX.

WHAT with Hanley of Ours, and Smythe of the forty-third, Fulton of the grenadiers, Charley Spicer of the fifty-fifth, and old Drystick, of Lord Lindon's yacht, Herbert Annesley of the *Spitflame*, and extra aide-de-camp to a general of brigade, aided by no end of cigars, and a fair allowance of rum-and-water, the reader may imagine the quantity of smoke that was generated, the quantity of yarns that were spun, and the rapidity with which the hours of the night stole away.

By degrees, as Drystick drained every one of the parties present of all they could tell him of their past adventures, our friends began to awake to a consciousness of the necessity of sleep. First one man sat himself down against the pole of the tent on a bit of mackintosh, then another fellow, on a piece of board on the other side, kindly gave him a back, then one fellow went off to his quarters, and another suggested the necessity of doing the same, while Spicer stretched himself at length upon a Greek greggo on a few boards, and offered Herbert a part of his splendid couch.

However, Herbert was sitting up next to Drystick, with a pair of

Bond-street boots, stretched out between him and the ground, and was looking out for an opportunity of having a word with the doctor on a subject very near and tender to him, so soon as the other auditors had either dropped off or gone to sleep, or would be so engaged they could not hear.

The night had gradually closed in raw and cold, and damp, and clouded. A thick mist settled on the encampment, and scarcely allowed you to see a few yards before your nose.

At last the various guests departed—Charley Spicer was fast asleep—Spicer's servant was lying down on a heap of old clothes, the great majority of which had been gallantly won on the field of Alma, and comprised all sorts of habiliments, from the great coat of the Russian soldier, up to the costly, richly-furred, pelisse of his hussar officer. Pat seemed to have spared no foe, and quite reckless as to any other tenants, would persist not only in keeping his old clothes shop in his master's tent, but in sleeping on it at any spare moment that he could devote to this useful exercise.

"What firing is that?" said Drystick, suddenly starting from his conversation with our hero, and listening to the distant roll of musketry.

"Oh! my dear doctor," said Herbert, "when you are as accustomed to this rumpus as I have been obliged to be, your ear will speedily cease to take any note of such alarms."

"What! you have this sort of thing constantly going on?"

"Morning, noon, and night, doctor. It means nothing but some fellows skirmishing down in the valley there."

Once more they resumed their conversation, and, half an hour afterwards, the doctor exclaimed—"Well, is that only a skirmish, again?"

"That is all, doctor."

"Confound the fellows! Do they never sleep in war?"

"Ah! war murders sleep."

Once more they began to discuss their various little pros and cons, when presently a deeper sound was heard.

"That is no outpost, I will be sworn!" said the doctor; "that is the sound of distant cannon. Come out with me, my boy, and let us see what this means."

Before Herbert could control him, the doctor had left Spicer's tent, and, leading the way, walked towards the edge of the plateau that overlooks the ravine, and the valley of the Tchernaya below.

"Hark!" said the doctor; "there is something going on in that infernal mist down there, that rolls, for all the world, as if it swept through the valley of Lethe. I never saw a scene reminding me more of that beautiful passage in Doctor Johnson's writings. Do you remember it?—the scene lies in a vale, spanned by a bridge, through the unseen trap-doors in which endless passengers fall into the torrent below."

"I remember, doctor, 'The Vision of Mirza.'"

"Precisely—that is the name of it. As I came along to-day, I was looking at the valley, and those tall heights opposite to just where we

stand. Imagination, sir, soon builds the bridge; remembrance, sir, soon furnishes the victims; and here we have the rolling clouds of mist. Beneath there, listen, and you will hear the poor unhappy wretches toiling on towards their doom."

"Well, that may be, but they make a terrible row about it," said Herbert. "What are they at now?"

"Well, I should say, judging from the sounds that reach my ear," said Drystick, kneeling down, and clapping his ear to the earth, "there are large masses of men marching along the bottom of that valley."

"Ah! there go our batteries at Balaklava!" as a distant flash lit the horizon; and presently, a long boom of heavy artillery came sounding along, and vibrating from the cliffs on the other side, rolling through the camp, peal after peal.

By this time several other officers and men of the camp had started from their hasty slumbers, and came running out from their tents hastily armed, to inquire what was the matter.

Patrols and scouts were then sent out and, in a little while returned with the intelligence that the enemy were making an attack, *en masse*, on our position at Balaklava.

Still the firing increased. Presently the Russians replied to it.

"Ah!" said Drystick, "there now, these fellows are beginning to pepper away at us in the town; that is firing at both ends; but I cannot help thinking there is some mischief brewing just opposite to us here, that row seems to go on still more unceasingly. Do not you hear it, Herbert?"

"Yes, I hear something; but it appears to me very like the echo, on those cliffs opposite, of the rumbling of the artillery waggons on the plain below."

"You do not think the enemy are planting artillery on that ground that commands this? If they are, we shall be made nice mince-meat of."

"Oh! that is said to be impossible."

"Egad! it sounds very like it, though."

"Ah! my boy, look out! here it comes!"

As Drystick uttered these words, a terrific flash, nearer than all the rest, opened exactly opposite where our hero and his friend were standing; and, as the flash preceded the sound, it was unable from the fog to reveal the exact locality in which the guns were placed; but the whole horizon was speedily lit up by one dull, lurid glare of flame; then was heard the whistling and singing of the shot; then glanced through the air those horrid meteors, the shells, pitching right into the encampment, knocking down the tents, cutting them to ribbons, and wounding several.

"Down on your faces till the shells burst," cried Herbert.

And, presently, whiz sung the fragments of the shells, bursting over the heads of the crouchers, among whom was poor old Drystick; and, as he laid upon the ground, rolling about like some vast turtle, Herbert, in all their surprise, could not help being heartily amused at the doctor's figure; and yet it was no laughing matter. Round after

round of that tremendous artillery came rattling among them—sounding, it is true, infinitely more terrible than it proved; for the fog that had so favourably concealed the men planting the cannon, also concealed in turn the objects which that cannon was required to destroy.

"Confound those blackguard Russians!—they have taken a dirty advantage of us. What the dickens could old Raglan have been about to leave this position of the camp unguarded? You have not even got guns in that redoubt, have you?"

"No," said Charley Spicer, "and worse than that—there is not even a *banquette* inside it for our men to fire from."

"Ah! ah! that is pretty generalship, upon my life. Old squirt as I am, I believe I should have made a better general than that. Here, Herbert, my boy, just stick your leg out, will you, and give me a help to roll myself on my back."

"Why, what do you want, doctor?"

"Want! why I want to see a little of the fun, to be sure. What is the use of a man lying here like a turtle, on his belly? I shall not present any more surface for the shells if I roll over on my back; and then, at least, I shall be able to see a little of something, instead of grubbing on the earth, with my nose in the ground, like a beetle. Push! Now then!—so, so! Now then, we go!—so! Thank you, Herbert. When a man arrives at my degree of fat, it is not so easy to manage your own carcase. Now, I am on my back. By Jove! what a splendid sight this is! Here they come!—shell after shell! Why, my boys, the whole horizon is blazing around us, from Bala-klava right round those cliffs opposite to us; thence, again, into the town; and round by the French batteries. It only wants our craft to blaze up a bit at sea, and the circle would be complete. Lord deliver me—what a jolly row!"

"You seem to enjoy it, doctor."

"Ay, ay, Herbert; ain't I in luck, to come out all the way from Torquay, just in time for such a precious spree as this? I begin to hope now that we shall have a general action before the affair closes."

"That is more than probable, doctor," said Sir Horace Fulton.

"The enemy did not collect eighty thousand men in the valley, yesterday afternoon, without an intention of trying us hard, and you may rely upon it they will not go back until they leave a few of their friends, as well as their foes, behind them. My advice to you, doctor, is, that you get off to the rear as fast as possible—find out the hospital marquee, and have your knives and tourniquets in readiness—there will be lots of work for you to do presently."

"Indeed, Sir Horace, I shall do nothing of the sort; I did not come out here a doctoring. I came out here a soldiering, or a pleasuring, or whatever else you choose to call it, and I shall not think of going to the rear until I have had a little bit of fighting."

"But, my dear doctor, it is not in your vocation, you know."

"That is very true, and that is just the reason why I like it. Do you think, now I have got a chance of spitting a Russian or two, I won't have a shy at the rascals?"

"But you have got no arms, doctor."

"Have not I though, my boy? I found in Charley Spicer's tent a Russian musket, with a very good bayonet on it, and my motto is—

*'Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo.'*"

"What is the meaning of that, doctor?" said some officer, whose name Drystick was not acquainted with.

"Why, my boy, I translate it—'The best sauce for a real Russian is five inches of his own bayonet.' Do you think, Sir Horace, the attack is going to be made here; or is it only a feint here, and the attack to be made in some other place?"

"Listen a minute, doctor, and you will soon find out—they cannot be attacking on all three points at once—most likely it is a sham in one, if not in two places, and the real attack will not come until this fire of artillery drops. When the men are secure from being mowed down by their own guns, they will be pouring in their musketry. Wherever you hear that begin to crackle, that is the point from which the real storm is coming."

"Ah! that is very pleasant information."

"Hark, doctor, there the artillery ceases!"

"By Jove! and here the musketry begins then, right abreast of us. This is their real attack."

"Ready, my boys, with your muskets," cried Sir Horace. "As soon as you see the heads of the Russian column show up over the hill through the brushwood, fire, but do not throw a single shot away until you can do it at a distance of twenty yards; be cool, be quiet, never mind their fire."

"I say, Spicer, my boy, is this Russian musket loaded?"

"Yes, doctor, to be sure it is."

"Dear me, my good fellow, help to roll me round on my knees again, that I may get a shot at these chaps. I can hear their feet scraping down the hill, and almost hear their short breathing. Yet stay! no, it's their pushing through the brush, accompanied with the rolling fire of the musket, answered by the deadly crack of the rifle."

Rank after rank, down fell the Russians, rolling over the steep ascent into the valley below, but onward still they came.

"Confound those fellows, they think nothing of the brushwood," said the doctor, "and here am I out shooting Russians without any ammunition;" but the row and the roar of the battle was so great, that none could hear poor Drystick's lament, well-timed as it was. His wants, however, did not, alas! last long. Scarcely had he uttered the words, when almost at his feet rolled over a brave old sergeant, who had been indefatigable in loading his *minié*, and firing it at the advancing foe with the utmost possible coolness. The doctor took the rifle gently out of the dying sergeant's hand, and, while he could hear the Russians forcing their way through the stunted oak shrubs just below him, filled his capacious waistcoat pockets with what remained of the sergeant's cartridges, and, having shouldered his rifle, and jumped to his feet shoulder to shoulder with the man next to him, picked out a Russian with deliberate aim.

"There he goes, by jingo," said the doctor; "that is the first game I have bagged to-day."

The doctor had no time to reload, for, in the next instant, the front rank of the advancing Russians were driven against ours.

"Take that, you son of a sea-cook," cried the animated son of Esculapius, beating up the weapon of the man opposed to him, and plunging the bayonet into his neck.

Inch by inch, contesting the ground—sometimes retreating a few feet, sometimes advancing, but still pressed to the utmost—Drystick and his friends remained cheering the men on to the utmost, and fighting for every inch of dirty ground as if it were a gold mine in Australia.

At last the Russians retired for a few minutes from in front of the spot where Drystick stood, and Herbert heard some one say, "Now, my boys, they have got in that fort—turn them out again."

Drystick, whose clothes were by this time torn, and rent, and singed, and perforated, with balls in every direction, turned round as he heard these words, and saw the Duke of Cambridge on horseback.

"Now, sergeant," said the Duke, pointing his sword at Drystick, "like a gallant fellow, lead your men into the fort and out with those Russians!"

"Sergeant be —," cried Drystick. "Here, my boys, come along with me. Hurrah! old England for ever!" and springing along in the direction the duke's sword pointed, Drystick soon found himself trampling on a mound of slain—whether friend or foe, no human being could tell—hot, bleeding, slippery from blood. In front of him were the Russians, some of them blazing away at the English, others using the club ends of their muskets; while the gallant 55th, returning to the charge for about the fifth time, strove over this tremendous mass of human carnage once more to drive back the superior force of the foe.

"Give it 'em! give it 'em!" shouted Drystick, whose enormous breadth of figure now began to be discernible in the first faint streaks of daylight—his coat completely gone from his back—his shirt sleeves appearing torn and saturated with gore—his face as black with gun-powder as his hat would have been if he had still retained it—his hat rolling away, the Lord knows where, and his straight gray hairs fluttering in the morning breeze.

"Here we come, sir; here we come," shouted the men, falling into line with him; and the doctor and the soldiers steadily made their way step by step over the slaughtered troops, using the bayonet at every inch, and at last expelling the Russians once more from the redoubt.

"Here they come again, my boys," cried the duke. "Now, guards, do not fire a moment too soon."

"We have got no ammunition, sir."

"Pull down the first tier of the fort, my boys, and use the stones—that is right, down with it. Now then, men, wait till the enemy is close in front of you—so. Now is the time—bang at them."

Suiting the action to the word, the guards, who had exhausted

their ammunition, hurled the heavy stones down upon the Russian infantry. Back they came again, hurled into the air, down into the fort.

"Look out for your heads, my boys," cried Drystick, as these terrific missiles came down on the mixed party of guards and the 55th.

"Holloa! here comes Crimean weather—it is raining muskets with baggonets all fixed," cried Drystick. "Where are you, Herbert, my boy?"

"Here I am," cried Herbert. "I have just got that last bayonet in my right shoulder. Where is Charley?"

"I do not see him."

"Where is Sir Horace?"

"He is not here. Holloa! here come the Russians, though. Give them back that bayonet, Herbert; do not be obliged to them for such a trifle as that."

On came the Russians once more to the charge, but as they mounted from the heap of slain they were received by such a serried row of steel, and such a terrific shower of blows from the butt ends of the muskets, they once more retreated.

"There they go, my boys. Hurrah! hurrah! back they go. Drive down the Russians. Look out for splinters. Here comes the artillery again."

"Where, Herbert, where?"

"They are opening fire from the opposite hill."

"Down, my boys, in the fort! all of you lie down!" cried the duke; and away went the storm of shot and shell, bursting over the heads of all who crouched below.

"Here comes a shell right amongst us," cried one of the men. Bang! whizz! went the shell. Then arose fresh cries and groans of the wounded.

"Hurrah! my boys, old England for ever!" cried Drystick. "Stick to 'em, they shan't have the fort. Only just swallow the shells to-day, and we will give them eggs for their breakfast presently."

"There then, that round of artillery has ceased. Up! my boys, and give them the bayonet," cried the duke, who, standing the racket of all this affair on his charger, escaped, as if by a miracle, unhurt.

Once more the men sprung to their feet.

Once more the Russians appeared clambering on the further side of the redoubt.

Again, down went the clubbed musket—in went the glittering point of the sharp steel—crack went the shot of the minié rifle, whose owner had had elbow-room, by some extraordinary dexterity, to load it, during the brief interval of repose, if such a name could be given to the rest the men had while the artillery of the enemy were playing upon them.

This was the last time the Russians found courage to come to the encounter.

Once more they were beaten back from the fort.

Once more shot and shell came roaring in amongst them, and the

onset of the tide, diverted temporarily from the redoubt, poured in upon the English lines in a direction somewhat nearer towards Balaklava.

Away spurred the duke to where the battle was raging, his last words being—

“Hold that fort, my boys, against every odds. The Russians are retreating—the French are coming.”

“Herbert, where are you?” said Drystick.

“Here I am,” said Herbert, with a faint voice.

“Has that bayonet wound hurt you much?”

“It has regularly pinned me.”

“How so?”

“It seems to have stuck into some poor fellow below me, and I cannot get it out. I am regularly pinned to the earth. Here are two or three fellows lying across my legs, too.”

“Here, stop, my boy, and I will come and help you. Holloa, sergeant, give us a hand here, that is a brave fellow.”

“Aye, aye, your honour,” said the man appealed to; and turning round to the spot where Herbert lay, they found that a musket, which had been thrown from below, outside the fort, so as to fall spearwise down inside it, had passed through the fleshy part of the shoulder and ribs, and, bearing Herbert against the embankment, the point of the bayonet had penetrated the boot of a soldier beneath him, and fixed itself most firmly in the tough leather sole. In this way the musket had become detached from the bayonet and fallen on one side.

When Herbert tried to lift himself up, the shoulder of the bayonet checked him; and when he tried to pull the bayonet out of the wound, the force with which it had stuck in the dead man’s boot below prevented him from extricating it. It was not until the full strength of Drystick and the sergeant had been applied that it gave way, and our hero was released from his imprisonment, and Drystick drew the bayonet out of his wound.

“That is a narrow escape, Herbert, my boy. A few inches more to the right, and that bayonet would have been through your skull.”

“Ah! doctor, a few inches more or less one way or the other are everything in such a chance as this.”

“What an infernal shame it is,” said Drystick, “that we should have had such a tremendous fight over this old fort! If the least precaution had been taken at first it might have been defended with one-tenth of the lives it has cost now.”

“Hush! hush!” said Herbert. “Do not dishearten these fellows; it can do no good to say anything now. My brave fellows,” he continued, looking round on the sturdy Englishmen near him, “if ever there was a band of heroes you are those men. I could not have believed, if I had not seen it, against what odds Englishmen can hold their own. We must have had at least ten to one against us. But now, come along, Drystick; I must try and go and find out what has become of my chief, Sir Percy Maxwell.”

“And I will go and see now, whether the doctors want any help.

"I look very like a man of science, do I not?" and Drystick took a survey of his outward appearance. "Bless your dear little heart," said he; "who would think this was a new suit of black? I look terrifically fiendish. Not a vestige is left of the great Mr. Wordsworth; but come along, just let me load this rifle before starting; and, Herbert, my boy, you had better take a look at your revolvers, and see they are all ready for action. There is one consolation we have in the present action if we have got no other."

"Pray, what is that?" said Herbert.

"We are at liberty to wander at will, and fight where we like. Stop a minute, Herbert, my boy; as I am a living Dutchman, there are two or three spoonfuls of cold water in that tin pot. Here, you are wounded, you shall have the first drink."

As the doctor said this, he picked up a canteen which was lying among the *débris* of one of the tents of the second division, which contained about half a pint of water in the bottom of it.

As Herbert drank, he thought that nothing he had ever tasted in his life so nearly approached his idea of nectar as the few drops of water thus obtained; and, having scrupulously preserved a fair half for Drystick, the latter swallowed his portion with great relish.

A few steps further on brought them right on the staff of the commander-in-chief.

"Is that old Raglan?" said Drystick, very disrespectfully.

"Hush!" said Herbert; "yes, that is him."

"I should like to tell him what I think of that two-gun battery never having been attended to."

"Depend upon it, my dear Drystick, he has had time to think about it, quite as much as you have. He looks very thoughtful and anxious."

"I should think so, indeed, when nothing but having soldiers, such as the world never saw before, has kept him from having the whole right of his position turned. Stay, here is a man I know. Seymour, where is Sir Percy Maxwell? Have you seen anything of him?"

"My dear fellow, I grieve to tell you he was shot through the heart a few minutes since, just down below there, on the hill."

"Is it possible?" said Herbert.

"It is, indeed; and Strangways is shot, and I cannot tell you who,—in short, we are cut to ribbons; but, thank heaven, the enemy are retreating at last."

"Are they, by Jove?" said Drystick; "then come along, Herbert, my boy; let us go and have a pepper at them; they have been firing at us all the morning, and it is time we pitched into them as hard as we can."

Drystick, hurrying off once more to the front, seemed fairly to forget his medical friends in the rear, and, advancing with the columns of the 30th, 41st, 49th, and 50th regiments, Herbert and Drystick continued loading and firing as fast as ever they could. In this latter part of the action the effect of the *minié* rifle was terrific.

The Russians retreated in order, which was considered wonder-

ful, under the terrific fire poured upon them by the English and French artillery, and English troops; and, at about three o'clock in the afternoon the foe had withdrawn from the field they had assailed with so much hope, and contested with so much valour, but which they now left absolutely covered with their dead and wounded.

Just as one of the last rounds of the English regiments had been delivered, Herbert received a ball in his right leg, and in an instant was down on the ground.

"Holloa! my boy," said Drystick, "this is a sad termination to our day's sport. I had hopes you had had your allowance. Come, let us see where it is;" and turning up Herbert's trowsers, Drystick formed a rough tourniquet of a bit of broken ramrod and his pocket handkerchief, and having stopped the bleeding, he took Herbert on his back, and began conveying him slowly up the hill towards the hospital marquee.

On his road thither, nothing could exceed the horror of the scene that at every step met their view. Heaps upon heaps of wounded and dead beyond all enumeration; screams, cries, groans, implorations for water, entreaties for assistance, prayers to be put out of their misery—all these various appeals to human sympathy and human aid continually came upon the ear.

Sadly conscious that he could do nothing to assist them, Drystick, still holding his rifle, with which he had done such execution that day, plodded his way back with young Herbert on his brawny back, a sort of Hercules retreating with his Nemean lion. But although the enemy were defeated, the danger of the day was far from over. The Russians, on board their ships in the harbour of Sebastopol, had quickly discerned the drubbing received by their countrymen, and immediately opened a severe fire of shot and shell over every portion of the field of battle still within their reach. This fire was the more brutal, because it not only killed our wounded, but also terminated the lives and hopes of their own.

Amidst all the dangers of this fire, therefore, Drystick and Herbert had to pursue their course.

At last, after two or three times resting, they arrived at the hospital marquee, and approached a surgeon busily operating on some of the wounded.

"Here, mate," shouted Drystick, "I have brought you another wounded officer."

"Mate! who the deuce do you call mate, sir?" said the surgeon, thinking that a great liberty was taken with him.

"Why, I call my mate a man who is, as I suppose, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London."

"You a surgeon!" said the medical man, looking up astonished.

"Yes: do not I look very like one?" said Drystick. "But, however, never mind all that sort of thing, just show us where your bandages are—a little lint and a probe—a friend of mine, here, has received a musket wound in his leg, but I do not think the ball is lodging there, though I am not quite sure. Now, Herbert, my boy,

just lie down there, and though my hands are shaking a little too much to be a good operator, we must not be nice, you know, on the field of battle. If I give you a slice or two too much, do not sing out hard."

"No, doctor, I will be as patient as I can," said he.

In a few minutes Drystick examined the wound, and after tracing the ball a little way, exclaimed—

"Here he is, I have found him—he has run under the skin. He has not wounded the popliteal artery, as I feared, and a slight slit through the skin just inside the calf of your leg will set the lead at liberty."

"Holloa—stop!" cried Herbert.

"All right, my boy, here is the Russian keepsake," said the doctor, extracting the ball, and putting it into Herbert's hand. Then bandaging his leg, he carefully put him on a dry piece of sacking, and went off to get him a little food.

## CHAPTER L.

By degrees, as every hour passed after the Russians had retired from the battle of Inkerman, the terrific price which we had paid for our victory began more sadly and plainly to appear. Every man was asking for his friends, and with almost every one, the answer to every third name pronounced was—"Where is so and so?"—"Killed." "Where is so and so?"—"Dead." "Where is so and so?"—"Dying." "Where is so and so?"—"Wounded." "Where is so and so?"—"Missing."

As for Charley Spicer, he was among the latter—no account could be heard of him; and poor Sir Horace Fulton was killed. In one of the repeated charges to retake the fort, he had been seen to fall wounded, and his men being obliged temporarily to retreat, they were unable to carry him away.

When they once more took the fort, his body was seen pierced with innumerable wounds—dead after dead were then heaped above him; and the last that Herbert saw of his faithful servant was, when he had been seeking for five hours to discover the person of his lamented master.

As Drystick heard this intelligence, he could not help pausing for a moment to contemplate the lesson it instilled. Here was a man possessed of a perfect paradise in England, supported with the income of a prince, and the calls of duty, and patriotism, and a soldier's love of honour and his colours, had induced him to throw aside every temptation, but that of fighting to the last, and dying by the side of the men he had commanded. Well, indeed, did that sage write

who declared that no man's happiness should be spoken of till his death.

Heaps of illustrious and distinguished men were added to the melancholy list; and now that the heat and excitement of the battle were over, the heart perfectly sickened to behold the awful scenes around.

On the third day, Herbert's wound had become so much worse that delirium had supervened, with high fever, and Drystick, making his way on board the admiral's ship, obtained permission for him to be taken on board the first steamer going down to the hospital at Scutari.

By this time Drystick's love of adventure had received a considerable cooling. A more terrific general action than Inkerman he could not hope to witness, and if he did, the chances were, that though he might see the beginning of it, he might never see the end of it; and not being now attached to any service himself, he considered he was at liberty to use his own discretion, and determined on attending his young friend down to Scutari, where after a somewhat rough and very melancholy voyage, they at length arrived.

At Scutari, thanks to Drystick's incessant care, Herbert received, notwithstanding the general misery, a fair proportion of the comforts his state required, and was included in one of the earliest batches of those on whom a medical survey was held; and being unable to use his right arm or his left leg, his was considered not an unfit case to be released from further duty at present.

As soon as this order was given, Drystick turned his attention towards the speediest method of going home, and succeeded in getting a passage ordered for Herbert down to Malta, from whence, after a short interval, they took their passage home.

By the time their steamer had reached the rock of Gibraltar, a decided improvement began to manifest itself in Herbert's health.

Hope—that most able of all physicians—painted in such glowing colours the dear shores of Old England, and the magic of those eyes from which he expected a welcome soon after he landed, that day by day increased his strength, and added to his activity.

At last the Eddystone Light, that welcome sight to many a weary watcher, was announced from the foretopmast head of the steamer.

That afternoon she put into the Plymouth Sound, where Herbert and Drystick landed, and took the *Brunswick* steamer to Portsmouth, starting on the following day.

The *Brunswick* on the next morning dropped a boat, and took Drystick and Herbert ashore, at the well-remembered and most welcome spot of sand that formed the private beach of Rosedale.

## CHAPTER LI.

THE moment Herbert was landed from the boat Drystick expected to see him hurry up the beach, and the well-remembered steps cut in the rock, as fast as he could lay feet to the ground, but instead of that, he seemed rooted and spell-bound to the shore, as if gazing out to sea at the retreating boat.

Drystick looked again, wondering what object in the latter could afford such superior interest to him, and then perceived that though Herbert's eyes were fixed on those retreating men, he thought not of them; his lips were moving almost imperceptibly, and Drystick inferred—and rightly inferred—that he was offering up a short but grateful prayer to Heaven, for having preserved him, through all the horrors of the last eighteen months, once more to return to England.

Drystick turned away from his friend and followed his example, and as he looked at the magnificent scenery around him, his thoughts insensibly reverted to all the horrors of the fight at Inkerman, and the lifeless body of the gallant and ill-fated Sir Horace Fulton, who owned so large a portion of the magnificent estates around.

In a few minutes, full of solemn and touching thoughts and memories, the two companions in arms resumed their route up to the cottage of Rosedale.

"Go a little before me," said Herbert, "and tell my good old father I am coming. Let him prepare my mother; for sometimes, you know, doctor, these shocks of joy—"

"Yes, my boy, I understand; you are quite right; and as soon as ever we are in sight of the cottage, and likely to see them, I will strike up a jolly pipe, that when they see me alone, they may not imagine that your absence is caused by your death or your wounds."

"Ah! well thought of, doctor; and here on these verdant slopes that still defy the approaching breath of winter, let me clasp your mighty fist, and thank you from the bottom of my soul for all the care and kindness you have taken of me. Ah! my dear old Drystick, I should never have put my foot upon this soil again if I had wanted you at my bedside during the past few weeks;" and Herbert stood still, and shook both hands of his burly old friend with vehemence.

"That be hanged!" said the doctor, drawing his hands, as he thought unperceived, across his weather-beaten old eyes, to knock out of them the tear that was ready to fall upon his cheek. "I know, my boy, you would have done as much for me had the chances of battle turned that way; but now we are here, Herbert, in jolly old England, does it not do one's heart good to think how we whopped those rascally Russians at Inkerman?"

"Ah! my dear Drystick, that is one view to take of it; but think what a sight that field afforded when the fight was done? If I

could only have driven that villainous Czar, tightly harnessed, and made him walk two miles straight ahead on any portion of the field, I do not care where, depend upon it, in that promenade he would have seen a certain hot place before his eyes, and would never have gone to war again."

"I say, Herbert, my boy, look up; there is your dear dad busy with his flowers just under the verandah, and there is your mother, or I am a Dutchman."

"Yes," said Herbert, pausing and looking up, his face beaming with affection, and his voice sinking into a deep whisper; "speak low, doctor; I know of old, the slightest word can be heard from this valley in the house. There she indeed is. How well they are both looking! Now I will hide in these bushes, and you strike up your song, and go through the lower gate."

"Aye, aye, bo''," said Drystick; and the two heroes slipping along under the hedge, Drystick commenced singing—

"And if I do return again, how happy shall I be,  
To see my love, my own true love, sit smiling on my knee;  
And if I do return again, how happy shall I be,  
To see my love, my own true love, sit smiling on my knee.  
As still our ship her foamy track across the waves was cleaving,  
The smoky pennant oft looked back to that dear land it was leaving;  
And if I do return again, how happy shall I be,  
To see my love, my own true love, sit smiling on my knee."

With this refrain upon his lips, Drystick gave a loud swing at the gate, and instantly attracted the attention of the aged pair above, who turned round from their occupation of nailing up the shoots of the tree-like verberna, which that delicious climate allowed to grow under the verandah of the cottage, eight feet high.

"Who have we here?" Drystick heard the old lady say.

"Why, who should it be, but your old friend, Doctor Drystick, with right good news from the war?"

"Hurrah!" cried the old man, taking off his hat, and throwing it into the air.

"Where is Herbert? where is he?" cried the mother, almost flying down the lawn.

"All right—all safe—all well!" cried Drystick. "His ship did not sail quite so quickly as mine, so I am here a little before him, but you may expect him very soon."

"And the dear boy's wounds"—cried the mother.

"Going on splendidly, my dear madam. He is still one of the handsomest fellows in the navy, as straight as an arrow, and as strong as a lion, thank God."

"Thank God, indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Annesley; and lifting up her folded hands to heaven, she turned round and sunk upon the nearest bench, bursting into tears.

"That is right—that is all right; when once a woman begins to cry, she is as right as the jewels of the crown." Then seizing the hand of the father, with a knowing look, and a jerk of his thumb over

his shoulder, Drystick added, in a low voice, "Herbert is all safe in the field below."

No further hint was needed. Down sprang the father, with the agility of half his years, and in a few minutes father and son were clasped in each other's arms.

"Herbert desired me to say, Mrs. Annesley, that he would lose no time in coming here direct."

But she was too agitated to make any reply.

"Unless, indeed, you think that his appearance might be too much for you, then I was to let him know, in order that he might go on to London."

"No! no! no!" cried the mother passionately, laying her hand on Drystick's arm. "The sight of him would be a perfect cordial to my life."

"If he should arrive this evening, perhaps, could you see him?"

"Oh! yes, this evening—this moment."

"Are you quite sure?"

"I am certain of it, my dear doctor."

"Well, then, give me your arm, and let us see whether we can go and find him."

"Has he come—has he really come? Yes. Merciful Heaven! I hear his voice. Herbert! My boy! My Herbert."

"Here, mother," cried the manly voice of her son, somewhat checked by emotion.

In a few seconds he came running up the gateway, and folded his delighted mother to his breast.

---

## CHAPTER LII.

MUCH as Herbert longed to be in London, and eagerly as he desired to hear some further intelligence of Geraldine, he found it doubly difficult to tear himself away from Rosedale. His parents were so delighted with his presence—they were so anxious lest he should be obliged once more to go back to all the horrors and dangers of the war, that he could not bring himself to leave them one moment earlier than necessary, for that which, after all, was his own private indulgence.

As for Drystick, after the toils, and sorrows, and tribulations, and dirt, and discomfort, and wretchedness, and blood, and struggles for life, through which he had recently passed, he felt so enchanted with the calm, and quiet, and exquisite beauty of Rosedale, that he seemed much more inclined to remain a fixture there for the rest of his days, than to fly off at a tangent, even at the bidding of so valuable a friend as Herbert. Whenever, therefore, Herbert talked of London, Dry-

stick drew a long face, insisted on the necessity of rest and quiet after so much exertion, from wounds and loss of blood; and it was not until he saw the convalescence of his patient retarded by the anxieties of his mind, that he consented once more to go to town.

At last, a letter arrived from the First Lord, communicating the approbation with which his gallantry at the bombardment of the fort had been received, and confirming the promise made to him by the admiral, of his next step of promotion as commander, as soon as his lieutenant's time should be served.

What with Herbert's desire instantly to appear at the Admiralty and render his thanks in person for this gratifying act of justice; what with his sanguine hopes that a rising commander might yet be esteemed a worthy aspirant by Geraldine's papa, Drystick and the old people at once perceived that it was utterly impossible to keep him any longer in quiet at Rosedale.

Selecting, therefore, as fine a morning as the glass had indicated for some time, away they drove for Totness once more; and, encased in a first-class carriage, off they bowled for Paddington.

"Now, my boy," said Drystick, as they reached the quiet of their own room at the Ship Hotel, "we know exactly how the land lies down at Annesley Hall, and the very hour to drop upon your worthy uncle, and all the particulars. To-morrow, you know, is the levee day of the First Lord. Well, you must give up to-morrow to him, then we will take some little light amusement, and a sensible touch of dinner—by the way, we will dine at the Crystal Palace, come home in the evening; and, on the following morning, I vote we set sail for Annesley Hall."

"Well, doctor, you make all the arrangements—that is a kind fellow; you have your head clear in this matter. I am as confused and excited as possible. I hardly know what I am doing; and I am sure you will do everything for the best."

"Very well, you leave it to me—all right—you could not do better, my boy. Confound it! it would be deuced hard if we boys, who withstood ten thousand Russians at Inkerman, on that blessed old two-gun battery, that had never a gun to defend it, cannot turn over this purse-proud member for Truckvote. For my part, if it were not that I like the girl as well as you do—not quite, you know, but very nearly, in a proper way—I should really consider that you did this fellow too great an honour in offering him an alliance. Yes, I understand what you are going to say—he is your own uncle, and all that sort of thing, but—I will just go down and order dinner—and I am of the same opinion still—so, while I ring and order it, you just make haste and write a line to the good folks at Rosedale, and say that you have arrived safe in town."

## CHAPTER LIII.

"How deliciously familiar this dull stupid old road looks to one," said Drystick, gazing out of the post-chaise as it rattled along towards Annesley Hall, a few days after the events described in the last chapter. "I little expected ever again to have seen that farm-house, or that row of fir trees, or, in short, any of the thousand and one familiar English objects that I see around me, as I stood poking away at those Russians on that misty morning at Inkerman. My eyes! what a fight that was, to be sure!"

"Ah! yes, my boy, how can we ever feel sufficiently thankful for being spared from that terrific fray? Do you see those tall chimneys down in the valley?"

"Yes," said Drystick, "I see them."

"Well, then, in that lordly—indeed, I might say princely—palace, an old man has to mourn no less than two sons, to whom his lordship was devotedly attached, both taken from him in a few months after our forces landed in the Crimea. Their fate might have been ours, and here are we comparatively healthy and strong, rejoicing in the glorious sun, the fresh inspiring breeze, and every beauty of nature around us. Poor old man! I often think of him, his desolation and sorrow, and ponder how I would like to bear up under such a dreadful loss myself as he has sustained. Here we are, at the lodge gates. How little they know, when they open them to us so readily, that their worthy master would willingly have us at Jericho, or five feet below the sod at Inkerman."

"Aye, my boy, I think he would have taken some pleasure in reading our names in the 'Gazette,' in the worst list of casualties."

"Well, now, how shall we proceed, Drystick?"

"Why, we must ask for the old buffer—then most likely he has gone to town—then ask for the bufferess—then, if she is up doing the Lady Bountiful among the villagers, we shall be able to ask for, you know whom, herself."

"Ah!" said Herbert, his colour coming and going, "I only wish we could get a chance."

The postboy drove to the door, and out came the butler—

"Is Mr. Annesley at home?"

"Yes, he is, sir," said the butler.

"Oh! Ah! Yes!" said Drystick, a little disconcerted. "Open the door, then, will you. We will do ourselves the pleasure of seeing him."

The butler, looking rather suspiciously at our friends, slowly undid the steps of the carriage, opened the door, and proffered his arm for Drystick to descend.

As soon as the doctor and his friend had reached the hall—"What name did you say, sir, I was to take in?"

"Oh! never mind the name," said Drystick; "just tell him two gentlemen on business."

"My master, sir, never sees gentlemen on business; they are always referred to the house in town. If you wish to see my master, sir, in the country, you will have to send in your name."

"Oh! very well, very well. In that case," said Drystick, taking out his pasteboard, and writing underneath his name, "Captain Herbert Annesley," presented it to the butler.

"It is all fair, my boy, to take brevet rank. On an occasion like this one must make the best show to the enemy. Stop, Herbert, my boy; I have a little *ruse* to practice." Then going back to the post-chaise driver, he whispered to the man—"Drive halfway down to the lodge, and stop behind that clump of evergreens on the right hand. Quick! Sharp's the word! Away."

The postboy had scarcely rattled off, when back came the butler, with a very stiff and supercilious toss of the head—"My master, sir, is very sorry, but he cannot have the pleasure of seeing you."

"Oh! indeed!" said Drystick; "that is very unlucky. I have just sent our carriage away—it will not be back for an hour. Just go with my compliments to your master, and say that his nephew, Captain Annesley, has just returned wounded from the Crimea, and I would be obliged to him if he would not keep him waiting in this cold hall for an hour. If he will see us we will only detain him for a few minutes."

When the butler heard this explanation, he first of all looked very stern, and began, "My master"—but the man was too much for the butler—"Have you come back from the Crimea, sir? There is a brother of mine fighting there in the 55th."

"A tall, strong fellow," said Drystick, "with a scar across the right side of the chin?"

"That is him, sir."

"One of the bravest fellows there—fighting close beside me 'the whole of that morning. I helped to dress one of his wounds. He is almost certain of getting an ensigncy."

"Is he, indeed, sir?"

"Yes, certain."

The butler, turning into a little room, which had a fire in it, placed chairs for the naval couple, and, once more going off along the passage, returned presently, and, with a knowing nod of intelligence, said, "Master will see you, sir."

Herbert and Drystick immediately rose, and followed the butler, who showed them into the library, where they found the honourable member for Truckvot, standing in the true English fashion, with his back to the fire, his coat tails turned up, one under each arm, almost exactly in the same attitude as that in which Drystick had been received by him in his counting-house—it being, in the honourable member's ideas, about as rude and insolent a mode of conducting himself to others, as his capacity permitted him to display.

"As the shortest mode of getting rid of you gentlemen, I thought it wiser to see you. What have you got to say?"

"Mr. Annesley, just be so good as to understand this," said Drystick, going up to him with very much the same sort of style that he had approached the Russians, "we are officers in the navy. We do not brook insult, or insolence; remember that we are awkward customers to deal with; I am no relation to you if this young gentleman is, and though you may meet tenderness from his hands you will meet none from mine, unless you take care of yourself."

There was something in the eye of old Drystick when he was thoroughly up to the mark, that was very unpleasant to withstand, and, almost involuntarily, Mr. Annesley dropped his coat tails, and sitting himself in his arm-chair, motioned Drystick to the other.

"Captain Annesley and myself, sir, have called on you to bring under your notice the attachment existing between your daughter and your nephew."

Mr. Annesley looked in the fire, apparently without taking the slightest notice of what was being said.

"You may not be aware," said Drystick, "that your nephew has distinguished himself as much as any officer, either afloat or ashore. He has not only earned his promotion as lieutenant, but the authorities are pledged to give him his further rank of commander as soon as he has served his time. I need not point out to you, that a commander in the navy, promoted under such circumstances, is certain at a very early period to obtain his post rank, and then all honours and emoluments are open to him, in a profession that has led to the peerage before, and will again. Under these circumstances, Captain Annesley is naturally anxious to bring again under your consideration the proposals that he already had the honour to make for your daughter. He does not come to be precipitate, or importunate, but he thinks he is fairly entitled to ask you to recognise the services he has rendered to you, in preserving the lives of both your children, and an opportunity of being recognised as your daughter's suitor, should she still be pleased to honour him with her approbation."

"Sir, to cut short this very disagreeable business," said Mr. Annesley, rising, "I beg to inform you that there is not the slightest predilection on the part of my daughter for this young gentleman. Indeed, I believe, she thinks with me, that marriages with cousins are always attended with circumstances of great sorrow and misfortune. The fact is, it is an alliance which ought never to take place, and I am happy to tell you, that my daughter is on the point of leaving the country, and that, before her return, it is very possible that she may have chosen for herself some gentleman entitled to be her protector for the rest of her life."

As Mr. Annesley said this he laid his hand upon the bell, and before Drystick could quite recover from his astonishment at this sudden intelligence, the butler once more appeared.

"Show these gentlemen to their carriage, if you please."

Drystick started to his feet half choked with passion, and not

exactly knowing what he should say, he turned round to Herbert to see if he had anything to suggest.

Poor Herbert, excited and distressed by the intelligence thus rudely communicated to him, sat still in his chair almost in a fainting state.

Drystick once more turned round to wreak upon Mr. Annesley his anger at this reception, but all he could see of the honourable member for Truckvot was just a vanishing part of his figure, as he let himself out of the library by a side door, which communicated with the dining-room.

In another instant Drystick heard the double door shut on the other side, and he was left alone with the butler. His ready wit did not forsake him.

"My friend," said he, "if you have anything to send to your brother, write me word. Here is my address, I will take care it reaches him by a special hand."

"I am so much obliged to you, sir," said the butler.

"And here, put this in your pocket," giving him a guinea; "tell me where your young mistress is going abroad."

"Madeira, sir," said the butler.

"What," said Drystick, "she is not ill, is she?"

"Well, she is very thin, sir; very thin and pale, sir."

"What ship is she going by?"

"Well, I think it is the *Heroine*, sir, which sails next week."

"Who is taking charge of her?"

"Young Master Richard, sir. He is going out on purpose with her."

"Where does she start from?"

"From Southampton, sir."

"Oh! when did the young lady leave this house?"

"The day before yesterday."

"Oh, how unfortunate I am!" said Herbert, stamping on the ground. "Ah! doctor, if I had only come straight here."

"Stop, my boy. All right. Leave it to me. Here, butler, here is another guinea for you. We are very much obliged to you, and be sure you do not let your master know you have told us a word. Come along Herbert, my boy."

## CHAPTER LIV.

"WELL, my dear doctor, what an unfortunate climax this is! What is it you propose to do?"

"Well, now I will tell you what I propose to do. I propose that you and I bundle right away to Southampton, that, come what may, you shall see the lady before she sails, and then, as to the future, why that must entirely depend upon what passes at your interview. The great difficulty I see in the matter is the immovability of these old people. If they will not give their consent to your marriage, and the lady herself will do nothing in opposition to their will, I am afraid you have nothing for it but patience, and a dish of that precious cold article, hope deferred."

"How hard it is, is it not, of my uncle, to treat me in this way? Is it not extraordinary, that any human being can make up his mind to act such a part?"

"Oh! extraordinary. I have long ceased to speculate upon what man may do, or may not do. Hang it, sir, they will do anything that is villanous. Just think of the field of Inkermann, and reflect that all that happened, because one brutal-hearted son of a sea-cook, whom they call the Emperor of Russia, having already a larger empire than he can govern, wished to have a little slice more, and half-a-dozen old fogies, who call themselves diplomatists, fall out about the wording of a particular note. Zounds, sir, when I think of what man can do, or cannot do, I am lost in a wilderness of bloodshed and villany. At any rate, let this content us for the present, we will lay our course for Southampton. Happen what may, we will see the lady, and then, what next we may do must depend entirely upon her. Now, having laid that down as our general plan of operations, let us not have one single word more in debate until that is carried out."

"Very well, doctor, I agree to that. I said, at starting, I would put myself under your guidance, and you shall find me obedient to the end."

"Very well, Herbert, my boy, pay the post-boys—order luncheon—defray the bill, and tell them to let us have a fly at the door to catch the next train for London."

## CHAPTER LV.

"How can you be so extravagant, Herbert, as to buy a 'Times' newspaper for sixpence?"

"My dear doctor, the 'Times' newspaper has become a necessity of every man's existence. If you are merry and light-hearted, there is always food for your mirth to feed on. If you are miserable, you are sure to see an account of somebody more wretched than yourself, and that gives you ground for cheerfulness. If you are in a grave and philosophic tone, halting between the two extremes, the whole world is under your gaze in a few seconds, and then you have an endless theme on which to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies; but here, in a railway train, starting as we are from a station on a dismal line like this, a man has no resource but to throw himself into the columns of the 'Times' newspaper, until the fates deliver him at Houndsditch, or elsewhere."

"Well, I do not complain of the pabulum for the mind, but it is the extravagance of the thing which strikes me, sir. A lieutenant on half-pay to give sixpence for the perusal of a print, which he might get at any tavern two or three hours hence, when the same sixpence feeds him with a chop. Consider, my dear Herbert, you, who propose to plunge into matrimony on all the vastness of £90 a year, you should be aware of these extravagances."

"Well, certainly, I suppose one must some day or other begin to be economical, but it is one of those exercises of the mind which every man intuitively puts off till, like death, it is forced down his throat."

"Well, having complained of your extravagance, and pointed out to you your iniquity, just hand me over half the paper, will you, that I may, like a true Scotchman, share the benefits of your profusion, without undergoing any of its loss."

As Drystick said this, he produced his knife from his pocket, and, with Herbert's assistance, divided the newspaper in two. Each took his half, and they sat face to face reading that too entertaining journal as they whirled away towards London, leaving behind them all the comforts of the quiet hotel, where they had taken a very substantial luncheon on their return from Annesley Park.

Presently, the doctor lowered his half of the "Times" newspaper, and, peering over the top of it through his temporary glasses at Herbert, deliberately put his right hand into his waistcoat pocket.

"Herbert."

"Well," said Herbert, lowering his half of the paper, so as to see what his friend was at.

"Put out your hand."

"Here it is," said Herbert.

"There," said Drystick, pulling forth a shilling, and putting in into Herbert's palm. "I recant all my accusations against you, my young friend, of extravagance. I now perceive that you made a very judicious investment when you gave sixpence for this most valuable journal; an investment, sir, which now returns to you a hundred per cent."

"Why, what is the matter, doctor? What is the meaning of this?"

"Sir, I perceive, in my half of the paper, a matter of considerable profit and emolument to myself, and, common honesty induces me, on purely mercantile grounds, to reimburse you at a fair profit for so large a contribution to my *rem pecuniam*."

"I do not understand you, doctor. What am I to do with this shilling?"

"Put it in thy pouch as part of thine own personal property. I purchase this paper of you at cent per cent."

"Why, what the deuce do you mean? What do you see in it?"

"Read that, sir," said the doctor, handing over his half of the paper, with his finger attached to a particular advertisement.

Herbert deliberately pocketed the shilling, and then read the advertisement, to which the doctor drew his attention, as follows:—

"Wanted, immediately, for that splendid new steam ship, the *Heroine*, 2256 tons burden, about to sail to Australia, touching at Madeira and the Cape of Good Hope, a fully qualified surgeon, accustomed to the sea, and capable of taking charge of this magnificent ship, in consequence of the sudden illness of her late surgeon. The preference will be given to a surgeon of the Royal Navy, who must be prepared to start to sea in a few days. Apply to Messrs. Wigan and Phillips, Lower Thames Street."

"By Jove, how extraordinary!" exclaimed Herbert.

"Extraordinary, sir! providential, sir; perfectly providential! Do you not see the whole plan of our campaign sketched out? I will get this appointment as surgeon."

"That is, if you can."

"If I can. Do you think, sir, there is anything in which I could fail? I tell you, sir, I will have it."

"And then——"

"Why, then, of course, you will take a passage in the fore-cabin. You will not be seen. You will be ill and sick in your berth, and so on, till we are fairly out to sea, and then, when Hobbes Annesley and the fair Geraldine are your companions for the voyage, you will simply pay the difference of the after-cabin fare and come in among us, and there you will have a pleasant run out to Madeira. Now, if you are inclined to take the whole venture, all for love, get the lady's consent, and be married at Madeira; come out with me to Australia, my boy, and we will pitch our tents there, and turn farmers for the rest of our natural existence, or anything else that might turn up. I have always had a great longing for Australian life. I am sick of the conventional formalities of purse-proud England, where, if a man has not a good account at his bankers', he may possess every cardinal

virtue enumerated by St. Paul, and it will win him little or no estimation in this Christian country. Faugh! sir, I am sick of it. Here is this member for Truckvote; he and your father were nursed at the same breast, and now he will scarcely let inside his doors his brother's only child, because he does not happen to have exactly the amount of yellow dust that this fellow has set up as his idol to worship, quite forgetting that, but for the gallantry of the excluded relative, he would have had neither chick nor child himself; and, independently of this, so great a consideration, refusing to see that the man he spurns has displayed qualities in the service of his country, which might do honour to any family. Ah, Herbert! national wealth, no doubt, produces great national advantages, but, unless the Government and country of this kingdom pay a little more attention to bestowing honours for other merits than those of mere wealth, England will degenerate into the basest of all heathenism, and become a mere extended temple, where nothing but money is to be worshipped, and nothing but money will be pursued."

"But are you serious in advising me to go out in the *Heroine*?"

"As ever I was in my life. If you really love this girl, I say, win her. You have saved her life. No man has such a right to her, if she will consent, as you have. And let your old Truckvote uncle leave his money-bags where he chooses. With Australia before you, every additional child is additional wealth; whereas, in this overpopulated country, a lieutenant on half-pay dares not marry at all; and, if he does, every child that falls to his lot is a source of misery and fear."

"But I know nothing of farming."

"Fiddle-dee-dee. Supposing that granted, at any rate you are only on a par with Adam, and some of his descendants have lacked neither honour nor wealth. If you did not know a spade from a shovel, you have still a God above you, and a teeming earth below. You have a heart to face the devil. You will have by your side the woman you love, and what more do you desire?"

"By Jove, doctor, you are right. There is something in the venture that delights me. And will you promise to leave the *Heroine* at Australia, and come and settle with us?"

"I will, by Jove, sir."

"Then, I am your man."

"Agreed. I suppose we can soon get an outfit in London? A couple of hours in an outfitter's shop, and the thing is done."

"Hurrah!" said Herbert, throwing up his feet; "who can say there is not romance and adventure to be found in life yet, when a couple of fellows, in five minutes' conversation, can throw themselves and their destiny to the other side of the world?"

"Just so, Herbert—

'Ours the wild life in tumult still to range,  
From toil to rest and joy in every change;  
Ours the fresh turf and not the feverish bed,  
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,  
When ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.'

"But there is one thing that pains me—in our scheme have we provided for our friends at Rosedale?"

"Oh! after five years' absence, five years' work in Australia, you ought to thrash your brains against a post if you do not come home with a good fortune."

"That is all very fine to say, but how is it to be made?"

"By rising at six o'clock, and drinking water. I will undertake to say that will make any man's fortune in Australia; for no man can rise at six o'clock in the morning, for a continuance, unless he has something to engage him during the day. You leave yourself to the great Mr. Wordsworth, and see if he does not send you back with a trifle of twenty or thirty thousand pounds in your pocket."

"Well, that is a future consideration. If we settle well in Australia, I have no doubt my father and mother would come out to us. At any rate, you get the appointment to the *Heroine*, and I will throw in my lot for the rest."

---

## CHAPTER LVI.

"WELL, doctor, what success have you had in your application?" said Herbert, as Drystick, issuing out of the office of Messrs. Wigan and Phillips, rejoined our hero, who had been waiting for him in an adjoining street.

"Just what I told you. I am to send in my testimonials. No other navy surgeon has yet offered, and if my testimonials are satisfactory, I am to have the appointment."

"I hope it is a comfortable appointment."

"Oh, capital! I am to have a first-rate cabin, and the pay will be a little better on the whole than I should have in her Majesty's service. Now, let you and I go and order dinner, and then I will bring back my testimonials. I have them all in my little tin box, where I keep my papers, at my navy agents, in Norfolk-street, Strand."

"Nay," said Herbert, "let us rather drive direct for your papers, take them in, and then, if you are appointed, we will go down quietly together, and order a fish dinner at one of the Greenwich taverns. I have long wished to see the Nelson relics at Greenwich, and we will make a pilgrimage there before going once more to sea."

"Well, my boy, we will; and, now I think of it, I will ask my agent to drive down with us to Phillips and Wigan's, and then he will be able to testify as to my being the real Simon Pure, touching whose humble services these testimonials have been given."

"Nay, doctor, do not trouble your agent. Do you not think if I

were to go with you, and represent that you were the great Mr. Wordsworth——,”

“No more of that, Hal, an’ thou lovest me,’ on such an occasion.”

“Well, I must say, I think it would serve you better, if you were going to engage yourself to the manager of Drury Lane, or some other great acting establishment.”

“Hang Drury Lane. Let us rather think what a jolly lark it will be when somewhere about the second day after we leave the Land’s End, you walk up to Hobbes Annesley on the quarter-deck of the *Heroine* and wish him a pleasant voyage to Madeira.”

“Poor Hobbes, he certainly will open his eyes wide.”

“Yes, but I am afraid your attention will rather be given to his sister’s eyes than his at that moment.”

“So I fear,” said Herbert, blushing.

“What curious straws on the surface of the stream we are! How little did I think of making a voyage to Australia some four-and-twenty hours since.”

“Yes, it is singular; but then, you see, one straw floating on the current very often attracts half-a-dozen other straws in the same river. How little does Hobbes Annesley think that his sister, instead of passing the winter in Madeira, is likely to pass it in New South Wales!”

“Ah, yes; there again the same idea presents itself. What toil we bestow to achieve our various ends, and how few of us are allowed to reach the goal we propose.”

Often in after life, Herbert recalled these words and dwelt on them, little knowing at their utterance how much more truth they contained than he then imagined.

But to our tale.

The navy agent was luckily found at home, and stepping into Drystick’s cab, it once more drove to Messrs. Phillips and Wigan’s offices.

Drystick and the agent went up to see the partners of the firm, while Herbert remained below.

“I have thought, gentlemen,” said Drystick, “that it might save you a great deal of trouble if I brought with me my friend the navy agent, Mr. Ormerod. He has always been kind enough to take care of my certificates, and as we have been acquainted and done business together for the last twenty years, he is well aware of my services in several of the ships to which these papers relate. I will leave you and him to have a conversation together, and as soon as you come to a decision to accept or decline my services, perhaps you will summon me from the outer office.”

“Thank you,” said Mr. Wigan, “that is a very good idea of yours. Of course, as a stranger coming to us from a mere advertisement in the newspapers, we should have required a day or two to verify your certificates, but Mr. Ormerod is well known to us, and now I dare say we shall be able to give you a decisive answer in ten minutes.”

Drystick having bowed himself out of the sanctum of Mr. Wigan, Ormerod took his chair opposite to that gentleman's desk, and, untying the bundle of certificates he brought with him, placed them all under Mr. Wigan's eye.

"Well, Mr. Ormerod," said the senior partner, "I hardly know that I need look through these, since you know this gentleman. What ships has he served in?"

"Well, he has been assistant-surgeon on board of three line-of-battle ships. He has been a full surgeon on board several frigates, and you see here is his certificate of his last ship, where he had three hundred or four hundred men under him, and it is impossible language can speak higher of any man's abilities, professionally or otherwise."

Wigan took up the paper and read it through—"Well, Mr. Ormerod, if there is any use in testimonials of any kind, I suppose nothing can be stronger than this. And you have been his navy agent for twenty years?"

"Yes, I and my father before me."

"Well, I suppose we cannot do better, can we?"

"Well, if you merely want a man of the kindest heart, and indefatigable zeal, and energy, and professional skill, here you have the man, and he has always been a most satisfactory man of business to deal with. He never overdraws his account, and he has saved a good deal of money."

"Ah! Mr. Ormerod, that is always in a man's favour, is it not?"

"It is on the right side of the book, you know."

"And is he satisfied with the terms we offer?"

"He told me he does not care a fig about the terms if I am satisfied with them."

"Well, well, then it is of no use to waste time; our clerk shall have the articles of agreement drawn up to-morrow; if the doctor will call here and sign them, the bargain is made."

"Very well, then; I will just call the doctor in. Doctor Drystick," said Mr. Ormerod, opening the door, "your testimonials are perfectly satisfactory, and I am sure you will forgive me for saying in your presence that I think my friends Messrs. Wigan and Phillips are remarkably lucky in getting their vacancy so ably supplied."

"If you will call here to-morrow, Doctor Drystick, we will have the articles of agreement ready for you; and we will write down to-night to the captain of the ship, which lies at Southampton, to have your cabin prepared."

"Thank you," said Drystick. "What day would you wish me to join?"

"Well, doctor, the ship sails in ten days. Will a week be enough for you to get ready in?"

"Ample," said Drystick. "Ormerod, you take charge of those certificates again for me; I will drop you at Norfolk-street as I drive back along the Strand, and I am very much obliged to you for shortening the progress of this little matter. To-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, Mr. Wigan, I hope to present myself once more in this room to sign the articles between us. I must now go to a friend at the

Admiralty and get the requisite leave of my lords to accept the appointment. It is a mere matter of form. It is as well, however, to go through it for fear of their taking advantage of me."

"Oh, by all means, pray get leave of the Admiralty, or else at the last moment they might interpose their veto."

"They be hanged, a set of humbugs—I should like to catch them vetoing me. I would buy into Parliament, and give them such a roasting for the next half-a-dozen years as to all their various jobs and peccadilloes throughout every dockyard and ship in the kingdom, that they should be glad to get rid of me on any terms. However, I know how to manage them. Leave them to me. Depend upon it I do not influence half-a-dozen votes at Devonport, and three at Chatham for nothing. Now, come along, Mr. Ormerod. Good morning, Mr. Wigan," and down the stairs rolled Drystick.

Plumping into the cab in the street, in which waited Herbert—

"What news, doctor?" demanded the latter.

"All right, my boy. Got the appointment. Told you I would. Now, I am going to drop my agent at Norfolk-street, and then you and I will go on to the Admiralty, and when we have cooked those precious ones sufficiently, we will take boat down to Greenwich."

---

## CHAPTER LVII.

"Now is your time, doctor, to make a good hearty English breakfast. You do not know when you will taste such a meal again in our tight little island."

"Ah! Herbert, my boy, glad to see you down at last; that is the worst of you fellows who are in love, you always lie in bed dreaming of bright eyes, &c. This is not a bad inn for Southampton, and they give us a tolerable feed. I ordered some fresh fish for you, and there are all sorts of game and meats on the sideboard: but as to how long it will be before we breakfast in England again, it is not for me to say—it is enough to take a good breakfast every day; I always think it a duty to do that in justice to the forthcoming hours; for when a man has been kicked about the world as much as I have been, he will never attempt to say where he will be, or where he will not be. Now which shall I give you, tea or coffee?"

"Coffee, Drystick, if you please. Have you been in Southampton long?"

"Well, I have been here two days, just to go aboard and fit up my cabin, which I have tried to make as comfortable as I can, and I have got an extra easy chair in it, you rascal, for you. When did you arrive from Rosedale?"

"I got in here from the train about two o'clock this morning, from

Dorchester. Having said good-bye to the old people, I sailed from Dartmouth to Poole, and thence came on by land."

"Well, did you leave the old people well and hearty?"

"Yes, very well—a little depressed at parting, because, as I could not exactly explain to them all the objects I have in going on board at present, my mother has some fear, lest I have some hidden affection of the lungs which takes me to Madeira."

"Ah! the lungs, dear lady. If she only looked at your breadth of shoulders she might have been easy about that. If she had only said an affection of the heart, Herbert."

"Yes; why then she would have been as knowing as yourself Drystick."

"Ah! my boy, very few fellows are that, let me tell you. And the old governor, did he try to draw you out as to what you were going abroad about?"

"Very little; I told him I could not explain exactly, but he has such an implicit faith in my only doing that which is requisite in my own eyes, that the moment he saw I had an *arrière pensée*, he stopped in his inquiries."

"A sensible old dog; excuse my terms of endearment."

"Well, they are not very choice, Drystick."

"No; but very forcible."

"And what sort of a ship have we got for our voyage, in the *Heroine*?"

"Well, a splendid ship. I shall feel great pride in pulling you round her to see what you think of her."

"They certainly build magnificent packets in these days; but how many tons burden is she? Over two thousand, if I remember the advertisement rightly."

"Precisely. Two thousand two hundred and fifty-six, and she is three hundred feet long."

"Well, that is a considerably larger ship than Nelson's flag ship at Trafalgar."

"Oh yes; she is a gorgeous craft, I can tell you."

"And what engines has she on board?"

"She has a couple, of four hundred horse power each. She carries a thousand tons of coal, to last her for sixteen days, supposing that she burns two and a half tons an hour. She has no less than sixteen boilers, and can afford to burn two and a half tons of coal an hour. Think of that, my boy."

"And has she plenty of life-boats?"

"Yes; ten boats altogether."

"And how many men has she got in her crew?"

"One hundred and ten. And then I am told there will be about fifty passengers, besides the Government Mail agent, and his servant, so that we shall start to sea somewhere between one hundred and sixty and one hundred and seventy souls altogether. There seems to be an endless supply of stock on board."

"And does she take out any cargo now?"

"Oh, yes; I believe she has something like twenty thousand pounds

sterling in specie and money, and about five thousand pounds worth of quicksilver in bottles, for mining operations in Australia."

"Were many of the passengers on board when you were there yesterday?"

"Oh, yes; all the knowing ones, because they got their things in order."

"And what hour are we to go off to-day?"

"As soon as ever you have swallowed your breakfast we will walk down to the steam-tender that takes us off from the docks. She leaves this in about three-quarters of an hour by my watch, which, like its owner, sir, never errs; and if you take my advice, Master Herbert, you will not miss getting away by this early trip of the boat, because in all probability your uncle and aunt may come down to see your cousins off, and if they should happen to come off with you in the steamer, they would think nothing, as you know, of pulling back again and waiting for the next packet."

"Oh! amiable beauties! I give them full credit for defeating my little combination if possible. Well, now then, I have finished my breakfast, and am ready whenever you are, doctor."

"Very well; then I will ring for the bill. I have secured your berth on board. It is a very decent cabin on the lower-deck forward. At present you are supposed to mess in the fore-cabin, but as soon as you can make your appearance, you know, you will pay the difference, and come and mess in the after-cabin."

"Precisely."

"But now, when we go on board, you and I will go straight to my cabin, for that has a capital large scuttle, and sitting there, we can watch the approach of the honourable member for Truckvote, his wife, son, and daughter."

"Ha! ha! to be sure; capital fun it will be, watching the approach of the old boy, little imagining what an ambush he is coming into."

"Yes; but what a sell it would be for us, having embarked upon this voyage, if by some caprice or accident the honourable member, his wife, son, and daughter, should not make their appearance at all, any of them. We shall then have the pleasure of starting off to the other end of the world on our own hook."

"Oh! do not talk of such a probability. If they do not come on board either here, or at Plymouth, you may take your oath, doctor, that nothing shall keep me from being taken violently ill, or having some other good reason for forfeiting my passage-money and going back by the pilot."

"Ah! you may do that, but then you rascal, you leave me to go out and buffet it about betwixt this and Australia."

"Nay, doctor, I hope no ill will come to you on any affair connected with myself, but do not hint at such a *dénouement* as the non-appearance of Geraldine. Here comes the waiter with the bill."

## CHAPTER LVIII.

"WELL, she is a magnificent looking craft, doctor, certainly," said Herbert to Drystick, as the small steam tender, in which they had embarked with all their luggage, began to approach the neighbourhood of the magnificent *Heroine*, at anchor with her fore-top-sails loose, and her steam roaring from her funnel, as she lay waiting with every appearance of impatience before she started on her momentous voyage.

"Yes, my boy, that is such a craft as does Old England honour. I believe she is supposed to be one of the finest steamers ever floated. She contains all the latest improvements in steam navigation."

"Ah! and I suppose that is some new invention, that pair of crutches for receiving the keels of her quarter-boats?"

"Yes, Herbert, that is a plan which I looked at several times. It is a new-fangled invention which I do not much approve of, to tell you the truth. It is to do away with the under girding-strap."

"Well, there was no reason for doing away with that, and, I should say, in case of a man falling overboard, the chances are that in the hurry of getting the boat afloat, what with the necessity of having to hoist the boat up to get her off those cranes, and then to swing the cranes in, out of the way, and hold fast the falls while that was being done, the whole affair is so complicated, the chances are ten to one that the boat will be stove by one of those crane points going through her bottom, before she reaches the water."

"Well, that is just what struck me, and I do not see what they propose to gain by it."

"Well, I suppose they think it is an additional security. Under the old system, if the tackle broke, by which the boat was hung, of course she fell overboard by the bow, or stern, whichever tackle happened to go away; but, by this plan, as soon as the keel of the boat is resting on those iron crutches or cranes, she, of course, is independent of the tackling."

"Ah! certainly there is that additional security for the boat, but that compensates very poorly for the increased difficulty of lowering her, and the danger that she may be rendered useless. Now our little steamer is going to cross the bows of the *Heroine*, and discharge her living cargo on the other side. Just take a look, Herbert, my boy, as you pass her bows, and see what a noble vessel it is."

"She rises out of the water, doctor, quite like a seventy-four; a most stupendous craft, certainly. What would the old fellows of the East-India Company have said to such a steamer as this? Look what little dots the waterman's boats appear beside her."

"Yes, indeed--

'1 on tall anchoring bark  
Diminished to a cock; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight.'"

"On such an enormous bulk as this, who would imagine that the waves could have any power?"

"No one, till they had been to sea in her; but, now, here we are alongside. I will go first up the side, and straight down to my cabin, and you follow me. Once in our cabin, you can look out of the scuttle, and see all your luggage safely out."

"But, then, I ought to see my luggage sent to my own cabin."

"Well, so you shall, but I had better go on board, and see that our friends have not come on board in the night. I will ascertain that, then you may come out of my cabin, and go and see all your luggage got safely into your own."

"Ah! true, that will be safe."

Following this arrangement, Drystick, as soon as the mail steamer touched the side of the *Hervine*, took hold of the man-ropes and ran up the companion ladder into the entering port, for she was of such a size, it was requisite to have this amount of accommodation.

In a few minutes Herbert was safely ensconced in the cabin of Drystick, while the latter went to make a few cautious inquiries of the steward and stewardess, and ascertained that, up to that point, Geraldine and her brother had not arrived.

"That is good," said Herbert; "then I will pop out and see all my luggage properly arranged, and return to you forthwith."

In the course of half-an-hour, Herbert having seen carefully stowed away the few articles which he had found it necessary to bring on board, he came back to Doctor Drystick's cabin.

No one answering to his knock he walked in, and found it untenanted.

Drawing the easy chair into such a position that he could look through the scuttle of the cabin, he produced from his pocket a small telescope, and fixed the focus necessary for observing the movements of the steam tender, as she once more neared the quay, on her return from the ship. For two hours, Herbert's observation of the shore continued without any very successful result. During this time, the doctor frequently came in and went out of the cabin.

"What hour," said Herbert, "is fixed for the departure of the ship?"

"Well, the time has already passed over, but I suppose they will go in the course of a couple of hours."

"What hour is it now, doctor?"

"It is now one o'clock, quite time that something should be seen of our friends, if they are to appear at all."

"Well, doctor, I think I do see something very like them; there are a couple of ladies and some gentlemen getting out of a carriage on the pier."

"What are their ages?"

"One is evidently a young girl. The age of the other it is difficult to make out at this distance."

"Well, Mrs. Richard Annesley is very slight in person. I will get out my glass, in addition to yours," said the doctor; and Drystick took down from the pegs on which it hung his own spy-glass, and adjusted it to the necessary focus for the purpose; then looking through the scuttle, beside the glass of Herbert, he scrutinized the fresh arrivals for a few seconds. "That is Mrs. Annesley, I vow; she has vinegar enough in her face to dispel the scurvy in a fleet. Now, my boy, you and I must lie hush till we see them take their departure for the shore again."

"Oh! longer than that, doctor. There comes down another carriage full, and there is another, and another, here they come. By the way in which they are driving, they must think themselves late."

"Oh! to be sure they do; and just see the fuss the old member is making about going across the plank from the quay to the little steamer. Ah! now he is on board. Now follows Master Hobbes. There they are, all four safe. Holloa, there is the little boat blowing off her steam. She will soon be off now. By Jove! here comes the luggage of the Annesleys, I suppose. What piles of bonnet-boxes!"

"Yes, and that is the ladies'-maid walking beside it. I suppose two-thirds of the luggage is hers, at least."

After a few minutes' observation, Herbert said: "Now the little steamer is away. Ah! down comes a fellow driving to the quay, but he is too late, they cannot put back for him?"

"Look, Herbert, look! By St. Anthony, what antics he is kicking up! I suppose he thinks it is the last trip. Make your mind easy, my good fellow, there will be another turn yet."

"Now, as the vessel comes a little nearer, Drystick, you can recognise the features distinctly. That is Geraldine, but she looks very pale."

"Ah! but then, make allowance—she does not guess that you are on board, you know."

"You be hanged! doctor. Remember, you are still a bachelor; I may catch you tripping some day."

"Ah! sir, I am safe from the winged god. When a man's hair is as grey as mine, he is quite safe from the bow and arrow."

"Oh! not a bit of it; do not you flatter yourself."

"At any rate, safe or not safe, there seems a large sprinkling of the fair sex coming off here, and if there are many girls as pretty as Geraldine, it will be a great alleviation to the medical duties of the ship."

Thus Herbert and his friend remained chatting and talking, until the little steamer came so close to the *Heroine*, that the glass required to be pointed down in order to command the tender's deck, and even then, not so useful for the purpose of observation as the naked eye."

"Draw back, Herbert, draw back! don't be too bold; you may be seen."

"Yes, doctor, I will; but I must have one look at Geraldine."

"Zounds! what a goose you are! Here, I will stop this folly;" and the doctor, giving a vigorous pull, shut the scuttle and screwed it fast. "There, now go and sit down in that chair, and take a book, and wait patiently. You know the fair Geraldine is here on board, or will be in a few minutes, and let that suffice."

"Nay, but, my dear doctor, do listen to me. I promise, if you will let me unscrew the scuttle, to hold this book before my face, and just look over it with my eyes; I cannot be recognised then."

"Zounds! you love-sick boy, you will undo it all. I know you will presently. There, have your own way; only I do protest, if I am left here alone to go out to the gold diggings, I will give you a good clobbering when I come back."

"No, you may rely upon my discretion—indeed you may."

"Do not talk to me of the discretion of a man in love; but there—here is the lid of my dressing-case, I will shove this in the scuttle, I know you cannot be seen peeping over that."

The doctor accordingly opened his dressing-case, and raised the lid of it, and having previously unscrewed the scuttle, allowed Herbert to peep over it.

In this way he watched the ascent.

"Dear me, doctor, the old people are coming on board too, with Geraldine and her brother. Surely, they are never going too."

"Do not disturb yourself, they are only coming on board just to see what sort of a berth she has got, and so on. You forget, the old member would not leave his business and his money bags behind him, on any account, for all the daughters that ever called Pa'—"

"Ah! well, I am glad we have seen the last we can see of them, and now we must be forced to remain quiet until the ship is under weigh."

At this moment a knocking was heard at the door.

"Who is there?" said the doctor, getting up, and opening a part of it.

"I am come to tell you, sir, that the breakfast is on the table, sir, and the company is just about to sit down."

"Thank you, steward, but I have had one breakfast, and that is all I shall take to-day"—closing the cabin door.

"What is that, doctor?"

"Oh! the captain is giving a grand *déjeuner*; champagne, and all sorts of things, to a whole heap of directors and friends, who have come to see him off. Between ourselves, I should have liked to have been there very well, but as I should be sure to be seen by the honourable member for Truckvote, it would spoil our sport."

"I suppose, doctor," said Herbert, "I may go out and take a sly peep, may I not?"

"No; indeed, you may do nothing of the sort," said the doctor, locking the door of the cabin, and putting the key in his pocket.

## CHAPTER LIX.

WITH anxious ear Herbert listened to all the shouts and laughter, and merriment, the proposing of toasts, and making of speeches, with which the *déjeuner* proceeded.

The noise of this maritime mirth having reached distinctly through the closed cabin, a portion of the bulkhead of which was composed of a fixed panel of venetian-blind work, which permitted the free passage of air, and only prohibited the sense of sight.

"You do not seem to be getting on very fast with your book," said Drystick, who soon perceived the engrossment of our hero's mind.

"No, doctor, until I see the honourable member for Truckvote, and the gentle-hearted Mrs. Richard, go back in the tender for shore, I shall remain on the tenterhooks of anxiety, fearing some *contretemps*, lest one of those endless whims of which unstable man is the shuttlecock, may lead him to take his daughter with him again to the land."

"Well, you are not without reason for your fears. To tell you the truth, I am rather sitting upon thorns."

"Why so?"

"Suppose old Annesley were to ask to be introduced to the surgeon before his daughter sailed. If he had a grain of sense in his noddle, or real kindness in his disposition, he would make a point of it, seeing she is going out such an invalid."

"By Jove, you are right, Drystick! That never struck me. Suppose they send for you, what will you do?"

"Well, I am afraid I must go, or else I and the skipper will get into bad blood."

"By Jove, if you do, and Annesley sees you, you may rely upon it he will take his daughter on shore again. You cannot go, doctor, you must be sick."

"Zounds! man, you forget that a doctor, to be sick at the starting of a vessel, would draw all sorts of people into commotion, and even then, old Annesley might come into the cabin here to see me, and in that case, zounds! he must pop bang against you."

"Then do go over the ship, and go ashore for half-an-hour."

"No, Herbert, my boy, I cannot do that; I have no right to leave to leave the ship without the captain's sanction."

"What can we do? they will be sure to send for you to be introduced to you. I am certain. I feel it."

"Do not distress yourself. I will tell you what I will do. You remain here in my cabin, to watch the departure of old Richard Annesley, and I will go quietly down to your cabin, and lie down upon your berth and take a nap, so that if they send for me, you can

content yourself with saying I have just left the cabin, and that I am in some other part of the ship; they will never know where to pick me out, and so your heart will be at ease. Certainly, it will spoil all our plot if they do make such a request, and find me here."

"That will do, slip off, my dear doctor, without a moment's delay."

"Well, well, I am going."

"A plague o' both the houses! I am sped. What a precious set of troublesome people you lovers are;" and the doctor, taking his book with him, popped his cap on, and slipped out of the cabin.

At last, after an hour's eating and drinking, and praising one another, Herbert's mind was relieved, by seeing the little steam-tender again coming off from the land, and after she had been alongside about a quarter of an hour, he distinguished sundry leave-takings outside on the deck, and presently, to his infinite delight, he saw Richard Annesley, M.P. descend to the deck of the tender, supporting his better half, the latter with her handkerchief to her eyes, they both took their seats on the quarter-deck, and after kissing hands two or three times to some parties whom Herbert rightly supposed to be our heroine and her brother, Herbert, to his infinite delight, heard the commander of the tender give utterance to those significant words, "Tarn a-head," presently followed, of course, by "Tarn a-starn," "Back her," "Tarn a-head."

Round went the paddles with renewed velocity, and off went the honourable member for Truckvote and his tender-hearted spouse.

That is one step gained, at any rate, thought Herbert.

Another tedious hour elapsed, during which, a last and final cargo of human beings was brought off from the shore, and on Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, the cabin door opened, and in walked Drystick.

"We are off, Herbert, my boy, at last."

"No, not yet."

"Yes we are; there, you hear the paddles."

"By Jove, I am thankful. Where is Geraldine?"

"She has gone to her cabin to have, what ladies call, a good cry, I have no doubt, and Hobbes I think, by your description, is smoking a cigar on the poop, waving occasionally a white handkerchief."

"Ah! Hobbes and his cigar. That will soon be over. We may say to him, in the words of the play,—

'Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold.'

"Nay," said Drystick, "I think it is rather,—

'Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.'

for Hobbes Annesley is called Richard Hobbes, is he not, though he sinks the crooked-back king in the atheistical philosopher. However, we will just remain quietly here until the ship gets through the Needles, and if that does not knock his cigar out of his mouth, I am a Dutchman."

"Well, doctor, you must admit you are rather of a Dutch build, but, without throwing a doubt on your parentage, I agree with you, that from the time we pass the Needles, some days will elapse before our young friend has a cigar in his gills again. In what sort of order does the ship seem for sailing?"

"Oh, precious queer, Herbert, I promise you. There are her carpenters, and her chips, about up to the very moment of her starting, some of them went away in the mail tender. This is, in point of fact, her trial cruise."

"Ah! that is a bad principle. I do not think it is right, to send a large ship like this on such a long voyage, for the first time of going to sea, when the machinery is all new too. Not only that, but her officers are new to one another, and the crew are new to the officers. Everybody is new to his station."

"Precisely, Herbert; and, between ourselves, there is precious confusion on deck at present. I do not know how long it will take to get things right. At any rate, as the song says—

‘ We are in for it—hang it, what folly, boys,  
Don’t be down-hearted—yo! ho!’ ”

"Hark, doctor, what cheering is that I hear? Are we passing any ship that is cheering?"

"Oh, no, my boy! That cheering is from the little tender that is following us a short way down the Southampton Water, with those friends on board who are not afraid of being sea sick.

"Surely, my uncle Richard is not among them?"

"Oh, no; he went ashore at the last trip of the tender, with several of the other friends of the passengers. Those that you hear cheering are the friends that remained on board to the last. However, we shall soon get rid of them, and I suspect that that is their final cheer. I will just leave you for a moment, and go up and see."

"Yes, do, doctor; and just go to the steward and pay the difference of my passage money between the steerage and first cabin, and, as soon as you can, report to me that Hobbes Annesley has gone down to his berth, I will come up on deck with you."

"Ah, do my boy! I will just step up to Master Hobbes, and suggest to him, in the capacity of surgeon, that, if he wants to avoid sea sickness, his best plan is to go to his berth, and fairly take to bed before it begins. I have known many remedies for sea sickness, but I believe there is none equal to that."

Away went the doctor on his errand, leaving our hero congratulating himself upon the success that had hitherto attended their plans.

## CHAPTER LX.

"Now, Herbert, my boy, the coast is clear. All right!" said Drystick, once more entering his cabin; "We are now past the Needles. Hobbes Annesley is snug below, and I have paid the difference in your fare between the first and second cabin. You can come on deck, and have a look round you, though I cannot see why you might not as well have taken your passage in the first cabin at once. You might still have remained in my cabin."

"Yes, doctor, but you forget the plan of the ship upon which they enter all the names, and mine would have been written down, and there might have been seen by my uncle."

"Aye, true. Well, now that danger is passed, and your uncle, I suppose, by this time, is half-way back to London. When you next meet I do not suppose you will have much cause to be afraid of the interview."

"I trust not," said Herbert; though he little knew, when he made the answer, how different, from every notion in his mind, that next meeting would be. "The wind is ahead," said he, as he gained the quarter-deck and looked round, "but the *Heroine* walks triumphantly through the water, notwithstanding."

"Yes, my boy; she is what you call a clipper in point of speed."

"A little too deep in the water, I think, doctor; but that fault will decrease with every shovelful of coals they burn. What a roomy ship she is."

"Magnificent, Herbert; and you will see, presently, that all her cabins below are fitted up with a disregard to cost, in every way worthy of such a craft."

"I see she has got two funnels. We will go forward presently, doctor, to the waist, and take a peep at her machinery."

"Come along, my boy; this is the first time I ever served in a steam ship, and I would like to know a little about them."

"Well, doctor, you shall in a few minutes; but just excuse me for detaining you, while I try and find out where Geraldine's cabin is."

"Take care, my boy, what you are at, that you do not draw down attention upon you."

"Oh, I think I can manage it without that. I will just ask the steward to show me the chart of the various berths, and there I shall see her cabin marked, and her brother's likewise."

"Ah, true. Well, come along, we will do that, then. Here, steward!" said the doctor, descending the cabin.

"Yes, sir," said the steward.

"Bring this gentleman the map of the cabins, which you have all drawn out."

"Yes, sir," said the steward.

In a few minutes he returned, placing before Herbert a large square piece of pasteboard, on which was drawn out, in accurate position, like the plan of the Italian Opera House, in London, the actual locality of all the first cabin berths, and written on them the names of the occupiers.

"Here she is," said Herbert, in an under voice, to Drystick, putting his little finger quietly on the spot where "Miss Annesley and Miss Annesley's servant" were written.

"Yes," said the doctor, "and here is Master Hobbes forward, on the starboard side. Now, where will you choose your berth?"

"Well, here are two or three vacant here, on the larboard side, so I think I will take this one."

"Here is pen and ink, then, write in your name, but in such a way that nobody can read it except yourself. There, that will do. Now you know where all parties are, and that there is no chance of seeing a certain person on deck for the next day or two, let us come away and see the engine. Steward! here is the plan," said the doctor, handing back the chart.

"You are quite mistaken, doctor," said Herbert, "if you fancy that because Hobbes Annesley is sea sick that his sister will be the same. She is a capital sailor, and I fully hope to see her on deck to-morrow. I dare say to-night she is tired and overcome with the sorrow of parting, her journey, and altogether; but to-morrow I hope to see her on deck."

"By Jove! that will be a chance for you, if she once manages to keep the deck, and her brother is too ill to leave his berth. I can help you a little in keeping him there, and you will have the coast all to yourself."

"Precisely, doctor; notwithstanding all the experience of the honourable member for Truckvot, you see we have sold him completely between us. Now, here we are, at the engine-room."

"I say, my good fellow! may we come down, and have a peep at the engine?" said the doctor, addressing one of the stokers, who stood at the head of the iron ladder, handing some baskets of cinders overboard.

"Yes," said the man, "just ask leave of the engineer when you get down to the engine-room, because they do not like the passengers going down, unless some of the ship's officers are with them. I suppose you are one, sir?"

"Oh, yes!" said the doctor, "I am the surgeon."

At the sound of this potential name, the man drew aside, and Drystick and his friend went down into the engine-room, and were shown all over it. They there found that the ship was supplied, as Drystick had said, with no less than sixteen boilers of the tubular form, the engine being in the middle, and eight boilers abaft, and eight boilers before the engine—this necessitated the two funnels, one of which was just amidships, and the other just abaft the foremast.

As they were going round the foremost set of boilers, Herbert noticed that some bulkhead rested directly on the wood casing that surrounded the upper part, or steam chest.

"What cabin is here?" said Herbert.

"That," said the engineer who accompanied them, "is the store-room which contains the tallow and oil for the machinery."

"That is an awkward place to build it," said Herbert. "I should think every particle of tallow would be melted by the heat, and be liable to leakage; and if it does not generate fire, it will make a fire ten times more sudden and resistless in its action."

"Oh, Lord, sir! do not talk of fire, for it is horrible even to think of it."

"Yes," said Herbert, "it is horrible, and, therefore, that is just the reason why we should think of it. If any of the tallow leaked through that store-room, and dropped upon the steam-chest of the boiler, remember it would at once generate a gas quite as inflammable as the gas that lights the streets ashore, and might catch fire from any lantern passing it, and the ship would be hopelessly on fire in a few seconds."

"Do you think so, sir?"

"Oh, I am sure of it; that appears to be a great error in the construction. You must keep your eye, engineer, on this danger. Have we got on board any of the newly-invented machines for putting fire out? What is the man's name?"

"You mean Phillips's fire annihilator, do you not, Herbert?"

"Yes, that is the man."

"No, sir; we have not got any of those on board."

"That is a pity."

"Well, sir, I fancy they are not of much use."

"There you are quite mistaken, my man. I took the trouble to go to the factory when I was in London, and I saw them set on fire a large cauldron of coal-tar filled with chips, and containing, I should think, at least a ton of tar, and when it was blazing some thirty feet high, with so fierce a flame that you could not stand within a dozen yards of it for the heat, one of his small portable machines was brought to bear on it, and it went out like the snuff of a candle. No shipowner that has the welfare of his passengers, and officers, and crew at heart, would ever send a ship to sea without two or three of those machines on board. Their cost is a mere trifle, and after what I saw of the experiment, I have the most perfect conviction of their certain utility."

"Well, sir, we have not got them on board, I know."

"Well, I hope we shall have no want of them; but I must say, I do not like the idea of that tallow store-room resting right down close to the steam-chest of the boiler."

"Well, sir, I do not see much in that; but I do not like the ship sailing on a Friday."

"Well done, my man. Did you hear that, doctor? How extraordinary is the superstition that still clings to the minds of sailors."

"Yes, Herbert, these fellows neglect the most ordinary precaution for their safety; they go and build a store-room for their most inflammable materials in the most dangerous of all possible spots—they leave behind them the only certain means of checking a fire that

human science has ever discovered, and, while they think nothing of this, they are quite horrified and alarmed because they happen to go to sea on one of those days out of the six on which the Almighty has commanded men to work. Do not you know, my man," said Drystick, laying his finger on the shoulder of the engineer, "that idolatry is one of the greatest crimes that the human being can commit?"

"Well, sir, I have no doubt that worshipping idols is a very great crime."

"Why is it a crime, my man?"

"Well, sir, I suppose everything is a crime that God forbids."

"That is true; but it is one of the greatest crimes, because it strikes at the root of God's authority, just as if every man in a ship were to be allowed to set up a separate captain for himself. You know that would be a general mutiny of the worst kind."

"Well, sir, I know that."

"Well, that is just what idolatry is; and if a man is superstitious—superstition is idolatry only in another form. It is the duty of all good seamen to trust in God's Providence, and if they trust, instead of that, to sailing on Thursday, or Wednesday, instead of sailing on Friday, they no longer trust in his Providence, but trust to their own idolatrous fears and precautions. Some of the most important events of my life I have transacted on a Friday, and I believe that any man may do anything on a Friday; the only question being, if he asks God's blessing, and if he does not do that, it is as dangerous on a Monday as a Friday."

"Well, what your honour says is very true; but still I, myself, never saw any good come of sailing on a Friday, and I am afraid I never shall."

"Ah, well! you are all alike, I see; it is perfectly hopeless to illumine you: come along, Herbert."

"How do your engines work, my man?" said Herbert, as they passed along. "Do they heat in their bearings at all?"

"Why, all engines do a little, sir, when new. You can tell, sir, the bearings are now a little warm, and it is hardly time to judge yet."

As the man said this, Herbert laid his hand on one of the brass bouches, as they are called, in which a part of the iron spindles of the engines revolved, and found them already warm. "If it does not go further than that," said our hero, "it amounts to nothing. The machinery seems beautifully made and fitted."

"Oh, yes, sir, it is as fine a ship and as splendid a pair of engines as ever swam, and if we had not sailed on a Friday, sir——"

"Oh, hang you and your Friday, too. Do not talk such nonsense. You keep your eyes upon that tallow store-room, and if you find the woodwork there getting hot enough to melt the tallow, you take my advice, and let an engine hose be turned upon it and pump on it, and keep it well wet."

"Oh, sir, the store-room will come to no harm. I have seen many a ship where the store-room has been as close as that, but I never sailed on a Friday, sir."

"Come along, doctor, out of this, and let us go and get some dinner, or these fellows and their Friday will put me past all patience."

As Herbert said this, he passed rapidly forward up the iron ladder of the engine-room, and going down to his cabin went through his ablutions and joined the doctor at the dinner-table. There he found the Captain—Sillinger, as he was called, otherwise honest Jack Sillinger—his name being in reality Saint Leger,—a man of middle height, of slight figure, with a well-grown pair of whiskers, which were slightly tinged with grey, a man universally esteemed and admired, as an officer of undaunted courage and resolution, equal to any emergency, and one who had already gained several distinctions for past services.

Beside him was sitting the Admiralty agent, Lieutenant Jervis, who had come on board, at the last moment, in the room of Lieutenant Walker, to take charge of the mails—the latter officer being prevented from embarking by sudden indisposition. Several other of the officers of the ship were at table, and a great proportion of the male passengers, many of whom, though they might feel rather qualmish, made a stiff battle with their own sensations, not to give in on the first day of starting.

None of the ladies were present at the dinner-table, the roughness of the sea having driven them all to their cabins.

Herbert and the doctor sat next to one another, and, having been a good deal jostled and hustled about during the last week of their existence, were delighted to be able, for the first time to take their ease at their inn, and to enjoy their dinner under the full consciousness that ample time was before them, and no immediate call upon them for any exertion.

After dinner they remained chatting and talking over their wine, till coffee made its appearance. Coffee being finished, they adjourned to the deck above to smoke a cigar.

Just as they did this, they heard the order given by the captain—"Stop her."

"What is the matter?" said Drystick, to the mate of the watch.

"Not much," was the answer, "the bearings of the engine have become hot, and so they are going to turn off the steam for a short time, and pump some cold water upon the heated part."

After stopping for an hour, and pumping incessantly upon the heated bearings, the order was once more given to "Go ahead."

"What land is that, Herbert?" said Drystick, pointing to some land on the starboard beam, just as the ship once more resumed her way.

"That," said Herbert. "Ah! that must be the Bill of Portland."

"Do you think, gentlemen," said one of the passengers, coming up and speaking in a confidential tone, "that there is danger to be apprehended from this derangement of the engine?"

"Oh, no!" said Herbert, "I hope not."

"Is it not possible, sir," said he, "that it may become hot in this way, and the ship become on fire?"

"No," said Herbert, "I think not; I should never apprehend fire from such a cause as that, because, although the bearings become

hot, the heat is not sufficient to produce ignition of anything. They are not near enough to any wood, and are surrounded entirely by a mass of metal, the whole of which must become nearly red-hot before it could create any danger in the way of fire."

"Well, sir, you may be right. I suppose you are accustomed to the sea."

"Oh, yes!" said Herbert, "I bear a commission in her Majesty's navy, though I am not now on service, and, certainly, I see no danger to the ship from her engines, though there is always, in a steam vessel, more or less danger of fire from the large amount of that element you are obliged to employ."

"Yes, sir, but there seems to be a great deal of alarm on board, on account of these bearings getting hot."

"Very true," said Herbert, "on board a ship, remember, you have death on every side of you. It does not take much, therefore, to alarm a man in such a situation; but as to the bearings becoming hot, there is nothing in that; it is not like the axle of a coach-wheel, which is surrounded entirely by wood."

"Do you think, sir, I may go below, and sleep with safety?"

"With God's blessing, perfectly so," said Herbert, "as far as the heated bearings are concerned."

"I am much obliged to you, sir," said the passenger; and he moved off as if to go below, but still he loitered and lingered, and instead of going to his cabin, went over to the engine-room, and spent half-an-hour in looking down at the engineers, who were busy going from one bearing to another, keeping watch and ward over them, and deluging them with cold water as soon as ever they became heated beyond a certain point.

"I suppose your theory is right, Herbert," said Drystick, "there can be no real danger in these heated bearings?"

"Not a bit," said Herbert; "still, on board a ship, all are frightened at a straw, and, even I, I confess, though I do not know why, have a strong misgiving about our voyage."

"Well, since you mention it," Herbert, "I have the same, but I confess to you my misgivings point to that infernal store-room, so stupidly built down in close proximity with the boiler."

"You are right," said Herbert, "that is the real cause for alarm, but it would not do to tell those people anything about it; however, our fussing and staring will do no good, and even if we go and mention it to the captain, how can he help it?"

"Perhaps he might have the tallow removed."

"And if he did, doctor, where would he put it? Remember, the ship is close crammed. What with passengers and cargo, and removing the tallow, it might be put in some still more dangerous place."

"Just so, Herbert. Just so. How much need a man has of the watchful care of Providence, when he cannot proceed a single night without jeopardising his own existence, by five hundred odd chances over which he has no control himself, and for which he must depend on the absence of carelessness and folly on the part of others."

"It does not do to think of it, doctor, does it?"

"No, my boy, indeed it does not."

"Well, then, let us go down, take a glass of grog and turn in."

"Come along, old fellow; next to the philosophy of taking care, humanly speaking, comes the philosophy of being resigned to what turns up, and having a heart for every danger."

"Precisely; but remember, doctor, take my advice, sleep in your clothes for the first night or two till this ship gets in a little order, and her men and her officers know one another, and the various stations that each have to fill."

By the time that Herbert and the doctor had finished their glasses, the ship had got down off the western parts of the coast of Dorsetshire with considerable more swell than made it at all pleasant to those passengers unaccustomed to the sea.

"If the weather goes on at this rate, doctor," said Herbert, "I am afraid that even Geraldine will not be able to make her appearance on deck to-morrow, for her nautical experience is chiefly of summer seas; whereas, it is my opinion, we are going to have a stiff gale from the south-west. Now, doctor, if any alarm occurs on board, the first thing I will do will be to come and call you, remember; and if, on the contrary, you hear any alarm, you immediately come and call me. You know where Geraldine sleeps, and I am sure, my dear fellow, you will let me make her my first care on board."

"Trust me, my hearty, I will not fail you. And as for you, this above all—

'To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'"

---

## CHAPTER LXI.

HERBERT'S prognostic of the weather proved correct.

On gaining the deck the following morning, about seven o'clock, the wind had come on to blow an incipient gale, yet, still the ship gallantly held on her course, making good her way against all impediments. Tossed, however, by the rebellious waves to such an extent, that only one or two of the lady passengers, experienced in sea voyages, made their appearance.

After anxiously waiting the chance of Geraldine's coming from her cabin, Herbert could resist his inclination no longer, but slipping half-a-crown into the hands of the stewardess, he made some general inquiries as to how the ladies were, and then contrived to dodge in, as he thought unperceived, an inquiry for Miss Annesley.

In answer to this, he was informed that she was quite well, but was afraid to get up until the sea was a little calmer.

Contented with having obtained this knowledge, he did not venture to risk any further discovery of the interest he took in this fair quarter, and the day slowly passed on, amidst an increasing gale, and that dull leaden covering of the sky, with occasional showers of misty sleet, which so often accompany a south-west gale in the neighbourhood of the English Channel.

Several times during that day the engines were stopped for a short period, and water pumped upon them, still, or the whole, the progress of the ship was satisfactory, and that evening they were entering on the confines of the Bay of Biscay.

About ten o'clock Herbert and Drystick came on deck again for their cigar, and going down into the engine-room to see how the bearings were affected, they heard a sudden explosion.

"Halloa! what is that?" said our hero.

"Why, that is the contents of the grease-cup, sir, burst off with the heat."

"Zounds," said Herbert, "the bearings are not so hot as that, are they; some water must have got in with the grease."

"I do not know how it is, sir, but it is the grease blown off."

"Surely you had better slacken speed, had you not?" said one of the passengers to the chief engineer.

"Well, sir, we will pump upon the bearings again."

This was accordingly done, but the doctor and Herbert still continued walking the deck, until nearly midnight.

"How are your engines now, Mr. Arkwright?" said our hero, addressing the chief engineer.

"Oh, going on very well, sir, considering how new the engines are, they seem to be getting in order quicker than I ever knew engines do it before. We shall be all right in a day or two, we are going on quite comfortable now."

"Well, doctor," said Herbert, "if this is so, we cannot have better information to-night, so we will go quietly and turn in, but remember, do not take your clothes off."

"I will not, my boy."

"Halloa! Drystick," exclaimed Herbert, suddenly grasping the arm of his companion, with a force and energy that made him start.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the doctor.

"By Jove! Look at the fore-hatchway."

Drystick turned as Herbert said this. They were then standing by the aftermost funnel, and looking in the direction of the fore-hatchway, they perceived smoke and fire ascending past the ship's galley.

"The ship is on fire. It is, as I thought it—I will stake my life it comes from that store-room. Come along, doctor, come, let us attack it in time. But stay, you run back and give the alarm to the officer on watch, while I jump down below to see where the fire is."

"Aye! aye!" said the doctor, and turned back to see the officer of the watch, but the latter, who was standing just over his head on the gangway board, which connects the paddle-boxes, had his hand raised.

and his gaze fixed intently on the spot where the fire was, for he also had discerned it.

Herbert dashing down the fore-hatchway, looked towards the store-room, and there, between the foremost starboard boiler, and the bulkhead, the flame was already getting out, and spreading as far as he could see.

The firemen's backs were turned at the time.

He shouted to them. "Hoy! there, my men. Fire! fire! Don't you see the fire? Where are your buckets? Quick, for your lives! Fix the hose on your engine, and deluge it with water."

But the men never turned round, and apparently were unable, from the noise of the engine, to hear his cries.

Unable to get any water himself, or to know what were the necessary orders to be given, Herbert instantly turned back to seek for the captain and the chief engineer, and met the former on the quarter-deck hurrying up from the cabin, with nothing on but his shirt and trousers.

"Captain Sillinger, the ship is on fire."

"Yes, I know it is, where is it?" said Sillinger.

"Just between the starboard foremost boiler and the bulkhead of the tallow store-room."

"Heaven help us," said the captain; "ring the fire bell. Every man to his station. Where is the engineer. Stop the engines."

"Aye! aye, sir," answered two or three voices round the cabin, and off sprang the engineer.

In a few seconds the fire bell was rung out.

By this time the flames were seen spouting up through the upper deck, just between the two funnels, and rushing with a force and fury that at once proclaimed the inflammable matter by which they were fed.

"Drag forward the engine-hose, my boys," cried the captain. "Quick, my good fellows, drag with a will," and the captain himself put his hand upon the hose, and ordered one of the midshipmen to run down to the engineer and desire that the donkey-engine should be set to pumping it.

"Oh! there you are, Mr. Arkwright. Stop the engines, and set the small donkey-engine to pump water on the fire. Let all the spare steam be blown off, to save the boilers from bursting."

"We cannot, sir."

"Cannot what, sir?"

"We cannot get down to the engine-room at all, sir. It is a mass of fire and smoke, and no human being can live in it."

"But you must, Mr. Arkwright. The engines must be stopped this instant. Do you not see, if the engines are not stopped we cannot get out a single boat, or save a single soul."

"Yes, sir, I see it, but the smoke has put out every lamp. I doubt if any man can find his way into the engine-room, or even if he gets there, whether he will live long enough to stop the engines."

"Go down below, sir, and try it, and if you cannot do it, die in the attempt."

"I will, sir," cried the heroic Arkwright, dashing into the pitchy darkness of the thick, black, rolling mass of smoke, as it volumed up from below, and was instantly lost to sight.

"Now, my boys, try again to drag this hose forward. So! now let that be till we can get the donkey-engine to pump it. Fill your buckets from over the side of the vessel, and hand forward to the fore-hatchway."

Before, however, these orders could be obeyed, burst after burst of flame came blazing forth from the fore-hatchway, speedily involving in its deadly embrace the new and comparatively dry wood of which the decks were formed, until, at last a wall of flame rushed across the whole sweep of the decks, from one paddle-box to the other, driven aft by the fury of the gale, every moment advancing upon the captain and his assistants, and cutting off from all communication the great majority of the crew, many of whom were still asleep in their berths in the fore part of the vessel!

Some of those, coming up from their sleep, and finding themselves thus circumstanced, climbed over the paddle-boxes at the risk of falling overboard, and then descending on the aftermost side of these vast protuberances, thus gained the after-part of the deck, where all the boats were.

But who shall describe the confusion, the misery, the despair which now, in every shape and form, exhibited itself on the quarter-deck of that noble vessel!

The cries of fear, and the ringing of the fire bell, and the trampling of feet, had aroused almost every passenger on board to a sense of the awful death that threatened all hands. Every one rushed on deck with such precipitation, that in many cases they came up exposed to the cold and chilling blast, wrapped in nothing but their night-clothes, while most of the ladies had only a few shreds of garments thrown over them, and all huddled together in a heap near the mainmast were seen embracing one another, their children, their husbands, their brothers, uttering the most fearful cries of lamentation, and bewailing the awful doom that surrounded them, the storm roaring with the noise of a hurricane overhead, the raging sea tumbling in vast billows below them, the fierce and crackling flame darting up in huge forked volumes to the sky before them, every moment approaching nearer and nearer to consume them, casting upon them the most frightful heat by its proximity, covering them with an incessant shower of sparks and cinders, and all this time, the terrific steam-engine, like some maddened demon going on—thump! thump! thump! with its ceaseless stroke, urging round the vast paddle-wheels with their perpetual din, and forcing the unhappy ship, thus alive with misery, and devoured with flame, to meet a double destruction.

"Stop the engines! stop the engines!" roared Captain Sillinger through his speaking trumpet—but alas! he called in vain. None of the engineers seemed to possess the power of finding out that part of the machinery by which its motion could be arrested, or even of turning off the valve which would relieve the steam and thus cut off from the engines their motive power.

Up and down! up and down! went the vast pistons amidst the immense flame and heat which surrounded them; the steam in the huge cylinders seeming to acquire fresh force from the additional heat which surrounded them, and the engines tore on with their maddened wheels, apparently redoubling their speed instead of ceasing it.

At this moment a hand was laid on Herbert's shoulder.

"I was looking for you everywhere," said a voice apparently hoarse with shouting in loud tones.

Herbert turned, and there stood Drystick.

"I have never left the deck, my dear fellow; I have been trying to hope that this fire might be extinguished."

"Never, my boy, until the poor *Heroine* goes down. I have just come up from below at the risk of my life, the flames are rapidly breaking through into the cabins. Where is Geraldine? Have you seen her upon deck?"

"No. I was in hopes we might get the fire under without alarming the ladies."

"Most likely, then, she is on deck. If not, I fear you will have great difficulty in getting her through the cabins."

"Merciful powers! do you mean that the fire has gained on us so fast? Help me, my dear fellow, to look around quick, and see if she has come up, or, if you see her brother he can tell us perhaps."

"Stay, here is her brother," and Drystick, darting off, seized by the shoulder the young merchant, with nothing on but his hat, shirt, and trousers, pale with sickness, and agonised with fright.

"Where is your sister?" hoarsely gasped the doctor.

"Oh! I don't know; I don't know. Who will save us?"

"Come and save your sister. If she is down below in her cabin, come and help to bring her up."

"Oh! it is too late—it is too late! the whole place is a mass of fire below;" and the unfortunate Hobbes, putting his hands to his hair, tore it out by handfuls.

"Fool!" exclaimed Drystick, giving him an impetuous shove on one side, and turning towards Herbert, but Herbert stood no longer there. On the first intelligence that the flames were in the cabin, he had hastily snatched up a railway travelling blanket which lay on one of the quarter-deck seats beside him, and throwing it over his own head as a hood, forced his way down against the stream of scrambling passengers who were coming up the companion, and made his way to the ladies' cabin.

Already the heat and smoke in the place were unendurable, and the flames were rattling and cracking through some broken glass doors that had communicated with the steward's room, and gave access to the fore part of the ship. The screams of the scorched passengers, the wailing of the despairing women, the cries of the terrified children, the broken prayers and exclamations of agonised parents, made a scene of dreadful and overwhelming misery. Passing by every obstacle, however, our hero forced open Geraldine's door, and found

her partially dressed, kneeling beside her bed place in pious resignation to the dreadful doom pending over her.

"Geraldine! my dear, my own Geraldine!" exclaimed our hero, lifting her tenderly in his arms, "there is not a moment to spare."

"Is this a dream?" said Geraldine, scarcely able to credit her senses.

"No, love, it is no dream," and Herbert, rapidly throwing around her a couple of large shawls that were lying in the cabin, folded the railway blanket carefully over her person, and then, taking one of the blankets from her bed, put it over his own head.

"Oh! Herbert, I have so prayed for you! but, by what blessing of heaven did you come here?"

"I came, love, to save you, or to die with you, whichever God wills. But I will not say another word till you are safe on deck. Do not be frightened. Screw yourself up into a ball, and hold with your little hands the two corners of this blanket, while I carry you through the fire."

As Herbert pressed her to his heart, he felt that delicate and tender being trembling at the awful horrors of the hour, and having seen that her person was entirely covered, he left a small opening between the folds of the blankets, just enough to see his way, and watching his opportunity, as the ship descended the crest of a wave, he dashed right down the cabins to the companion ladder, and overbearing all opposition, gained the quarter-deck at almost a single bound. Turning round and stepping a foot towards the wheel, he placed his dear burden tenderly on the deck, and drew from her head the various matters in which he had wrapped her.

The moment Geraldine could get an opportunity of speaking, she exclaimed, "My brother, Herbert, have you seen my brother? Is he safe?"

"As safe as any of us. He is here, somewhere among the passengers. You will see him in a minute."

"Hurrah! my boy, that was gallantly done," cried Drystick, coming over to him, and clasping his hand. "Now place her in the starboard-quarter boat, which is filling there, and then you jump in yourself."

"No, Drystick, not yet. It is impossible that any of these boats can live till the ship loses her speed a little. At present, the engines are tearing along at least eight miles an hour, though they are going against the wind. These poor people will all be washed out of the boat as sure as fate."

"But what is the use of waiting, they have been trying to stop the engines ever since the fire broke out, and nobody can venture into the engine-room to do it. I heard the chief engineer tell the captain some minutes since that the fire below was advancing like a wall of flame. No man could stand against it and live. What is the use of waiting?"

"At any rate, we have a chance by us, it is quite clear those boats cannot live, they can never get safely down into the water going eight miles an hour, and as soon as the fire acts upon the boilers with suffi-

cient power they will burst, or something will give way, and you will see her speed will moderate of itself."

"Where is the captain?"

"Here he stands."

"Now, Geraldine, do not let go my arm for a single second. Dry stick, come over with me to the captain," said Herbert; "let us persuade him to put the ship before the wind, or else we shall all be roasted alive as we stand upon the quarter-deck."

"Captain Sillinger," said our hero, addressing her commander, "will you order the helm to be put up, and get the ship before the wind, or we shall all be burned alive before the boats can get a chance of being lowered."

"And if we put the helm up and run before the wind, the whole blast of this tremendous furnace is driven upon the unfortunate crew, who are gathered together upon the fore-castle, and cannot pass aft on account of the flames."

"It is an awful dilemma," replied Herbert, "but you have a stern duty, Captain Sillinger, which is, to protect your passengers at the expense both of officers and crew, if necessary. Most likely we must all perish. At any rate, put your helm up, so as to try and keep her on a wind, if you can."

"Yes, be it so. Up with the helm, and then the flame and smoke will drift to leeward, and give a chance to those forward to live as well as those aft."

"Up with the helm, my man," said Herbert, going over to the wheel, "it is the captain's orders; bring the wind direct upon her beam, and, if possible, keep her there—but if not, let her fall off, and go before it."

The alteration in the ship's course was immediately made, and, as the wind came round upon the ship's beam, and blew to leeward, the dense volume of smoke, and the terrific sheet of flame, it enabled those on the quarter-deck to get a glance at the wretched partners in their misery, the passengers of the fore-cabin, and the crew, who gathered together upon the fore-castle, the bowsprit, and the rigging of the foremast, were striving, if possible, to avert the awful moment so close at hand, when death, by one of its most terrific agencies, would terminate their existence.

The general chorus of human misery and woe was now swelled by the unearthly and piercing shrieks of the poor animals, who, having been taken on board, were becoming the helpless victims of the flames raging around them. Many of the seamen and passengers in the fore-castle were seen jumping overboard, eager, at least, to shorten their death agony, if they could not avoid it; and despite the certainty that, as the ship went on her course, her raging paddle-wheels must strike, on the head, every poor wretch who leapt into the sea.

At this moment two of the passengers, husband and wife, were seen to walk forward on the quarter-deck, tenderly folded in each others' arms, their night clothes all on fire, and deliberately throw themselves into the burning engine room, that sent up a volume of heat and flame, reminding the spectators of the description of that fiery

furnace which Nebuchadnezzar heated for the destruction of Shadrack.

At this moment Herbert saw, passing near him, Mr. Rupert, the chief officer, several of the oldest seamen of the ship surrounding him.

"What shall we do, sir?—what shall we do? We are willing to obey you, sir, whatever commands you give; tell us what we shall do?"

Poor Rupert looked at them for a moment calmly, while an expression of unutterable agony convulsed his mouth, and he remained silent—then, dashing beyond their hearing, he disappeared below, as if bent on attempting some duty that occurred to him, and Herbert never beheld him more.

"Don't attempt to lower that boat, for heaven's sake, sir," said Captain Sillinger, in a loud voice, which caused Herbert, at this moment, to look round. He beheld Lieutenant Jervis, the Admiralty agent in care of the mails, busy lowering away the fall of one of the quarter boats, which was full of people.

"Certainly not, Captain St. Leger, if you wish not—but what is to be done?"

"At any rate it is of no use to lower the boats while the ship is running at this speed—every soul in them will be drowned—have a little patience."

"Very well—be it so;" and making fast the aftermost fall, Jervis called to the man who was busy lowering the foremost fall to the boat—"Belay there, my boy, for a few minutes, till the ship loses her way."

"Lower away!—lower away!" cried some of the passengers in the boat, to the men who had just been ordered not to lower, and, unfortunately obeying their orders, instead of those of the lieutenant, the man let go the rope, which was in his hand, and the tackle at the stern being made fast, down fell the bow of the boat towards the raging sea.

Poor Jervis, in an instant, perceived the dreadful catastrophe that was at hand, and attempted to avert it by casting off the aftermost tackle, which he had just secured.

Away flew the rope through the pulleys of the cranes—but, as is too frequently the case, the rapidity with which this was done caused the rope to twist into a little hitch, and so get foul; the progress of the stern towards the water, therefore, stopped while the bow of the boat dipping into the waves as rapidly, got filled.

Before any one could put out a hand to stop the catastrophe, almost every soul who had been sitting in her was plunged into the abyss below.

A fearful scream was, for one moment, heard. On darted the burning and maddened ship, and all record of their fate was lost for ever.

As this awful accident happened, Herbert's eye rested upon Jervis's face, while the latter turned away in horror, and, as he turned, met Captain Sillinger.

But this was not a moment for useless condolence, however distressing the case that might call it forth.

"Clear away the port life-boat," cried the captain to some of the crew standing near him; and poor Jervis, anxious, if possible, to repair the past, jumped into that boat which was stowed on the sponson, just abaft the port paddle-box, while Captain St. Leger seconded his efforts, but the general enemy had been before him; the bow of the boat was discovered to be on fire. As the flames sprang up from the inflamed portion, it caught the hair of the unfortunate captain in its grasp, and, in another second, he was on fire.

Obliged to retreat aft to extinguish the fury of the flames, he was followed by Jervis, who was threatened with a similar fate.

Both rushing through the fire towards the quarter-deck. "Here captain," said our hero, jumping forward, and hastily throwing his blanket over the burning portions of the captain's shirt and putting them out.

"Thank you," said St. Leger, and then, once more addressing himself to his duty—"Clear away the starboard life-boat," cried he to some of his crew.

"She is on fire, sir!" was the answer.

"Clear away the larboard life-boat then."

"She is on fire, sir!"

When St. Leger heard this second answer, the fire-bucket, which was still in his hand, dropped upon the deck, and, as if speaking to himself, he exclaimed—"It is all over with us." "Let my gig be cleared away, and lower the passengers in that," said he, turning to one of the junior officers of the ship.

"Is it not possible, Captain Sillinger, to make any further efforts for putting out the fire?" said one of the passengers, running up to him wringing his hands.

"It has got too far," said the captain, and, going aft to the wheel, he took the helm out of the sailor's hands, and put the ship before the wind.

"There is Hobbes, there is Hobbes," cried Geraldine, pressing Herbert's arm, pointing with her finger, and dragging him in the direction she indicated.

Herbert ran with Geraldine across the deck and got hold of Hobbes Annesley.

"My dear Hobbes, I am so thankful I have found you, do not let us part again."

"Part! part!" exclaimed Hobbes Annesley, beating his breast with his hands; "what is the use of talking of parting, or not parting? in such an hour as this, we must save ourselves as we best can."

"Don't be depressed, my dear Hobbes," said Geraldine, attempting to fold her arms around him, and to soothe the awful agony that spoke in every feature. "Only stay near Herbert, and if it is possible to save us, he will."

"Herbert! Herbert, who?" said Annesley, looking in Herbert's face with a vacant bewilderment of horror, utterly unable to recog-

nise him, though evidently conscious that some one was near him whom he had seen before, and whom he was expected to know; then bursting away with a sudden oath of despair, he jumped into one of the boats on the starboard side, which was already full of people, who were clamouring to be let down.

"Oh! Hobbes, my dear Hobbes, do not leave us," cried Geraldine, who had held as firmly in her hand as possible his throbbing fingers; but the appeal was in vain.

In that awful hour, selfishness and fear seemed to have blotted out every record of affection or relationship.

"Don't move, don't go after him for your life, Geraldine," said Herbert, passing his arm round Geraldine's waist, and fixing her firmly to the spot, despite all her attempts to follow her brother.

They saw him gain his place in the boat, and seat himself near the stern.

"Let us down. Let us down," cried the passengers in a general chorus of confusion to some of the men who were attempting to lower the boat.

"She will not lower, she is on the patent crutch," cried the men.

"Hoist her up a little first, and then lower away," cried one of the seamen in the boat.

"Clap on two or three hands, and give this boat-fall a pull," cried a seaman.

Some of the passengers, and a few of the crew, complied with this request, and having hoisted the boat off the iron crutch. "So! that is it! Now, then, lower."

"Hold fast a moment. Let us swing those crutches on board first," cried another of the seamen, who was managing the tackle, and knew the peculiar plan on which these scientific but useless boat-cranes had been made.

His request, however, met with no compliance, and the men who held the fall lowered it rapidly away, and, as the boat went down, a crash was heard, amidst all the confusion of the deck; two large holes were rent, both in the stern and in the bow of the boat, by the projecting points of the cranes, and the hapless cutter was lowered down into the sea, as little fitted to convey a cargo of human beings, as if they had embarked in a sieve.

Ignorant of the accident which had happened to her, the crew, on board her, in haste to unship the tackles, for fear of being swamped by the rapid course which the steamer was taking, unhooked the boat-falls from the bottom of the boat, and she drifted rapidly astern; but this was no sooner done, than an awful series of screams arose for a brief space upon the night air, suddenly these were hushed, and thus told the tale of the awful death that had awaited all of them.

"Are they safe, dearest Herbert. Are they safe?" said Geraldine; but our hero had witnessed the whole transaction, and knew, too well, what must be their inevitable fate.

"Hope for the best," whispered he, and then, anxious to draw off her attention from what had happened, he added—"Look at the

coolness and courage of that poor gentleman, who is passing up and down, engaged in prayer."

Drawing the attention of Geraldine to one of the passengers who, with his hands clasped before him, and his lips and heart busily engaged in praying to Heaven, passed up and down what yet remained of the quarter-deck free from the flames, calmly awaiting the awful doom that was at hand.

At this moment a spectacle, infinitely horrible was seen in the person of another passenger, who came running aft, his clothes on fire, his face and side completely burned, till a huge blister had been formed, and bursting, had fallen away in ribbons of the flesh which was hanging before him, bearing in his arms a little boy burnt absolutely black, and the skin all peeling from him in a similar way.

"Do, madam—do, madam! let me intreat you to remain in the boat!" Herbert heard Drystick say to some lady whom he was endeavouring to lift with his arm into one of the ship's boats, now nearly full.

"No, I cannot—I cannot—I cannot survive it!" said the unfortunate woman, struggling back again to the deck.

"Nonsense, my dear madam," said Drystick, "the other ladies in the boat will give you plenty of clothes, if you will only sit still and get away from the ship."

"No, I cannot—I cannot survive it!" and the unfortunate woman, rushing amid the crowd of terrified passengers, hid herself, as far as she could, from sight.

Having run up from below, with nothing on her but her night-clothes, the lower part of which, and also her legs, were much burnt; the sense of modesty, overcoming the fear of death, induced her to prefer the inevitable approach of the latter rather than expose herself, even for a short time, to the gaze of strangers.

"Herbert, my boy," said Drystick, turning round and laying his hand upon our hero's shoulder, "the ship begins to slacken her speed. Now is the time to do or die."

"I am ready for both," cried Herbert, "please God. Which boat shall we venture in?"

"The after life-boat on the starboard side is now filling with people, come along."

As Drystick led the way, Herbert and Geraldine followed, but just as they approached the side, and while the boat full of people was still in sight, the man who held the fore tackle suddenly let it go, before the man with the stern tackle was prepared, and precisely the same catastrophe that had occurred in the previous case occurred now—the boat hung by the stern while the bow fell in the water, and in an instant all those poor people were precipitated into the sea beneath.

The general cry of agony was, for one moment, swelled and heightened by this catastrophe, in the midst of which Herbert perceived a child in the arms of a lady, who was clinging with the desperate strength of a mother across the thwart of the boat then hanging by its stern, swinging about in mid air, occasionally beating against the ship's side, and rebounding with violence.

"Here, Drystick, here," cried Herbert, "you go and superintend the stern tackle, while I hoist her up with the bow. Look sharp, we shall save that poor woman and her child yet. Geraldine, you hold on by me. Don't let me go for an instant."

A few vigorous pulls at the fore-tackle of the boat soon brought its bow up again on a level, and then Herbert, holding the tackle with his left hand, went aft with it. "Now Drystick, my boy, give me the stern-tackle fall—so—that is it. Now, you take and place Geraldine in the stern of the boat; I will jump in after you. We will hold the falls of the tackle in our hands, and ease them down ourselves."

"Aye, aye, my boy!" cried Drystick, and lifting Geraldine from the deck, he placed her carefully in the stern sheets, and then took the helm.

Several of the seamen, seeing the boat likely to get off under the management of some one who evidently knew what he was about, followed this example, and one or two passengers did the same.

Then Herbert, still holding a fall of each tackle firmly, one in the left hand and one in the right, jumped in himself.

"Throw the rest of those falls into the boat after us," cried he to one of the seamen who was standing near the *Heroine's* quarter.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the man, seeing at once what was the object.

Herbert waited until the falls were sufficiently clear, and then exclaimed to one of the seamen in the bow of the boat,—"*One of you men get out your knife ready to cut away in case of accident, but do not touch the rope till I tell you. Drystick, you take a knife and stand by to cut the aftermost fall. Now, all hands hold on by the seats! are you all ready?*"

"All ready," was the answer, and Herbert, who by a considerable strength of arm had managed to hold both falls, at this moment began to ease them away at the same time.

The moment the bow of the boat touched the sea, he let them both go.

"Cut away—cut away!" cried he.

Both knives were immediately employed, and in another second, the boat was clear of the burning steamer.

"Save me! save me!" Herbert heard from one or two quarters near him echoed by poor struggling creatures floating on the surface of the waves, and who became distinctly visible in the tremendous light which the burning steamer shed all around, but before he could do this it was necessary to get out the oars, which had become entangled in the thwarts, and then it was evident that only three oars were left in the boat, of all that belonged to her.

By the time that these were got out, all the unfortunate people who were near him had sunk, except one, and he, who proved to be one of the passengers, was dragged on board half dead.

"Surely, this boat has got some tremendous leak in her," said Herbert, finding himself already over his ankles in water. "Feel at her bows one of you, and see if she has been stove in by those abominable new-fangled cranes."

One of the men stooped down, and groped about in the bubbling water.

"Yes, sir," said he, "here is a hole big enough to shove my fist through."

"Off with your jacket, my boy, and shove it in the hole directly."

The man did as he was bid.

"Feel aft, and see if there is another hole stove in her quarter," and Herbert himself began to pass his hand over the boat's side in that direction, but happily she appeared to have escaped injury in the after part.

"Now then, my boys, the first thing is to bale her out, has any one got a hat on his head?" but on looking round, there was not such a thing on board. "Have any of you men got shoes on?" but no—the men had all thrown their shoes off, in order to swim lighter if it should come to that. "Here, pull my boots," said Herbert, "we will cut the tops off," and drawing off his boots, he very quickly amputated the long tops, and set the men to bale with the remaining portions.

By this time the *Heroine* had run rapidly away from them, and as she still went to leeward, her paddles dashing onward, a blaze of light, and flame, and smoke, streaming from her, both her funnels red hot, the remains of her sails and rigging fluttering with a few tinders on her yards, the chorus of agony and woe grew every moment more and more faint, while the fury of the gale which roared over their heads warned them of a fresh danger in the perils they yet had to encounter.

The last thing that they noticed in the condition of the *Heroine*, as she drifted away from them on her fatal and blazing voyage, was a huge hole burnt right through the ship's side, just abaft the paddle-wheel, and through which, as the flames were sometimes sucked inward, by the change of draught, and the wind, they perceived the ship's pistons still glancing up and down, glittering in the blazing ruin that surrounded them, and on her quarter-deck were gathered near the wheel, her captain and one or two of her junior officers, with some of the passengers.

At this moment, when they themselves were at last saved from this fearful position, they seemed at last fully able to realize the awful peril they had escaped, when they beheld men, apparently doomed either to the fate of Salamanders, or the scarcely less horrible death of drowning.

## CHAPTER LXII.

THE first feeling that every one experienced on reaching the boat, was thankfulness at having escaped the painful death of being burned alive.

The energies of all hands were next engrossed by the necessity of baling out their boat, and even after the first amount of water was got under, it was found the leak was still so severe as to require one hand constantly baling.

They were now, in the depth of the night, in a crazy craft with only three oars, with no sail, at a long distance from land in a heavy sea, and a threatening gale, to find their way to the shore.

"Whereabouts are we, Herbert?" said the doctor.

"Well, I suppose the nearest land must be the coast of France. We are somewhere now on the confines of the Bay of Biscay, and as the wind springs from the south-west, our best plan will be to keep head to it, to prevent our boat from swamping while the gale is violent, and as soon as it goes down, and we can scud with safety, we had better rig some kind of temporary sail and go before it. I suppose we have no provisions on board, doctor."

"Not a cheese-paring. We have nothing for it but to fast and pull; and pull and fast, but never mind that, my boy, we are sure to fall in with some sail going up the Channel, just let us keep the boat sea-worthy till daybreak, and, please God, we shall be all right."

But, though Drystick spoke thus courageously, it was rather for the ears of the men than because he really entertained any strong hopes of their position. He knew that everything must depend upon keeping up the men's spirits, and if the boat had been going down he would have hardly admitted there was any danger.

After pulling till about four in the morning, they suddenly beheld a burst of light in the distant horizon to leeward, a vast number of sky-rockets shot up into the air, and then, the dull wide-spread glow of red, that had so long been visible in the horizon, was succeeded by the deepest gloom.

"There goes the poor *Heroine*," said Herbert, "that is her magazine which has blown up."

"Surely," added Drystick, "in all the history of ships, there never was a more calamitous career than that which that noble vessel has passed through. This time four days ago we lay in Southampton waters, one of the finest craft that ever swam upon the sea, and now where is she?"

"Let us be very thankful to Heaven, doctor, that we are where we are."

"Alas! my poor brother," said Geraldine, "where is he?"

"And my husband, my poor husband," said the lady whose life

with that of her little boy, had been saved by Herbert's opportune assistance.

"Have you left your husband on board, ma'am?" said Drystick.

"No, sir; I hope in heaven, he is not on board, he put me into this boat, and was just on the point of getting in himself, when he turned back for a moment, and the accident happened. Were there any boats still left to the ship when you came away?"

"Oh, yes, there were several, there was the captain's gig had not come away—there was the after life-boat on the larboard side. I should hope that, when the captain perceived all chance of saving the ship was over, he would think it his duty to save his own life, and that of his officers. I observed several of the other passengers, too, standing on deck, and as the ship would be going slower after we left, and the crowd into the boats would not be so great, those who remained on board when we started would have as good a chance as any."

"Heaven grant that it may be so," said the unhappy lady, folding the child to her breast, while her tears fell down upon its unconscious face.

"Amen!" muttered Geraldine, whose sorrow was flowing equally fast for the fate of her brother.

"Do any of you men know where the fire originated?" said Herbert, anxious to change the current of these melancholy thoughts, if such a thing was possible.

"Well, sir, I think it was the heating of the bearings of the engine," said one.

"Oh! the bearings of the engine had nothing to do with it—it was sailing on a Friday," said another.

"Ah! my friend," said Herbert, "are you there still? Were not you the engineer that showed us over the —?"

"— Yes, your honour!"

"I thought it was your face. Then, I suppose, you think because we have started now on a Sunday we are sure to get safe to land?"

"Well, your honour, I should not have much hopes if it was a Friday."

"Is it Sunday?" said some of the men.

"Why, to be sure it is," said Herbert. "It is Sunday morning, about four o'clock."

"Thank God for that," answered the fellows, who were still toiling away at the oars, and the very thought of this contemptible superstition seemed to infuse into their uneducated minds a greater amount of energy than they had before exhibited.

At last day began to break, and as the golden orb slowly lifted above the horizon, his presence seemed to kindle in the hearts of all a feeling of hope and security, which, through the hours of darkness and danger, had been too sadly chilled.

The first impulse of every one in the boat, on seeing the rise of day, was to give thanks to the glorious Creator of that splendid promise of life for the preservation of the past night.

Mutely, but with one accord, their heads dropped upon their knees, and many minutes passed in silent prayer and thanksgiving.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

"Now, my boys!" said Herbert, "every one of you keep a sharp look-out upon the horizon, and the moment you see a sail, sing out. And now, too, as day has broken, and the wind has somewhat gone down, I think it is time that we should make shift to hoist a sail. Let us take one of these blankets, lash the corner of it fast, and make a sort of big sail of it; have any of you got a little bit of twine in your pockets?"

All the men turned to and searched their pockets for a bit of twine. At last one found a piece.

"Here is a short piece, sir, but it is hardly enough, I am afraid."

"Never mind, my boy; there lies the top of one of my boots somewhere about the bottom of the boat—just hand him up, and we will cut a long thong out of him."

"I am afraid, sir, they were hove overboard."

"Not both of them, I think; one is left in the boat, somewhere."

After groping about for some time, the odd top of the boot was found.

"Give it to me," said Drystick; "I never tried my hand at an operation yet with half the pleasure I shall proceed upon this."

"However, doctor, this requires the education of a cobbler, not of a surgeon; perhaps you never saw —"

"Just teach your respectable female ancestor to suck eggs, my dear Herbert. Do you think I never admired that most interesting specimen of the animate creation—a cobbler, in a street stall, sufficiently long to see him cut a pair of boot-laces out of a piece of leather the size of my hand? Here coxswain, my boy, just spread your hand out for me to cut the leather upon."

"Thank you, sir, I would rather not."

"Why, you do not mean to say it is soft enough to feel the knife, do you? Well, if that is the case, then, I will cut it on this thwart here;" and the doctor, stooping down with considerable skill, cut out a good long lace from the wet calf leather. "Now—that is done."

"Thank you, doctor," said Herbert. "Now, my men, lay in that bow oar. We will lash one side of the blanket to it, and then cut it in two, diagonally. We shall not want a sheet to the sail, for one of us can hold fast the corner in his hand."

"Ay! ay! sir," said the men—who, though tired of the fag of the previous night, were once more inspirited by the cheerful tones and conversation of their officers; and, laying in the bow oar, it was handed aft to have the sail attached to it.

"Dear me!" said Geraldine, "why the point of the oar is burnt off."

"To be sure!" said Herbert; "did not you see, when some of the

oars were handed into the boats on board, the points of them were all on fire?"

In a few minutes the blanket was divided diagonally, and the selvaige on it lashed to the oar.

"There," said Herbert, "we shall not be able to lie very close to the wind with that—but, at any rate, it will be something to attract attention. Doctor, where is that memorable handkerchief of yours—the Wordsworthian handkerchief I mean? Tie that to the point of the blade, and we shall then sail under the pennant once more."

"Well," said the doctor, "you shall have it; but to part with one's handkerchief to a man who takes snuff, is like drawing a fellow's teeth when you ask him to dinner."

There was a general laugh amongst the crew at the doctor's simile, and he was already slowly handing out the pocket-handkerchief, when Herbert remarked—

"Why snuff, doctor; what is the use of your handkerchief?—you have got no snuff."

"Have not I though?" said he; "you are mistaken there. The moment I found the ship was on fire, I cut down below there, and bagged my canister—and here it is."

There was a general roar among the boat's crew at this.

"Will your honour give me a chaw?" said one.

"Chaw, my boy!" said the doctor; "you cannot chaw snuff; it is not like tobacco."

"Oh! yes, your honour, it is—there is 'baccy in it; besides, sir, we are so precious hungry and faint, that we could chaw almost a cabbage weed."

"Well, my boys," said the doctor, laughing, "you shall certainly go snacks with me to the last pinch; but I warn you, there is all sorts of rubbish put into snuff; you know there is ammonia, and pepper, and some say powdered glass."

"Lord, your honour! we don't care what it is, so that it has the taste of 'baccy."

"Well, this is too ridiculous, upon my life; however, here goes. Now come aft, each man of you by turns, and I will give each of you a pinchful, but mind, no shamming, I will put it into your mouths myself," said the doctor, drawing from his breast pocket a little round tin canister. He took the lid off it, and, taking up several huge pinches of snuff, put one into *each* of the men's mouths by turns, the great hairy fellows holding up their jaws like so many enormous jack-daws to be fed by their parent.

Strange to say, not one of them made a wry face at this extraordinary breakfast. They all munched it with evident satisfaction, the doctor looking at them with great amusement the while, and after a minute or two, saying—

"Well, my boys, how do you like it?"

"Why, your honour," said one of the men, "it is werry fine 'baccy in it's way, but it does not go far."

"Well," said the doctor, laughing, "you must economise it, then—so long as the box lasts, I will serve you out a pinch every hour,

and all I can say is, that if that does not make you sick, nothing will."

"O yes, your honour, we finds very great comfort in it," said one of the men, "when a man has been accustomed to a fresh quid in his mouth every two hours or so. It is bad enough to be called up out of your sleep without having time to rig your clothes on in a winter's night—it is worse again to find your jolly ship is on fire from stem to stern—worse than that to have to turn off into a boat with a big hole knocked in its bottom; but to do all this, and then work twelve hours in a gale of wind, pulling with three oars, without a bit of 'baccy, is the gallussest trial of all."

"Cheer up, your honour," said another man, "now we have started a 'baccy-box, we shall soon be all right."

"Well, I am glad you are pleased. Now, then, let us hoist the sail."

With willing hands, the men soon shipped the third oar in the step of the mast, and then jammed it in with a couple of clasp knives, for all of them having their knives tied to their trowsers, none of them had left this necessary article behind them.

As soon as the sail was fairly in its place, Herbert took the other half of the blanket, and said, "Listen to me, my boys; did I understand that any of you were hungry?"

"Gallus hungry," said the men.

"That is right, it is a pity a man should want an appetite to his breakfast such a fine morning. Now, you see this half of the blanket."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it is nice and wet, and juicy, and any man who likes, is welcome to take his knife and cut a corner off it, and eat as much of it as ever he can, but, for my part, I tell you fairly, I have a delicate digestion, and instead of taking my breakfast now, I will see if I cannot smell the cocoa of the first ship that comes within half-a-dozen miles of us."

"No, my boys, do not eat his blanket, come to me for some snuff," said Drystick.

And in this way Herbert and the doctor continued rallying the spirits of the men against all difficulties, while the tars manfully worked their pair of oars and kept baling out the water that accumulated from the leak.

But, though humorous conversation and a courageous spirit will do much towards sustaining the calls of hunger and the punishment of toil, still, at last, nature must give way; and after the men had been steering and rowing through the best part of the day, with no food, no water, nothing but an occasional pinch of the doctor's snuff, they began to get feverish, parched, and querulous, and even the doctor was afraid to give them powdered tobacco in the quantity which they desired, for fear it might produce some serious effect.

Despite of all his light-heartedness, Herbert was beginning to entertain some very serious misgivings as to their position. Better, thought he, to have been burnt on board, than exposed to the linger-

ing horrors of starvation, and, as his mind glanced at those terrific tales of outrages which had passed at similar scenes, his eye fell on the gentle being beside him with a glance of ineffable pity and misery, to think that she should be mixed up with anything so awful as the last excesses of human hunger.

He determined to sell his own life a hundred times before any harm came to her, still, he knew that he was only one among many, and, though he could count on Drystick as much as on himself, yet it was an awful future to think even possible.

At last, about noon, Geraldine, whose spirits had kept up, not only herself, but the hearts of all, grasped his arm and said, "I see a sail."

"Where! where! where?" exclaimed Herbert and Drystick in a breath.

"In that most distant line," said Geraldine, pointing away on the lee bow.

Instantly, every eye was strained in that direction, and, after an intense scrutiny, Herbert replied, "There is no sail there, I fear," an opinion in which he was backed by all on board.

"Yes there is," said Geraldine, "I saw it distinctly, for an instant; just like a needle-point sticking up."

"Well," said Herbert, "I know you have a remarkably sharp and long vision, but I cannot perceive it."

"Do you perceive it now, Miss Annesley?" said Drystick.

"Not at this moment," replied Geraldine, "I only catch a glimpse of it as the boat comes on the top of the wave."

"Ah! perhaps it was a bird's wing shining for an instant."

"Oh! no, it was nothing of the sort. It was a distant sail, just as I used to see them on board your yacht, Herbert. Oh! how I wish I had that old glass of yours here."

"Yes, it would be very useful, and so would many other things. But, if you saw a sail in the direction to which you point, I am sure we cannot do better than go on just as we are standing, because you must have seen it full on the lee bow."

"There it is again."

"Hurrah!" said one or two of the men, who had implicit belief in their fair look-out; and first one tried, and then another tried. At last, the bowman said—

"I do see something there, marm, but it is not a sail, I think it is a lighthouse."

"That will do," said Drystick, "there never was a lighthouse without a port near it."

"It is no lighthouse," said the coxswain, "who had been shading his eyes with his hands for some minutes, 'You'r in the right, marm. I see it is a blessed sail, thank God.'"

Presently, another of the men caught it, and in the course of half-an-hour the sail was distinctly seen by all on board.

"Now, then, my boys," said Herbert, "we must give way with all our hearts, and we will cut her off before sunset."

"Aye! aye! sir," said the men, a fresh couple of hands going to the oars and pulling the boat steadily along, keeping her well up to

windward, and nobly fulfilling the purpose Herbert had in view, while their sunk cheeks, chapped lips, and bloodshot eyes, told fearfully how the work of drought, and fasting, and exposure, was consuming them.

In this way, with the utmost fortitude, they continued pulling until evening drew near.

The sun began to sink, once more, beneath the horizon, but the desponding effect, produced by the approach of night, was counterbalanced by the progress the boat had made in approaching the struggling sail.

All at once, to the consternation of every one on board, the ship altered her course and bore away in a contrary direction, leaving the boat many miles behind her.

"Do not swear, my boys," cried Herbert, compassionating the disappointment of his exhausted crew, "the wind is falling away almost to a calm. She cannot escape us long if we pull steadily after her."

"However, the wind may get up again at any moment," said one of the men.

"Well, that is true, but I do not think the wind will get up just yet. There is every sign of a calm, and when we get a little nearer, we will hail her all in a body. At present, we are too far off to be heard."

---

## CHAPTER LXIV.

"I THINK we might as well have that blanket down, sir; the sail does not help us much."

"Avast heaving, Jack," said one of the men. "His honour cannot strike sail in that way. Do not you see that the only chance we have of being seen is that rag of a blanket showing white in the moonlight?"

"You are right, my man," said Herbert, "we must trust to the blanket to show where we are, particularly now daylight is gone. Whenever you are ready for me to take a turn at the oars, I will do so with pleasure."

"And I," said Drystick.

"Oh! sir, we have still got a little bit of skin left on our hands," replied the seaman, "but I think it is time, sir, to have another pinch of 'baccy."

"Well," said Drystick, "I think, on the strength of the sail, I may indulge you in a grain or two;" and once more the doctor served out his extraordinary preserved meat for the use of the navy.

"I wish," said Herbert, turning to Geraldine, "it were possible

for us to offer you and this poor lady anything; you must be, I am sure, quite faint with thirst and hunger."

"Never mind me," said Geraldine; "hitherto, thank God, I have scarcely felt at all distressed; I have been so excited by watching whether we should gain upon the ship."

"Do not think of us," said the unfortunate lady, who, laid at the bottom of the boat with her child, and who, apparently, was too exhausted to speak more than a few words at a time. "Please Heaven we shall soon gain this vessel, and what is our exhaustion compared to that of those brave men who have been toiling at the oars night and day."

"Oh! marm, you are very good to say so," said one of the men, "but we should not mind pulling much more than that, if we could get you something to eat and drink."

"All in good time," said Geraldine, "you are getting it for us as fast as you can by pulling to the ship, and though she has changed the direction of her sailing, I can see that we are gaining rapidly upon her."

This was inspiring news to the men who kept changing, first one oarsman, and then another, in order to get the utmost strength they could out of themselves.

"Now, my boy," said Herbert, "I think we have got near enough to begin hailing her, and, as we go down into the hollows of the wave, I will give you the time, one, two, three, calling out three the moment we rise on the crest, and then you shout anything you like, and, by this means, we will make her hear. Now, then. One! two! three, ahoy!" shouted Herbert.

"Grog!" cried the men.

"One! two! three!"

"Grog!"

"One! two! three!"

"Grog!"

"Well done, my boys, that is a good short word."

"It sounds very nice, too, if we can get hold of it."

"However, this is the way. One! two! three!"

"Grog!"

"Hurrah! my boys, she has put her helm up, and she is running down to us; there is scarcely wind enough to fill even her topsails, but she sees us. We will not exhaust ourselves by shouting any more, but pull steadily on."

"Hurrah!" cried the men, "give way here, my boys," and on they continued pulling, until they heard a hail, in some foreign voice, from the stranger.

"What language was that, doctor?" said Herbert.

"Dutch, my boy."

"Hurrah! my lads, this is the time of day. This is 'Mynheer Von Dunk' who are coming alongside of. You all know Von Dunk, my boys."

"The chap that commanded the *Flying Dutchman*, was it not?"

"No, my boys, Von Dunk," said the doctor, "was the jolly chap in the old song"—and the doctor began to chant—

"Mynheer Von Dunk though he never got drunk,  
Sipped brandy and water gaily,  
For he quenched his thirst with three quarts of the first,  
To a pint of the latter daily."

"Is that fit for a Sunday evening, doctor?" said Geraldine, laying her finger on the doctor's shoulder.

"God, forgive me," said the doctor, "I ought not to have forgotten that, after all the mercies we have experienced this day, but I was so overjoyed at making out this jolly Dutchman, everything else had faded from my mind."

"Now, my boys," said Herbert, "we are alongside this stranger, but bear in mind that, though there is no wind, there is a heavy sea rolling, and we must be cautious in getting from the boat on board this galliot—only to go one at a time. There she has hove her main yard aback."

"Doctor, you speak Dutch, you can go on board first, and ask them to rig some sort of chair, with a whip from the yard-arm, to hoist the ladies up."

"I want no chair," said Geraldine; "but Mrs. Macintosh and her child will require one."

"Precisely, and if the chair is rigged for one, you may as well get into it."

With using some care in getting alongside, the doctor scrambled into the main rigging.

"By St. Patrick, your honour, if them Dutchmen do not take you for a countryman of theirs they have lost all disarming intirely," cried one of the sailors, an Irishman, as he beheld the vast breadth of the doctor's person extended in the Dutchman's rigging very much in the style of the spread eagle.

"There is no mistaking what country you hail from, you rascal," said the doctor, looking over his shoulder; "they cannot rear such impudence as yours anywhere out of Ireland, I'll be sworn;" and in another minute the doctor vanished inside the bulwarks of the welcome galliot.

"Here, Herbert, my boy," said he, in a few seconds, putting his head over the gangway; "this is the *Gertruida*, with a jolly old Dutchman for a commander. It seems he is bound to Bayonne with corn, and comes from Belfast—a Captain Tunteeler. He will rig a chair for the ladies in a moment, and do all he can for the rest of us."

In a few minutes down came the chair, and Mrs. Mackintosh and her child were safely put into it and hoisted up.

Geraldine then followed, and in a few minutes every man gladly left the life-boat, and she was on the point of being turned away.

"Stop!" said our hero, "hand me up my old boots that baled that boat out. Please God I live to reach the land, I shall look at those boots with peculiar esteem."

"Ah, your honour! I will get them for you;" and one of the

seamen jumped back into the boat and fished up Herbert's boots with the tops cut off. Then taking the man's jacket out of the hole in the bow, where it had been stuffed so long, he sprang back to the Dutchman, and gradually the life-boat that had stood them in such eminent stead, dropped slowly astern, filling with water as it went.

In a few minutes their little ark of safety had vanished from human ken.

"There she goes," said Herbert, "to the bottom. Alas! how many warm hearts that were sailing with us in security eight-and-forty hours ago, are now strewing the same dreadful abyss!"

---

## CHAPTER LXV.

CAPTAIN TUNTEELER proved a most kind and sensible friend. He spoke a fair amount of English, and, as his hospitable board was spread with biscuits and coffee, he joined heartily in the prayers and thanksgivings offered up by one of the passengers for the mercy that thus snatched them a second time from death.

This meal over, a consultation was next held as to how Captain Tunteeler could best forward these wayfarers of the ocean to their homes in England. After many propositions, it was resolved that he should run out of his way into the harbour of Brest, which bore forty miles due East of them, and there, putting them ashore in charge of the English consul, leave them to find their way to England.

As soon as this was decided, Herbert said—"As you have rendered us such an essential service, Captain Tunteeler, I am sure you will be only too happy to caution your men to keep a good look-out during the night for any other boat—for there were several boats left the ship, and they cannot be in very different circumstances from ourselves. If floating, some of them must still be in this neighbourhood."

"Ver goot, my sir," said the worthy man. "All my men shall much look out all der night."

And they looked out to good purpose, for about daylight on the following morning, they descried one of the largest life-boats of the *Heroine*, with five seamen and three passengers, among whom was one lady. They had been exposed several hours longer than ourselves, and were much exhausted, though from their boat being perfect, they had not had to strive with the labour of baling.

It was, however, when they looked at the life-boat, capable of holding upwards of thirty people, lamentable to think that all who first embarked in her had been drowned, and that she only, ultimately succeeded in saving the lives of eight people, while it was to be feared so many more perished lamentably for want of the safety she could well have afforded.

"Surely, Herbert," said Drystick, as he looked at this boat, "if our poor captain and the officers of the *Heroine* are not saved, it was a mistake of duty on the right side, to have stuck to that burning craft, when they found themselves unable, either to extinguish the fire, or, by their authority, to preserve discipline and save the lives of the passengers."

"I think it was, doctor," said Herbert. "The only object of duty is to effect a certain good, and when that good can no longer be effected the duty ceases; but it is a difficult point, in a moment of extreme danger, coolly to estimate the exact line where the duty ends and individual liberty is once more restored. How did you sleep last night, doctor?"

"Oh! I got upon a soft plank and slept deliciously. Captain Tunteeler gave me part of his bed-clothes. In fact, I believe he and all the crew on board put themselves to every possible inconvenience to give our men dry clothing, and a good night's rest, and I believe he succeeded admirably. What a blessing it was to fall in with such a worthy creature. But, dear me, Herbert, did you ever see anything to equal the voracity with which those seamen ate my snuff?"

"Upon my life it was quite a curiosity. How do you account for it, doctor?"

"Well, it is difficult to account for it. With ordinary natures, tobacco is a strong sedative poison of the most virulent quality; but, when the constitution has become accustomed to it, the weed seems to take on a stimulating form, and, like intoxicating liquids, and especially like opium, becomes a necessity. Jack is a rum animal, certainly—but he is a good creature, if you know how to manage him. Those poor fellows toiled bravely all day and all night, and I was very thankful that I thought of my old canister in that moment of confusion. That is the way with us bachelors—we have neither chick nor child, so we think of our comforts. That poor lady, while she was in the boat, and undergoing all that misery of cold and wet, bore up against everything for the sake of her child. Now, the child is safe, she seems crushed to the very earth by fears for her husband's safety."

"Yes, and so is poor Geraldine for her brother's."

"Ah! poor souls, they will never see either of them again, you may rely upon it."

"Never, I fear, doctor!"

"Oh! never sir! Anything more horrible than the way in which those poor boats' crews were shovelled out of those boats by the score at a time, I never beheld; and that is what is called a useful invention. Defend me from ever sailing in a ship again that has the patent crutch supporters for boats. And now what are we to do when we get to Brest?"

"Throw ourselves on the consul; get a bill cashed on England, and get back home the best way we can."

## CHAPTER LXVI.

THE clocks at Brest rang out eight o'clock in the morning, as the *Gertruida* arrived at that important sea-port; but the usual formalities, with which foreign nations consent to fetter themselves and their friends, prevented any one landing for some hours.

At last the custom-house and sanatory authorities, having slowly arrived at the conclusion that the *Gertruida* was freighted with neither smugglers nor plague patients, allowed all hands to land about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Our hero had nothing about him but a gold watch, and of this he begged the acceptance by Captain Tunteeler, but the latter resolutely and strenuously refused every keepsake of the kind. He took down, however, the address of our hero, and one or two of the other passengers, and promised if he ever came near them, or if ever there was any way in which they could be useful, that he would write to them.

The consul was unfortunately absent in Paris, but all his family vied with each other in their kind attention to the ladies, whom they received into their house, while several of the other authorities, and many of the English residing at Brest, came forward and offered every possible service in their power.

The vice-consul also was most active in supplying the place of his principal, and went at once to the admiral of the port, who, at his request, without the slightest delay, despatched a steamer to sea, by six o'clock that afternoon, to traverse the scene of the catastrophe, and, if possible, assist any sufferer still floating.

Having received from the inhabitants of Brest every possible kindness, our party separated. Some went to England, by way of Nantes, and Paris—some were forwarded by steam by Morlaix, and Havre—but Herbert chartered a small steam-vessel to cross the Channel, and land direct at Rosedale, if the weather permitted, and if not at Dartmouth.

Having offered to take with him any of the seamen who preferred this direct route, several of them availed themselves of this kindness.

They sailed from Brest harbour, at nightfall, on the evening of Tuesday, and, on the following Thursday, at eight o'clock in the morning, Herbert, with a melancholy and subdued pleasure, gave up the glass to Geraldine, who was standing behind him, and exclaimed—

"There is dear and beautiful Rosedale, like a speck on the mountain, with the tall tower of Stoke Fleming pointing to heaven beside it."

"Poor Hobbes!" exclaimed Geraldine, with a deep sigh, and the tears starting in her eyes, "what would I give to find him there!"

## CHAPTER LXVII.

"I WONDER where Herbert is at this moment?" said our hero's mother as she entered the breakfast-room, at Rosedale, and looked out at the glorious scene dancing fresh, and bright, and beautiful, under the sun's rays, and offering such a picture of peace and loveliness as might almost make one imagine the days of Eden had not yet passed away.

"Well, love," said her husband, "I should say, as nearly as possible, they must have crossed the Bay of Biscay by this time. They have had a favourable breeze, and plenty of it, since we saw them going down Channel."

"Do you think that was the *Heroine* that passed?"

"Oh! no doubt, from the notice he gave me of her sailing, and the description of the vessel, there are so few steamers of that size, and I am almost certain that I read her name on the paddle-box with my best glass, though it was very far, certainly, and fancy may have cheated me. I confess I wish Herbert had been a little more explicit as to the object of his voyage, but young men must be allowed a little latitude of course. They have now and then a secret of their own as well as older people. I have no doubt, that whatever Herbert has resolved to do, he will not forget the old folks at home, and that, with God's blessing, we may yet enjoy his society in our declining years. Why, I declare! who are those people coming along the meadow?"

"Where, my dear?"

"Why there, coming up from the cove. There is a lady leaning on the arm of a very stout gentleman, and one or two sailors, and—no—surely—it cannot be—yes it is—it is Herbert—I should know that figure among a thousand."

"My dear, you must be mistaken. Give me my small opera-glass."

"Where is it—on the mantel-piece?"

"Yes."

"Here it is."

"You are right, it is Herbert; what can have happened? Oh! my dear boy, I hope no accident."

"Accident! do not flurry yourself. There can have been no serious accident to Herbert. He is walking along very steadily. He looks a little pale and grave—their clothes are torn certainly. Surely that splendid ship never can have been wrecked. Now do not distress yourself. Herbert is all right, at any rate. I will run down to them."

Dashing out of the room, Mr. Annesley snatched a cap from the hall, and ran down to meet his son, while, with footsteps almost as rapid, Herbert's mother followed him.

At the bottom of the grounds all parties met.

"My dear mother," exclaimed Herbert, jumping past his father, and throwing his arms around his mother's neck. "I am so delighted to see you once again. I bring you a daughter-in-law," and as he said this, he took Geraldine's unresisting hand and placed it in that of her mother, who, speechless and in tears, folded to her bosom that beautiful but fragile flower, that now seemed crushed almost to the ground by the fatigue and exposure which she had undergone, and the grief she suffered for the loss of her brother.

"What is the meaning of this? What has happened?" said Herbert's father.

"I will tell you, Mr. Annesley, in a moment," said Drystick, "but first of all, dear Mrs. Annesley, you go up to the cottage with your niece here. Do not ask her any questions of the past. Your son will explain everything to you, but first of all, see that she is immediately clad in dry clothes from head to foot. Our ship has been burned, and she has been exposed night and day in an open boat. Now do not lose a moment, and do not ask a question, my dear madam, till her clothes are changed."

Turning mutely round, Mrs. Annesley, like a sensible woman, hastened to follow these earnest injunctions, while Herbert supported Geraldine on one side and Mrs. Annesley on the other.

"Now, Mr. Annesley, do not be alarmed," said Drystick, drawing the father aside. "The unfortunate *Heroine* was burnt to the water's edge by some inexplicable accident just as she was entering the Bay of Biscay. We have all escaped with our lives in one of the ship's boats—this poor girl that you see here is your niece. A number, as near as we can count of about seventy or eighty people have been burned, or drowned, and among the latter this poor girl's brother. We have not yet recovered from the horror of this night."

"When did it happen?"

"Last Saturday night. Some one ought to go off without delay to London, to inform this girl's father of her safety, and break the intelligence of her brother's death."

"My poor brother," said Mr. Annesley, "what a calamity! If he had one thought on earth dearer than another, it was for this boy's life. Will you remain here at the cottage, Doctor Drystick, if I and Herbert go up to town to carry this sad intelligence?"

"To be sure I will. I will watch over this girl as if she were ten times my own child. A dearer creature never breathed, and such heroism as she showed in the midst of all our calamities nothing human could surpass."

"Well, come up, doctor, you, yourself are sadly in want of refreshment, I am sure. No time must be lost in our starting off to London, and now, the electric telegraph sends bad news so quickly, it is very difficult to break the intelligence."

"You are right, sir; come along, do not you mind me, you pack up your things and be off with Herbert as soon as you can."

In accordance with this advice, Mr. Annesley and his son rapidly

put together a change or two of linen, the horse was put to the carriage, and off they drove to Totness to catch the next train.

On their way to town, Herbert narrated to his father at full length all the events of that dreadful night, which had so indelibly impressed themselves upon his memory, while, as for Mr. Annesley, every trace of resentment at his brother's conduct seemed to have vanished for ever from his mind, and he was only weighed down by reflecting how direful would be the blow to the unfortunate man whose wealth, and the heir to inherit it, formed the great subject of his pride, his thoughts, his dream by night, and meditation by day.

Herbert, alas ! was full of sadness, for he perceived that, although he had a second time saved Geraldine's life, the fact that she now stood alone, heiress to all her father's wealth, and his only child, would in every probability redouble the father's objection to their union, while she, feeling that her parents had no other child, might be reluctant to fly in their faces, and give her hand in contravention of their choice.

---

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE sun was shining gloriously for a few brief minutes on the house and lake at Annesley Park, as Mr. Herbert and his son, about the hour of twelve, on a winter's noon, drove with their post-chaise and pair from the chief lodge beneath the magnificent trees which formed the avenue down to the abode of the rich brother.

"Dear me," said Mr. Annesley, "what a magnificent spot Richard has made of this."

"Did you never see it before, sir ?" said Herbert.

"Never," said Mr. Annesley, "I knew that he was laying out an endless amount of money here, but on all the great subjects of life, not only in this world, but in that by which it is succeeded, we differed so widely, I never made the least attempt to cultivate an intimacy which always ended in inflicting pain, but now I do hope that this severe blow will enable my poor brother to shake off from his eyes that hideous film which masks the worthlessness of this world in robes of splendour, only to render more terrible the waking from such a dream."

"It is hard to say what may be the effect of the trial, annihilating the most cherished hopes of a life : but nothing short of a moral revolution will, I think, alter my uncle's disposition. It appears to me so little open to extraneous influences."

"When a man has surrounded himself with such a fairy land as this, with all the means and appliances of wealth to keep it up, it is hard for him to realize his own utter insignificance, and I know, that unless Heaven smiles at his prosperity, it may all be dashed to ruin in

a single moment. Men's pride and ignorance both alike revolt at this great truth; but adversity is a stern teacher, and the mind must be adamantine indeed that resists it long."

At this moment the post-chaise drew up at the grand porch, and two servants came running out.

"Have you any better news, gentlemen?"

"Better news, about what," said Herbert.

"Oh! sir," said the butler, "when master opened the *Times* newspaper this morning, it contained the news of the loss of his son and daughter, in the ship that has been burnt at sea. My mistress has been in hysterics ever since, and poor master is like a gentleman beside himself."

"Are son and daughter both said to have been lost?" said Mr. Annesley.

"Both, sir."

"Then hasten to your mistress, and tell her that Miss Annesley has escaped, and is safe and well."

"And poor Master Hobbes, sir, has he gone, sir?"

Herbert shook his head. "Where is your master?"

"As soon as he read the paper, sir, he rushed to the library. You cannot get in, sir, the door is locked."

"We must get in my good fellow. I am his brother. I am sure he will see me."

"Well, gentlemen, if you will come to the door we will try."

Following the butler's footsteps, the party all approached the library door and knocked, but no answer was returned.

"Mr. Annesley."

No Mr. Annesley answered.

"My dear Richard. It is I. It is your brother."

But still no answer was returned.

"Goodness gracious, this is very shocking. Is there no means of seeing through the window?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler, "if you like to go round to the lawn, sir, you can look in."

"To be sure I will," said Mr. Annesley, "this is not a time when he should be left alone, show me the way."

The butler passed through a side door, which led out upon the lawn, and then pointing to the library window, said, "I dare not go with you, sir, it is as much as my place would be worth, but those are the library windows. There, sir, one window is standing open, and you can walk into the room."

"Come along, Herbert;" and Mr. Annesley quickening his pace, and followed by his son, walked into the library.

A momentary glance told him that its late occupant was no longer there.

In all probability he had opened the window to walk out into the grounds.

Running back to the butler, they communicated the fact to him.

"Get the servants together and let them trace out immediately where Mr. Annesley is. I myself will help in the search, and whoever finds

him, give my love to him—his brother's love—and say, I beg to see him directly, and tell him that his daughter is alive and well. While you are summoning the servants, I will go up and see my sister-in-law."

"You will find the doctor with her, sir, in her own room."

Running up stairs, Mr. Annesley found Doctor Rackum in attendance upon his unfortunate patient, and having communicated to that gentleman the mitigation of the dreadful loss which had overtaken this household of pride, they endeavoured to make the unfortunate mother sensible that one child was still left to her.

She, however, continued to fall out of one hysterical fit into another, and was quite unable to comprehend anything which was addressed to her. Leaving her, therefore, in the care of Mr. Rackum, Mr. Annesley descended once more to the park, where he found all the servants assembled.

They divided themselves into five separate parties, to try and find out where Mr. Richard Annesley, in the wildness of his agony, had flown.

Having agreed upon the various districts they were to take, Herbert set off alone in the direction of the flower-garden.

How strange, to Herbert's eyesight, seemed that spot in which endless wealth and care was lavished for the enjoyment of those now racked with the deepest torment.

There was the old gardener with his blue apron before him, who had not yet heard the direful news, going on tying up his roses, and attending to his plants, as coolly as if the heart of his master was still susceptible of the most refined enjoyment.

There were two or three women from the village still sweeping the paths, there were a couple of gardener's boys still dragging the huge iron roller after them, an occasional bird still sang in the brake, and the trespassing hare still furtively skipped across the walks, the sky was cloudless, and the vigorous breeze of the genial day came along loaded with health and freshness.

In vain Herbert inquired of all around him, if they had seen their master.

One girl thought she had heard his hasty footsteps behind a laurel thicket, near the dairy, going in the direction of a distant cow-house.

As this little shed stood upon a rising ground, Herbert thought it just possible that it might be Mr. Annesley's footsteps that had been heard, and yet, at such a moment, although the shed in question afforded a fine view of the grounds, it was hardly likely, that in his present anguish, Mr. Annesley would think of selecting such a moment for looking over an estate, the chief charm in whose eyes had been that it would descend to his only son.

After searching all the various bowers throughout the gardens, and looking in every conceivable and inconceivable spot for the wanderer, Herbert directed his footsteps up the hill, not from any idea that he should see anything of Mr. Annesley, but from feeling that he might as well search in that direction as in any other.

What are the odds, said Herbert to himself, that he has not set

off on foot to the station, and gone up to town to see what further intelligence is to be had; however, as I am here, I will just go to the brow of the hill and take a peep at the view, and then I will go back to the stables and send a horse off to the station.

As Herbert had walked very quickly, as soon as he got to the top of the hill he looked attentively round the park, and being unable to see anything of Mr. Annesley, sat himself down to rest for a moment, leaning with his back against the cowshed. While there, he heard his father in the park below shouting out—

“Have you seen him Herbert? have you heard anything of him?”

“No, I have not seen him,” replied Herbert, “nor have I——” he was just going to add, “heard anything of him;” but then he remembered that some one had alleged to have heard his footstep going to the cow-shed, and the thought just occurred to him, “that before I say I have not heard anything of him, I will just look into this little place and see.”

Rising to his feet, Herbert went round to the other side of the cow-house, and was about to enter, but in another moment his feet seemed transfixed to the soil, and his hands fell helplessly to his side, then dashing forward with a sudden exclamation, he stood beside the object of his search—for, there, alas! suspended by a silk handkerchief to the rude rafter in that miserable hovel, hung the lord of those wide-spreading and lovely acres, on which he had set so great a store.

In vain, Herbert tried to untie the knot of the silk handkerchief, which, jammed by the weight of his body, resisted his efforts.

“To think that I have carried a knife about me for the last eight years of my life and now should have left it behind,” said our hero, rapidly searching his pockets—then, putting one arm round the waist of his uncle, he lifted the body with one hand, so as to release the strain, then with the right-hand undoing the knot, with considerable difficulty he prevented the corpse from falling violently on the ground, cast loose the handkerchief from the neck, opened the shirt-collar, and propped the head up on a wisp of hay. Taking the pulse between his fingers, and kneeling down and laying his hand over the heart, a few seconds told him, from the rapidly departing warmth, that all was over. “If my father sees this,” muttered Herbert, “what a shock it will be to him.”

After considering for a moment what had better be done, he passed out from the hovel, and calling to his father—“The surgeon wants you in the house, sir.” Herbert set off running thither himself, while his father quickened his footsteps to follow him.

Secure by this *ruse* of having drawn off his father’s attention from the fatal spot where such a calamity had occurred, Herbert ran up stairs and got Mr. Rackum out into a room by himself, told him what he had seen, expressed his fears that it was too late for any assistance, saw Rackum depart with a couple of the servants with him, and then hastening back, he met his father just before the house.

“Have you found my brother?” Something dreadful has happened!—I see it in your face.”

With as much caution as Herbert could possibly exercise, he

endeavoured to impart to his father the intelligence of the awful spectacle he had seen.

Disguise, however, was soon rendered useless, for in a few moments the servants were seen bearing the body of their late master down the grove and shrubbery, many portions of which his own hand had planted, when, full of pride and hope, he anticipated any other destiny for them than that of witnessing the loss of his heir and the suicide of himself!

---

## CHAPTER LXIX.

CHRISTMAS-DAY dawned brilliantly as ever upon Annesley Park. The frost had rendered the air more clear—the water rejoiced in the sunbeams—the old rooks cawed cheerily in the feathery tops of the huge avenue of walnut trees, making a perpetual circle round the old spire of the adjacent church, as it stood a conspicuous ornament of the demesne; but, alas! on what a different scene did the sun look down on that day in Annesley Hall!

For many a previous year the owners of that lordly mansion exulting in the wealth which their own labours had created, came forth in the character of Lord and Lady Bountiful, bestowing all sorts of good cheer, and clothes, and blankets, and coals, soups, and dinner, and many other *et ceteras*, that they esteemed as properties belonging to the leading part they were called to play. True, now, as heretofore, the church bells tolled out their several chimes—the villagers gathered to do honour to the occasion, but instead of the red and cheerful cloak, of the thousand and one colours, that adorned the residents of the hamlet, one universal sombre ornament of black seemed to overpower all other hues. After the church service was over, a slow and solemn procession issued from the door of Annesley Hall, and wending its way, with as little pomp as possible, up the avenue of walnut trees, was met by the clergyman at the church door, and the usual solemn rites of death were performed. Two conspicuous mourners were seen in the *cortège*—one tall and pale, his face surrounded by a cluster of brown curls; the other looking like a faded reflex of the same fine countenance, with a figure bent by age and bending still more from grief. They were our hero, Herbert, and his father.

At the window of the hall, overlooking the church and the ceremony, sat the unfortunate widow, who thus beheld the last of her unhappy husband passing from her gaze in a manner she had little imagined, in any of her day dreams.

On that afternoon she descended, for the first time, to meet her connections in the drawing-room, where the attorney of the family had been summoned to read the will.

Up to this time she had appeared deeply smitten with grief for the melancholy end of her unhappy husband.

When the will was opened, and found to contain only a few lines, and those lines bestowing upon her nothing but her jointure, and giving the whole estate in succession—first, to Hobbes Annesley, and failing him, without issue, to Geraldine, grief gave way to something that looked upon her countenance more like anger, and both were succeeded by a fit of hysterics, during which all parties left the room, except her servants.

As soon as the solicitor found himself in the room alone with Herbert and his father, he went up to the former, and, with a bow of marked deference and politeness, extended his hand, and said—“Although this occasion is so melancholy, Mr. Herbert, allow me to congratulate you upon your safe return from the perils of the Crimea.”

“I am much obliged to you,” said Herbert, “for your kind feeling, and I cannot sufficiently express how thankful I feel to have surpassed the terrible privations and dangers under which so many noble-hearted brother officers of mine have sunk.”

“Yes, sir, it is very dreadful. Do I understand, sir, that Miss Annesley is staying at your father’s place, in Devonshire?”

“Yes,” said Herbert, “she is.”

“Ah! that is the best place for her, sir, at present; and, perhaps, I may take this opportunity of saying to you, sir, that, since this melancholy event has occurred here, I have had some private conversation with Mrs. Annesley, and I am warranted—indeed I may almost say authorised by her—to say, that all further objections which she may have felt at her daughter’s predilection for yourself, Mr. Herbert, are removed.”

Herbert thought, “this is rather late in the day, when a lady is thoroughly mistress of the field, to tell her that she is no longer to be opposed.” But a generous feeling was ever uppermost in Herbert’s mind, and thinking that peace was worth a very large sacrifice, he held out his hand to the man of business, and said—

“I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Wyatt, for your kindness, and I hope you will take an early opportunity of tendering my thanks to my aunt: tell her that this house must be, for some time, a most melancholy reminiscence to her; that my father will be delighted to make her welcome in Devonshire, where the change of scene may conduce to restore her to health, and that anything that lies in Geraldine’s power and mine to extend her comforts, or add to her happiness, we shall esteem it not less a duty than a joy to accomplish. As to any past little opposition to my wishes, tell her that is already forgotten. Whenever she feels well enough to return with us to Devonshire, we only wait her pleasure. I was sorry to hear that my poor deceased uncle had apparently forgotten to add any codicil to the will, enlarging her jointure—but I am sure that anything she wishes on that head will be acceded to with the greatest pleasure by Geraldine.”

“Thank you, Mr. Herbert. This interview is most satisfactory.

indeed, I may say, highly satisfactory; and I shall lose no time in conveying to your aunt what you are good enough to say."

In order that this might be done at once, Herbert drew his father gently to the hall, and engaged him, scarcely heeding what was done with him, to take a walk round the park, but every step was full of the most mournful memories.

Trees, now of a goodly growth and size, had been mere saplings when his brother set them; but the hand that had planted them, alas! how fatal had been its last act; how terrific had been the downfall of all its airy castles of pride and prosperity; how appalling was the numbness that had now overtaken it!

On the following day, Herbert, his father and his aunt, started for Devon, and reached Rosedale by easy stages.

After the first heaviness of grief was over, Geraldine was strongly recommended to repair to the genial climate of Rome for the winter, and, as she no longer had a brother to protect her in her journeyings, and all her other near relations were rather past the age for travelling, Herbert found, in these circumstances, an opportunity to press his suit for an earlier union than he might otherwise have ventured to desire.

After some little hesitation, Drystick succeeded in persuading his patient to follow his advice; they were married quietly at the parish church of Rosedale, and, by short journeys, reached the exquisite climate, and scarcely less exquisite remains and scenery, of the great Italian city.

After some little time, Drystick contrived to follow, and making his way to the "Mother of Dead Empires," found both his patients more rosy and robust than even he had anticipated.

With youth, and love, and the favouring smiles of prosperity, what may not be accomplished? One drawback alone made itself felt with both Herbert and Drystick. As with every newspaper they noticed what sorrows and miseries their brothers-in-arms were undergoing for the honour of old England, they acknowledged again and again, with still swelling gratitude, how boundless were the thanks they owed for the preservation which enabled them not only to escape such perils, but to taste such joy.

To the memory of his old shipmate, Charley Spicer, Herbert drew out a very tender epitaph, but debated in his own mind where it ought to be put up. At first he thought of Rome, but it seemed out of place there; then he thought of the parish church at Rosedale, but Charley had no connection with that place. At last his wife asked him whether he would have any objection to show her the island of Malta, some curiosity to see which she had long felt.

Herbert, delighted to do anything which could amuse her, mentioned the project to Drystick, and they all set out to visit the barren rock so renowned by the defence of the knights of St. John, as well as embellished by their architectural taste.

From Rome, they travelled to Naples.

From Naples, they visited Palermo and Messina.

At the latter place, they took advantage of a steamer running down

to Malta, and, having escaped quarantine, made their way on shore, to take up their quarters at the best hotel they could find.

As they were mounting the stairs at Nixmangiare, just where the Strada San Paolo interposes, some little, hopping figure, came skipping down, and almost levelled poor Drystick with the dust.

An angry exclamation from the doctor caused Herbert to turn round, and there, to his astonishment stood, not dead, but all alive and kicking, Charley Spicer.

"Why, where in the name of fortune did you come from, Charley?"

An explanation soon followed; Charley had been taken prisoner at the battle of Inkermann, being rather severely wounded at the time, and after being very fairly treated, regained the ranks of the allies by an exchange.

Going on duty in the trenches, a few days after the recovery of his liberty, a thirty-two pound shot gave him a tap on the head while eating his breakfast, but it was clearly not Charley's fate to be easily disposed of.

To the astonishment of doctors and laity Charley got up and shook himself, and declared nothing was the matter.

This did not, however, prevent him from presently fainting away, and finding his head a week afterwards, about twice the size of his body, more or less. A severe fit of erysipelas, accompanied with inflammation of membranes of the brain, followed this singular hurt, Charley was invalided by the authorities at Scutari, and was now at Malta, on his way to England.

The medical men charged him not to excite himself by any attention to duty for some months, "but," added Charley, "a little pleasure, like that of meeting a few old friends, I am sure will do me good, so come along, my dear fellows, to my hotel, where there is loads of room and plenty of capital champagne."

"Come! come! young gentleman, I shall take you under my charge," said Drystick, "you see I have nursed this other youngster very well, and put him under orders of a superior officer, that is a wife, and if you do not behave yourself I will do as much for you, sir."

"I wish you would," said Charley, "I should be found a most obedient patient."

"I dare say, for a time," said Drystick. "But now, if you have got a good hotel, I give you fair leave to show us the way, and you have my permission to give us the best quarters in the establishment. In a few days we shall be going back to Rome, and as you are bound for 'merrie England,' you will come along with us."

"Agreed, my boy," said Charley, "that is exactly what I should like. We shall make a capital mess, and with Mrs. Annesley's leave Herbert's sobriquet shall stick with him, and he shall still be

"THE PRIDE OF THE MESS."

## GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS' CATALOGUE.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

#### **Routledge's Illustrated History of Man.**

Being an Account of the Manners and Customs of the Uncivilised Races of Men. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S. With more than 600 Original Illustrations by ZWECKER, DANBY, ANGAS, HANDLEY, and others, engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Vol. I., Africa, 18s. ; Vol. II., Australia, New Zealand, Polynesia, America, Asia, and Ancient Europe, 20s. Two Vols. super-royal 8vo, cloth, 38s.

#### **Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.**

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A. With more than 1500 Illustrations by COLEMAN, WOLF, HARRISON WEIR, WOOD, ZWECKER, and others. 3 vols. super-royal, cloth, price £2 14s. The volumes are also sold separately, viz. :—Mammalia, with 600 Illustrations, 18s. ; Birds, with 500 Illustrations, 18s. ; Reptiles, Fishes, and Insects, 400 Illustrations, 18s.

#### **The Imperial Natural History.** By the Rev.

J. G. WOOD. 1000 pages, with 500 Plates, super-royal 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, £1 1s.

#### **An Illustrated Natural History.** By the Rev.

J. G. WOOD, M.A. With 500 Illustrations by WILLIAM HARVEY, and 8 full-page Plates by WOLF and HARRISON WEIR. Post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 6s.

#### **A Picture Natural History.** Adapted for

Young Readers. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD. With 700 Illustrations by WOLF, WEIR, &c. 4to, cloth, gilt edges. 12s. 6d.

#### **The Popular Natural History.** By the Rev.

J. G. WOOD. With Hundreds of Illustrations, price 7s. 6d.

#### **The Boy's Own Natural History.** By the

Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A. With 400 Illustrations, 3s. 6d. cloth.

#### **Sketches and Anecdotes of Animal Life.**

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD. Illustrated by HARRISON WEIR. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

#### **The Poultry Book.** By W. B. TEGETMEIER,

F.Z.S. Assisted by many Eminent Authorities. With 30 full-page Illustrations of the different Varieties, drawn from Life by HARRISON WEIR, and printed in Colours by LEIGHTON Brothers ; and numerous Woodcuts. Imperial 8vo, half bound, price 21s.

#### **The Standard of Excellence in Exhibition**

Poultry. By W. B. TEGETMEIER, F.Z.S. Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.

**Pigeons.** By W. B. TEGETMEIER, F.Z.S. Assisted by many Eminent Fanciers. With 27 Coloured Plates drawn from Life by HARRISON WEIR, and printed by LEIGHTON Brothers; and numerous Woodcuts. Imperial 8vo, half bound, 10s. 6d.

**The Homing or Carrier Pigeon; its History, Management, and Method of Training.** By W. B. TEGETMEIER, F.Z.S., 1s. boards.

**My Feathered Friends.** Containing Anecdotes of Bird Life, more especially Eagles, Vultures, Hawks, Magpies, Rooks, Crows, Ravens, Parrots, Humming Birds, Ostriches, &c. &c. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD. With Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

**British Birds' Eggs and Nests.** By the Rev. J. C. ATKINSON. With Original Illustrations by W. S. COLEMAN, printed in Colours. Fcap., cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

**British Birds' Eggs.** By R. LAISHLEY. With 20 Pages of Coloured Plates, embracing 100 subjects. Cloth, 5s.

**The Angler Naturalist.** A Popular History of British Fresh-water Fish. By H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL. Post 8vo, 5s.

**British Conchology.** A Familiar History of the MOLLUSCS of the British Isles. By G. B. SOWERBY. With 20 Pages of Coloured Plates, embracing 150 subjects. Cloth, 5s.

**Wanderings in South America.** With Instructions for the Preservation of Birds for Cabinets. By CHARLES WATERTON. Fcap., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

**The Calendar of the Months.** Giving an Account of the Plants, Birds, and Insects that may be expected each month. With 100 Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

**White's Natural History of Selborne.** New Edition. Edited by Rev. J. G. WOOD, and Illustrated with above 200 Illustrations by W. HARVEY. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Dogs and their Ways.** Illustrated by numerous Anecdotes, from Authentic Sources. By the Rev. CHARLES WILLIAMS. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s.

**Sagacity of Animals.** With 60 Engravings by HARRISON WEIR. Small 4to, 3s. 6d.

**The Young Naturalists.** By MRS. LOUDON. 16mo, cloth, Illustrated, 1s. 6d.

**The Child's First Book of Natural History.** By Miss BOND. With 100 Illustrations. 16mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

**The Common Objects of the Country.** By the Rev. J. G. WOOD. With Illustrations by COLEMAN, containing 150 of the "Objects" beautifully printed in Colours. Cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

Also a Cheap Edition, price 1s., in fancy boards, with Plain Plates.

**Common British Beetles.** By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A. With Woodcuts and Twelve pages of Plates of all the Varieties, beautifully printed in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

**Westwood's (Professor) British Butterflies** and their Transformations. With numerous Illustrations, beautifully coloured by hand. Imperial 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d.

**British Butterflies.** Figures and Descriptions of every Native Species, with an Account of Butterfly Life. With 71 Coloured Figures of Butterflies, all of exact life-size, and 67 Figures of Caterpillars, Chrysalides, &c. By W. S. COLEMAN. Fcap., cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d.

\* \* A Cheap Edition, with plain Plates, fancy boards, price 1s.  
**The Common Moths of England.** By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A. 12 Plates printed in Colours, comprising 100 objects. Cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

\* \* A Cheap Edition, with plain Plates, boards, 1s.

**British Entomology.** Containing a familiar and Technical Description of the INSECTS most common to the localities of the British Isles. By MARIA E. CATLOW. With 16 pages of Coloured Plates. Cloth, 5s.

**Popular Scripture Zoology.** With Coloured Illustrations. By MARIA E. CATLOW. Cloth, 5s.

**The Common Objects of the Sea-Shore.** With Hints for the Aquarium. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD. The Fine Edition, with the Illustrations by G. B. SOWERBY, beautifully printed in Colours. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.  
\* \* Also, price 1s., a Cheap Edition, with the Plates plain.

**British Crustacea:** A Familiar Account of their Classification and Habits. By ADAM WHITE, F.L.S. 20 Pages of Coloured Plates, embracing 120 subjects. Cloth, 5s.

**The Fresh-Water and Salt-Water Aquarium.** By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A. With 11 Coloured Plates, containing 126 Objects. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

\* \* A Cheap Edition, with plain Plates, boards, 1s.

**The Aquarium of Marine and Fresh-Water** Animals and Plants. By G. B. SOWERBY, F.L.S.. With 20 Pages of Coloured Plates, embracing 120 subjects. Cloth, 5s.

**Garden Botany.** Containing a Familiar and Scientific Description of most of the Hardy and Half-hardy Plants introduced into the Flower-Garden. By AGNES CATLOW. 20 Pages of Coloured Plates, embracing 67 Illustrations. 5s.

**The Kitchen and Flower Garden; or, The** Culture in the open ground of Roots, Vegetables, Herbs, and Fruits, and of Bulbous, Tuberous, Fibrous, Rooted, and Shrubby Flowers. By EUGENE SEBASTIAN DELAMER. Fcap., cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

**The Cottage Garden.** How to Lay it out and Cultivate it to advantage. By ANDREW MEIKLE. Boards, 1s.

**Window Gardening, for Town and Country.** Compiled chiefly for the use of the Working Classes. By ANDREW MEIKLE. Boards, 1s.

**Greenhouse Botany.** Containing a Familiar and Technical Description of the Exotic Plants introduced into the Greenhouse. By AGNES CATLOW. With 20 Pages of Coloured Illustrations. 5s.

**Wild Flowers.** How to See and how to Gather them. With Remarks on the Economical and Medicinal Uses of our Native Plants. By SPENCER THOMSON, M.D. A New Edition, entirely Revised, with 171 Woodcuts, and 8 large Coloured Illustrations by NOEL HUMPHREYS. Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. 6d., cloth, gilt edges.

\* \* Also, price 2s. in boards, a Cheap Edition, with plain Plates.

**Common Wayside Flowers.** By THOMAS MILLER. With Coloured Illustrations by BIRKET FOSTER. 4to, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

**British Ferns & the Allied Plants.** Comprising the Club-Mosses, Pepperworts, and Horsetails. By THOMAS MOORE, F.L.S. With 20 Pages of Coloured Illustrations, embracing 51 subjects. Cloth, 5s.

**Our Woodlands, Heaths, and Hedges.** A Popular Description of Trees, Shrubs, Wild Fruits, &c., with Notices of their Insect Inhabitants. By W. S. COLEMAN, M.E.S.L. With 41 Illustrations printed in Colours on Eight Plates. Fcap., price 3s. 6d., cloth, gilt edges.

\* \* A Cheap Edition, with Plain Plates, fancy boards, 1s.

**British Ferns and their Allies.** Comprising the Club-Mosses, Pepperworts, and Horsetails. By THOMAS MOORE. With 40 Illustrations by W. S. COLEMAN, beautifully printed in Colours. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

\* \* A Cheap Edition, with Coloured Plates, price 1s., fancy boards.

**British Mosses.** Comprising a General Account of their Structure, Fructification, Arrangement, and Distribution. By ROBERT M. STARK, F.R.S.E. With 20 Pages of Coloured Illustrations, embracing 80 subjects. Cloth, 5s.

**British Lichens.** Comprising an Account of their Structure, Reproduction, Uses, Distribution, and Classification. By W. LAUDER LINDSAY, M.D. With 22 Pages of Coloured Plates, embracing 400 subjects. Cloth, 5s.

**Plants of the World; or, A Botanical Excursion round the World.** By E. M. C. Edited by CHARLES DAUBENY, M.D., F.R.S., &c. With 20 Pages of Coloured Plates of Scenery. Cloth, 5s.

## BOOKS ON SCIENCE.

### **Palms and their Allies.** Containing a Familiar

Account of their Structure, Distribution, History, Properties, and Uses; and a complete List of all the species introduced into our Gardens. By BERTHOLD SEEMANN, Ph.D., M.A., F.L.S. With 20 Pages of Coloured Illustrations, embracing many varieties. Cloth, 5s.

### **Profitable Plants: A Description of the Botanical**

and Commercial Characters of the principal articles of Vegetable origin, used for Food, Clothing, Tanning, Dyeing, Building, Medicine, Perfumery, &c. By THOMAS C. ARCHER, Collector for the Department of Applied Botany in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. With 20 Pages of Coloured Illustrations, embracing 106 Plates. Cloth, 5s.

## SCIENCE.

### **Discoveries and Inventions of the Nine-**

teenth Century. By ROBERT ROUTLEDGE, B.Sc., and F.C.S. With many Illustrations, and a beautiful Coloured Plate, 10s. 6d.

### **The Boy's Book of Science; including the**

successful performance of Scientific Experiments. 470 Engravings. By Professor PEPPER, late of the Polytechnic. Cloth, gilt edges, 6s.

### **The Book of Metals; including Personal Nar-**

ratives of Visits to Coal, Lead, Copper, and Tin Mines; with a large number of Interesting Experiments. 300 Illustrations. By Professor PEPPER, late of the Polytechnic. Post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 6s.

### **The Microscope: Its History, Construction, and**

Application. Being a familiar Introduction to the Use of the Instrument, and the Study of Microscopical Science. By JABEZ HOGG, F.L.S., F.R.M.S. With upwards of 500 Engravings and Coloured Illustrations by TUFFEN WEST. Eighth Edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

### **The Common Objects of the Microscope.**

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD. With Twelve Pages of Plates by TUFFEN WEST, embracing upwards of 400 Objects. The Illustrations printed in Colours. Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. 6d., cloth, gilt edges.

\*\* A Cheap Edition, with Plain Plates, price 1s., fancy boards.

### **The Orbs of Heaven; or, The Planetary and**

Stellar Worlds. A Popular Exposition of the great Discoveries and Theories of Modern Astronomy. By O. M. MITCHELL. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

### **Popular Astronomy; or, The Sun, Planet, Satel-**

lites, and Comets. With Illustrations of their Telescopic Appearance. By O. M. MITCHELL. 2s. 6d.

**The Story of the Peasant-boy Philosopher.**

Founded on the Early Life of Ferguson, the Astronomer. By HENRY MAYHEW. Illustrated. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

**The Wonders of Science ; or, The Story of**

Young Humphry Davy, the Cornish Apothecary's Boy, who taught himself Natural Philosophy. By HENRY MAYHEW. Illustrated. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

**The Book of Trades, and the Tools used in**

them. By one of the Authors of "England's Workshops." With numerous Illustrations. Small 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

**Wonderful Inventions, from the Mariner's Com-**

pass to the Electric Telegraph Cable. By JOHN TIMBS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, 4s. 6d.

**A Manual of Fret-Cutting & Wood-Carving.**

By Sir THOMAS SEATON, K.C.B. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**Life of Dr. Dalton, F.R.S., Founder of the**

Atomic Theory ; with an account of his Discoveries in Chemistry. By Dr. LONSDALE. Post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

**The Laws of Contrast and Colour, and**

their Application to the Arts. New Edition, with an important Section on Army Clothing. By M. E. CHEVREUL. Translated by JOHN SPANTON. With Coloured Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 5s., cloth gilt.

**Geology for the Million.** By MARGARET PLUES.

Edited by EDWARD WOOD, F.G.S. With 80 Illustrations. Fcap., picture boards, 1s.

**A Manual of Weather-casts and Storm**

Prognostics on Land and Sea ; or, The Signs whereby to judge of Coming Weather. Adapted for all Countries. By ANDREW STEINMETZ. Boards, 1s.

**The Family Doctor : A Dictionary of Domestic**

Medicine and Surgery ; especially adapted for Family use. 750 pages, with 500 Illustrations, comprising all the Medicinal Plants. 3s. 6d.

**Simmonds' (P.L.) Commercial Dictionary of**

Trade Products, Manufacturing and Commercial Terms ; Money, Weights, and Measures of all Nations. Half-bound, 7s. 6d.

**Laurie's Tables of Simple Interest, for Every**

Day in the Year, at 5, 4½, 4, 3½, 3, and 2½ per cent. per annum, from £1 to £20,000, from One Day to 365 Days ; with other useful Tables. 32nd Edition, thick 8vo, £1 1s.

**Laurie's Tables of Simple Interest, at 5, 6, 7,**

8, 9, and ½ per cent. per annum, from One Day to 100 Days. 8th Edition. 8vo, 7s.

## ART.

**The Works of Liversseege.** With 38 Engravings on Steel. Large 4to, £2 2s.

**Murillo and the Spanish School of Painting.**

By W. B. SCOTT, M.A. With 15 Steel Plates. Large 4to, 21s.

**Gems of Modern German Art.** With 16 Photographs. 4to, £1 1s.

**Pictures by Venetian Painters ; with Notices of the Artists and Subjects.** With 16 Steel Plates, engraved by W. B. SCOTT. Folio, £1 1s.

**Gems of Modern Belgian Art.** A Series of Carbon Photographs, from the Pictures of eminent living Artists, with remarks on the Works selected, and an Essay on the Schools of Belgium and Holland. By W. B. SCOTT. 21s.

**Gems of English Art of the Nineteenth Century.** By F. T. PALGRAVE, M.A. With 24 Plates printed in Colours by LEIGHTON. 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 21s.

**Barnard's Landscape Painting in Water Colours.** With Coloured Illustrations. 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 21s.

**Foliage and Foreground Drawing.** By GEORGE BARNARD. With 60 full-page Illustrations, 5s.

## HISTORY.

*THE HISTORICAL WORKS OF W. M. H. PRESCOTT.*

**The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic of Spain.** By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. With Steel Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, price 21s.

Do. Do. 3 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 15s.

Do. Do. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

**History of the Conquest of Mexico ; with a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilisation, and the Life of the Conqueror, FERNANDO CORTES.** By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. With Portraits on Steel. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 21s.

Do. Do. 3 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 15s.

Do. Do. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth 5s.

**History of the Conquest of Peru ; with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas.** By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. With Steel Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 21s.

Do. Do. 3 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 15s.

Do. Do. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

**History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.** By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. With beautiful Steel engraved Portraits. 3 vols. 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.

Do. Do. 3 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 15s.

Do. Do. 1 vol. (containing Vols. I. and II.), 5s.

Do. Do. 1 vol. (containing Vol. III. and Essays).

**The Antiquities and the Wars of the Jews.**

By FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS. Translated by WM. WHISTON, with Life of the Author. Post 8vo, 3s. 6d.

**The Story of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.**

By the Rev. J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE. Translated by the Rev. JOHN GILL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

**A History of England, from the Earliest**

Times. By the Rev. JAMES WHITE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"By some happy art, shown in his former publications, Mr. White can write a summary of events which will interest every reader."—*Critic*.

**Goldsmith's History of England. A New**

Edition, with Continuation to the Death of WELLINGTON. With Portraits of all the Sovereigns, and Questions to each Chapter. Cloth, 2s.

**Landmarks to the History of England.**

By the Rev. JAMES WHITE. Boards, 1s. 6d.; plain cloth, 1s. 8d.; cloth gilt, 2s.

**A Handy History of England for the**

Young. By H. W. DULCKEN. With 120 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. 3s. 6d.

**Glimpses of our Island Home; Being the**

Early History of England, from the Druids to the Death of William the Conqueror. By Mrs. THOMAS GELDART. Fcap., cloth, 2s.

**Percy's Tales of the Kings and Queens of**

England. New and Improved Edition. With Illustrations by JOHN GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

**A Summary of English History, from the**

Roman Conquest to 1870. With Observations on the Progress of Art, Science, and Civilization, and Questions adapted to each Paragraph. For the Use of Schools. By A. B. EDWARDS. In 18mo, boards, price 6d.

**Great Battles of the British Army, including**

the Indian Revolt and Abyssinia. With Eight Illustrations by WILLIAM HARVEY. Post 8vo, cloth, 5s.

**Great Battles of the British Navy.**

By Lieut. C. R. LOW. With 8 Coloured plates, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

**The Great Sieges of History, including the late**

Sieges of Paris. Coloured Illustrations. 5s.

**Baines' History of Lancashire. A New Edition.**

Edited by J. HARLAND, F.S.A., and the Rev. BROOKE HERFORD. Beautifully printed in Two handsome 4to Volumes, on thick paper, with a Coloured Map of the whole County. Price £3 13s. 6d.; or on Large Paper, £5 5s.

*Elaborate Statistical Tables of a very useful kind have been added.*

## NOVELS AT ONE SHILLING.

By **CAPTAIN MARRYAT.**

Peter Simple.	Jacob Faithful.	Percival Keene.
The King's Own.	The Dog-Fiend.	Valerie.
Midshipman Easy.	Japhet in Search of a	Frank Mildmay.
Rattlin the Reefer.	Father.	Olla Podrida.
Pacha of Many Tales.	The Poacher.	Monsieur Violet.
Newton Forster.	The Phantom Ship.	

By **W. H. AINSWORTH.**

Windsor Castle.	Guy Fawkes.	Mervyn Clitheroe.
Tower of London.	The Spendthrift.	Ovingdean Grange.
The Miser's Daughter.	James the Second.	St. James's.
Rookwood.	Star Chamber.	Auriol.
Old St. Paul's.	Flitch of Bacon.	Jack Sheppard.
Crichton.	Lancashire Witches.	

By **J. FENIMORE COOPER.**

The Pilot.	The Waterwitch.	Homeward Bound.
Last of the Mohicans.	Two Admirals.	The Borderers.
The Pioneers.	Satanstoe.	The Sea Lions.
The Red Rover.	Afloat and Ashore.	Heidenmauer.
The Spy.	Wyandotté.	Precaution.
Lionel Lincoln.	Eve Effingham.	Oak Openings.
The Deerslayer.	Miles Wallingford.	Mark's Reef.
The Pathfinder.	The Headsman.	Ned Myers.
The Bravo.	The Prairie.	

By **ALEXANDRE DUMAS.**

Three Musketeers.	Countess de Charny.	The Conspirators.
Twenty Years After.	Monte Cristo. 2 vols.	Ascanio. [Savoy.
Doctor Basilus.	(1s. each).	Page of the Duke of
The Twin Captains.	Nanon.	Isabel of Bavaria.
Captain Paul.	The Two Dianas.	Beau Tancrede.
Memoirs of a Physician. 2 vols. (1s. each).	The Black Tulip.	Regent's Daughter.
The Chevalier de Maison Rouge.	Forty - Five Guardsmen.	Pauline.
Queen's Necklace.	Taking of the Bastille. 2 vols. (1s. each).	Catherine Blum.
	Chicot the Jester.	Ingénue.
		Russian Gipsy.
		Watchmaker.

By **MRS. GORE.**

The Ambassador's Wife.

By **JANE AUSTEN.**

Northanger Abbey.	Pride and Prejudice.	Mansfield Park.
Emma.	Sense and Sensibility.	

By **MARIA EDGEWORTH.**

Ennui.	Vivian.	The Absentee.	Manœuvring.
--------	---------	---------------	-------------

Published by George Routledge and Sons.

## NOVELS AT ONE SHILLING.—*Continued.*

By **HAWTHORNE.**

The Scarlet Letter.  
The House of the Seven Gables.  
Mosses from an Old Manse.

By **GERALD GRIFFIN.**

The Munster Festivals.  
The Rivals.  
The Colleen Bawn.

By **WILLIAM CARLETON.**

Jane Sinclair.	Fardarougha.	The Tithe Proctor.
Clarionet.	The Emigrants.	

By **VARIOUS AUTHORS.**

Stories of Waterloo.	Vicar of Wakefield.	Nicholas's Notes, by
Violet, the Danseuse.	A Week with Mossos,	W. J. Prowse.
Kindness in Women.	by Charles Ross.	Out for a Holiday, by
The Old Commodore.	Miss Tomkins' In-	Sketchley.
Cinq Mars.	tended, by Arthur	Sterne's Works.
Zingra the Gipsy.	Sketchley.	The Mountaineer of
Pride of the Mess.	A Sailor's Adventures.	the Atlas, by W. S.
Henpecked Husband.	Love Tales.	Mayo.
Family Feud.	Public School Matches	Two Years before the
Nothing but Money.	Turf Frauds and Prac-	Mast.
Tom Jones.	tices.	

## ROUTLEDGE'S AMERICAN LIBRARY.

ONE SHILLING.

Mark Twain's Celebrated Jumping Frog. Author's Edition, with a Copyright Chapter.	The Innocents Abroad. By Mark Twain.
Bret Harte's Poems, Complete.	The New Pilgrim's Progress. By Mark Twain.
The Luck of Roaring Camp. By Bret Harte. With an Introduction and Glossary by Tom Hood.	The End of the World. By Edward Eggleston, Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster."
Roughing It. By Mark Twain. (Copyright).	The Mystery of Metropolisville. By Edward Eggleston.
The Innocents at Home. By Mark Twain. Sequel to above. (Copyright).	Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands. By Bret Harte.
The Hoosier Schoolmaster. By E. Eggleston.	Little Women. By L. M. Alcott.
Maum Guinea: A Love Story of Slave Life. By Metta V. Victor.	Little Women Married. By ditto.
A Curious Dream, and other Sketches. By Mark Twain.	The Lamplighter. Miss Cummins.
	A Lady's Life among the Mor-
	mons.

TWO SHILLINGS.

Roughing It, and The Innocents at Home. By Mark Twain.	Prudence Palfrey. By T. B. Aldrich.
Prose and Poetry. By Bret Harte.	Out of the Hurly Burly. By Max Adeler.
Mark Twain's Sketches.	The Gilded Age. By Mark Twain and C. D. Warner.
The Innocents Abroad, and New Pilgrim's Progress. By Mark Twain.	The Circuit Rider. By Edward Eggleston.
The Poet at the Breakfast Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes.	

Published by George Routledge and Sons.

## ROUTLEDGE'S SIXPENNY NOVELS.

By **CAPTAIN MARRYAT.**

The King's Own.	Pacha of Many Tales.	Frank Mildmay.
Peter Simple.	Newton Forster.	Midshipman Easy.
Jacob Faithful.	Japhet in Search of a Father.	The Dog Fiend.

By **J. F. COOPER.**

The Waterwitch.	Homeward Bound.	Precaution.
The Pathfinder.	The Two Admirals.	Oak Openings.
The Deerslayer.	Miles Wallingford.	The Heidenmauer.
Last of the Mohicans.	The Pioneers.	Mark's Reef.
The Pilot.	Wyandotté.	Ned Myers.
The Prairie.	Lionel Lincoln.	Satanstoe.
Eve Effingham.	Afloat and Ashore.	The Borderers.
The Spy.	The Bravo.	Jack Tier.
The Red Rover.	The Sea Lions.	Mercedes.
	The Headsman.	

By **Sir WALTER SCOTT.**

Guy Mannering.	Peveril of the Peak.	The Abbot.
The Antiquary.	Heart of Midlothian.	Woodstock.
Ivanhoe.	The Bride of Lam- mermoor.	Redgauntlet.
The Fortunes of Nigel.	Waverley.	Count Robert of Paris.
Rob Roy.	Quentin Durward.	The Talisman.
Kenilworth.	St. Ronan's Well.	Surgeon's Daughter.
The Pirate.	Legend of Montrose,	Fair Maid of Perth.
The Monastery.	and Black Dwarf.	Anne of Geierstein.
Old Mortality.		The Betrothed.

By **VARIOUS AUTHORS.**

Robinson Crusoe:	Artemus Ward, his Book.
Uncle Tom's Cabin. <i>Mrs. Stowe.</i>	A. Ward among the Mormons.
Colleen Bawn. <i>Gerald Griffin.</i>	The Nasby Papers.
The Vicar of Wakefield.	Major Jack Downing.
Sketch Book. <i>Washington Irving.</i>	The Biglow Papers.
Tristram Shandy. <i>Sterne.</i>	Orpheus C. Kerr.
Sentimental Journey. <i>Sterne.</i>	The Wide, Wide World.
The English Opium Eater.	Queechy.
	Gulliver's Travels.
Essays of Elia. <i>Charles Lamb.</i>	The Wandering Jew. (3 vols.)
Roderick Random. <i>Smollett.</i>	The Mysteries of Paris. (3 vols.)
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.	The Lamplighter.
Tom Jones. 2 vols. <i>Fielding.</i>	Professor at the Breakfast Table.

Published by George Routledge and Sons.

# ROUTLEDGE'S RAILWAY LIBRARY.

From the "Times."

Among the most surprising instances of the immense revolution which has taken place of late years in popular literature, are the cheap publications of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, of the Broadway. For several years they have been issuing the "RAILWAY LIBRARY," and have shown an energy and enterprise in many fields of literature almost unparalleled in this country. We believe the great success which they have met with has arisen from the universally popular character of the works which they have issued. Their books are never above and never below the standard of public taste. Looking over their list of books, we cannot but wish the "RAILWAY LIBRARY" a continuation of the immense sale which has hitherto attended it.

THIS SERIES, CONSISTING OF NEARLY 600 NOVELS,

At 1s. and 2s. each,

*Contains the best Works of Fiction by the following popular Authors:—*

LORD LYTTON  
JAMES GRANT  
ALBERT SMITH  
HENRY COCKTON  
T. SMOLLETT  
W. H. MAXWELL  
S. RICHARDSON  
JANE AUSTEN  
W. CARLETON  
L. STERNE  
MISS FERRIER  
MARK TWAIN  
BRET HARTE  
THOMAS HOOD  
CAPTAIN CHAMIER  
AMELIA B. EDWARDS  
GERALD GRIFFIN  
W. H. G. KINGSTON  
CAPTAIN MARRYAT  
MISS WETHERELL  
AUTHOR OF 'WHITEFRIARS'  
MRS. CROWE  
THEODORE HOOK  
W. HARRISON AINSWORTH  
MARIA EDGEWORTH  
SAMUEL LOVER

EDMUND YATES  
JOHN BANIM  
JANE PORTER  
THE BROTHERS MAYHEW  
JOHN LANG  
HESBA STRETTON  
EUGENE SUE  
CHARLES LEVER  
FRANK SMEDLEY  
ALEXANDRE DUMAS  
H. FIELDING  
MRS. GORE  
G. P. R. JAMES  
J. F. COOPER  
N. HAWTHORNE  
MRS. TROLLOPE  
FREDERICK GERSTAECKER  
CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG  
LADY SCOTT  
BALZAC  
G. R. GLEIG  
JUDGE HALIBURTON  
JAMES HANNAY  
ANNIE THOMAS  
M. M. BELL  
LADY CHARLOTTE BURY

AND OTHERS.

LONDON: THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

NEW YORK: 416, BROOME STREET.

